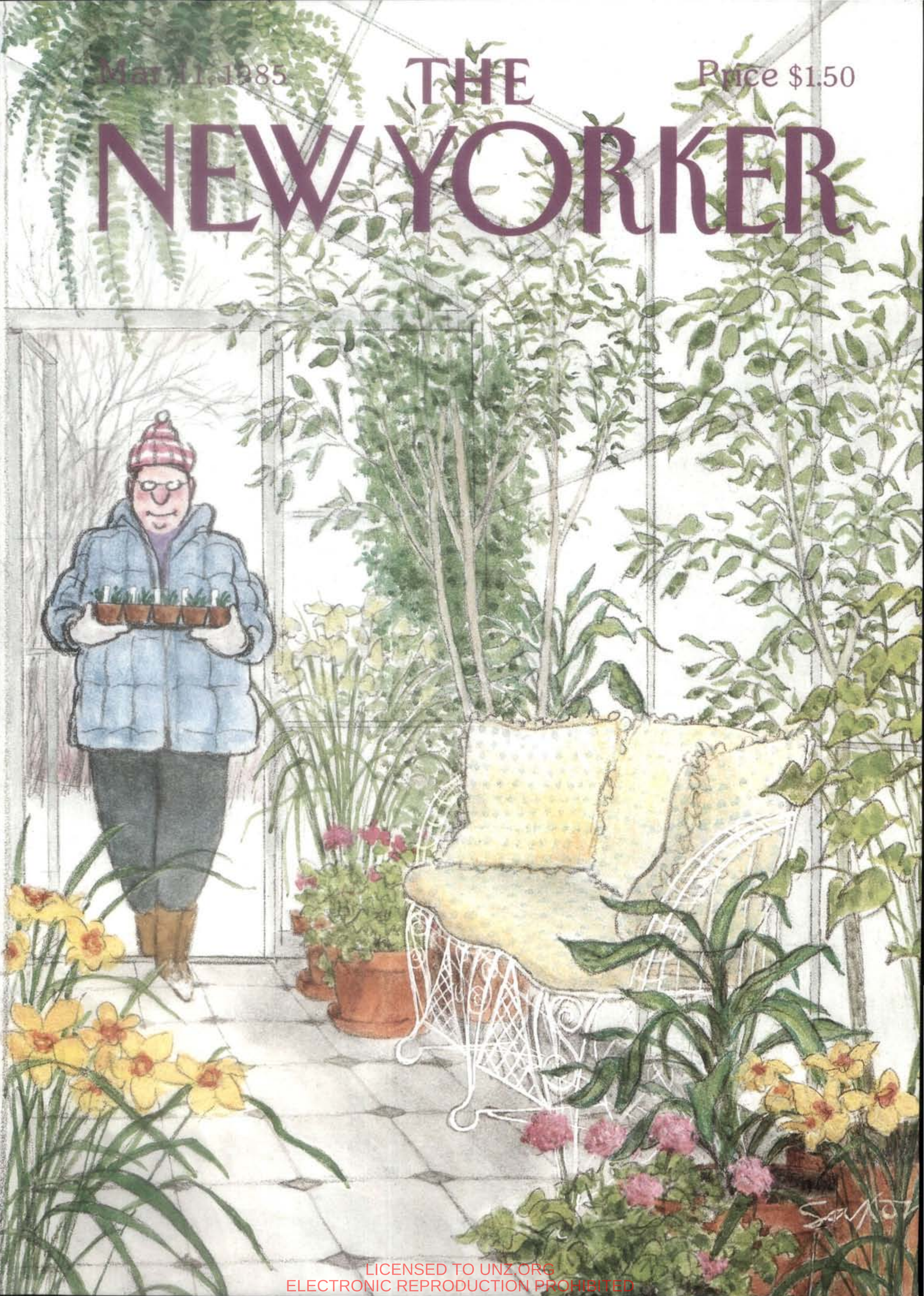
Mar. 11, 1985

THE NEW YORKER

Price $1.50



Don't just
show me
the crystal

Show me
Galway
Irish Crystal

Clifden

Galway Irish Crystal™
Galway, Ireland
A Towle® Company

For more information, please write to Galway Irish Crystal,
Dept. A., 144 Addison Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02128.

© Towle 1984. All Rights Reserved

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LLOYD WILLIAMS

*Fashion bids a bon voyage
To all but Spring's new florals.
Gathered here with subtle softness
Grand designs on grand designs.*

•**The businesslike separates:** A taupe/black/white intarsia sweater in silk/cotton, S-M-L. 58.00. Matching side-button skirt with a dropped yoke in cotton jacquard, 4 to 14. 58.00. The Shop for Lloyd Williams on 3, New York. And in Fresh Meadows, Stamford, Bergen, Short Hills, Garden City, White Plains, Tysons Corner and White Flint.

bloomingdale's

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Avner the Eccentric—Avner Eisenberg is a merry, good-natured clown with the knack of making split-second feats of juggling and acrobatics look easy. A one-man show. (Samuel Beckett, 410 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Coming of Age in SoHo—Albert Innaurato's very humorous, touching comedy about an Italian-American writer who leaves his wife of fourteen years to start a new sexual and literary life, and finds himself at odds with the Mafia. John Procaccino appears in the leading role, and he is surrounded by good actors. Mr. Innaurato directed. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/18/85.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Diamonds—The theme of this little revue is baseball, and it takes place in a stunning environmental setting by Tony Straiges (the audience is, in effect, sitting in the bleachers). The show, which was directed by Harold Prince and written and composed by a number of hands, is entertaining more often than not. With, among others, James McDaniel, Chip Zien, Loni Ackerman, and Ellia English. (12/31/84) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Foreigner—A very funny play by (and with) Larry Shue, with good performances by every single member of the company, most notably by Kevin Geer as a lovable half-wit. Jerry Zaks was the admirable director. (11/19/84) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Hitch-Hikers—This play by Larry Ketron, based on a short story by Eudora Welty, makes an engrossing theatrical evening. It is very well acted by the whole company, to a subtle jazz and blues accompaniment. Dann Florek was the excellent director. (Reviewed in this issue.) (WPA Theatre, 138 Fifth Ave., at 18th St. 206-0523. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 17.)

Hurlyburly—David Rabe's wry, brilliant comedy about la vie de bohème in Hollywood is very well performed under Mike Nichols' dynamic direction. With Ron Silver, Christine Baranski, Susan Anton, and Jerry Stiller. (7/2/84) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The King and I—Yul Brynner making what is advertised as his farewell appearance in the musical that he has made his own for several decades. An excellent production in every respect and well worth seeing, for the first or fiftieth time. (1/14/85) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Kuni-Leml—A musical based on a Yiddish play written in 1880 by Avrom Goldfadn, with a book by Nahma Sandrow, lyrics by Richard Engquist, and music by Raphael Crystal. Performed in English. (Audrey Wood, 359 W. 48th St. 307-5452. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

A Kurt Weill Cabaret—A return engagement of a program of Weill songs, performed by Martha Schlamme and Alvin Epstein. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Wednesday through Saturday, March 6-9, at 8; Sundays at 7; and Tuesday through Saturday, March 12-16, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Leader of the Pack—A musical about the life of Ellie Greenwich, with nineteen-sixties pop songs and new material by Miss Greenwich and others, and a book by Anne Beatts. Directed and choreographed by Michael Peters. Previews through Sunday, March 10. Opens officially on Monday, March 11. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, March 14, at 8; *opening-night curtain at 6:30.* Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Two Gilbert and Sullivan productions. Through Sunday, March 10: THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE. . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, March 13: THE MIKADO. (334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Long Time Since Yesterday—P. J. Gibson's drama about a group of well-to-do and well-educated black women who gather after the suicide of a lifelong friend. The acting of Hattie Winston, Lee Chamberlin, Thelma Louise Carter, Janet League, and Ellen Holly is good, but their roles are boring. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursday and Friday at 7:30; Saturday at 8; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday at 4 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 10.)

The Loves of Anatol—A play by Arthur Schnitzler, adapted by Ellis Rabb and Nicholas Martin, and directed by Mr. Rabb. With Philip Bosco, Stephen Collins, and Michael Learned. Opens officially Wednesday, March 6. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Wednesday, March 13, at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Ma Rainey's Black Bottom—A rousing play from start to finish. The author is August Wilson, the director is Lloyd Richards, and the marvellous cast includes Charles S. Dutton and Theresa Merritt. (10/22/84) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Mirror Repertory Company—The first three in a series of four revivals performed in alternating repertory. CLARENCE: A disastrous revival of Booth Tarkington's play (2/25/85). THE MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT: Geraldine Page gives a glorious performance in the title role of this spirited revival of Giraudoux's classic com-

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 33

"COUNTRY MUSIC" . . . . *Wright Morris* 38

"WINTER GEESE" (POEM) . . . . *L. S. Asekoff* 40

"FEAR OF MATH" . . . . *Peter Cameron* 42

"NORTH AFRICA: PREPARATIONS FOR AN EVENING" (POEM) . . . . *Daniel Halpern* 46

PROFILES (SOYBEANS) . . . . *E. J. Kahn, Jr.* 50

REFLECTIONS (IRAN—PART II) . . . . *Ryszard Kapuściński* 86

THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Pauline Kael* 102

THE THEATRE (OFF BROADWAY) . . . . *Edith Oliver* 108

MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Andrew Porter* 112

THE DIPLOMATIC ROUND (THE MIDDLE EAST) . . . . *John Newhouse* 115

BOOKS . . . . *Susan Lardner* 135

BRIEFLY NOTED 136

COVER: *Charles Saxon*

DRAWINGS: *George Price, Charles Barsotti, Ed Fisher, J. B. Handelsman, Lee Lorenz, Ed Arno, Barney Tobey, Bernard Schoenbaum, Jack Ziegler, Stan Hunt, James Stevenson, Saul Steinberg, Arnie Levin, Warren Miller, J. J. Sempé, Frank Modell, Al Ross, Dean Vietor, Donald Reilly, Robert Weber*

THE NEW YORKER

25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036

(212) 840-3800

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

In ordering a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice, providing both old and new addresses, with Zip Codes. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

The New Yorker (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman; J. Kennard Bosee, president; Milton Greenstein, Sam R. Spoto, Robert F. Young, vice-presidents; Elaine M. Matteo, treasurer & secretary; Stuart H. Jason, comptroller. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 41 Osgood Place, San Francisco, Calif. 94133; Suite 2360, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; 400 Perimeter Center Terrace, Suite 180, Atlanta, Ga. 30346; 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 19 South Audley St., London, W1Y 5DN. Vol. LXI, No. 3, *March 11, 1985. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department,* Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash.

© 1985 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker.
Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $32.00; two years, $52.00. In Canada, one year, $44.00. Other foreign, $52.00. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, 25 W. 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036.

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

RECEIVED
MAR 12
Ambassador College
Library

In 14 colors and 3 sizes:
Small (H8" L9" W5") $115,
Medium (H9½" L11¾" W5¾") $155,
Large (H10" L14" W6½") $185.

The All-Weather Leather™ Carpet Bag from Dooney & Bourke

We've taken the traditional carpet bag and given it a fresh new look with our exclusive All-Weather Leather.

One look at this extraordinary leather reveals its unusually rich, pebbly texture and one touch reveals its thick, supple hand. But All-Weather Leather's greatest feature is its natural water repellency. This is due to a unique tanning process, during which the leather is allowed to shrink naturally as it is cured instead of being "staked out" to dry as other leathers are. The result is a leather of original beauty and exceptional durability.

To this we add only the fine detail of a hand-stitched bridle leather handle and custom made solid brass fittings.

The Dooney & Bourke Carpet Bag. Handsome, practical and enduring.

The All-Weather Leather
Collection catalog
of handbags
and travel bags
is available
upon request.

Dooney & Bourke, Inc. • P.O. Box 841, Regent St., S. Norwalk, CT 06856
(800) 243-5598

edy. With Carrie Nye and Madeleine Sherwood, among others (2/11/85). **VIVAT! VIVAT REGINA!**: A revival of a play by Robert Bolt begins previews on Friday, March 8, and opens officially on Thursday, March 14, at 6:30. (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 5, and Sundays at 3. For tickets and information about play scheduling, call 223-6440.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Frances Foster (a charmer if ever there was one) has the title role in **HENRIETTA**, and plays a somewhat addled old woman who spends much time sitting on a Harlem street, talking to herself, or tossing remarks to passersby. Karen Jones-Meadows was the dramatist. (2/4/85) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 24.)

The Octette Bridge Club—A comedy by P. J. Barry, with Peggy Cass, Lois deBanzie, and Nancy Marchand. Tom Moore is the director. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Once on a Summer's Day—A musical composed by Jeff Lunden, with book and lyrics by Arthur Perlman. It was presented earlier this winter at the Ensemble Studio Theatre. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Pack of Lies—Hugh Whitemore has written a quiet little melodrama, based on an actual event, about the tracking down of Russian spies in a London suburb. Well acted by Rosemary Harris, Patrick McGoohan, George N. Martin, and Dana Ivey. (2/25/85) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Playboy of the Western World—A very poor production of John Millington Synge's comedy. (3/4/85) (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, March 17.)

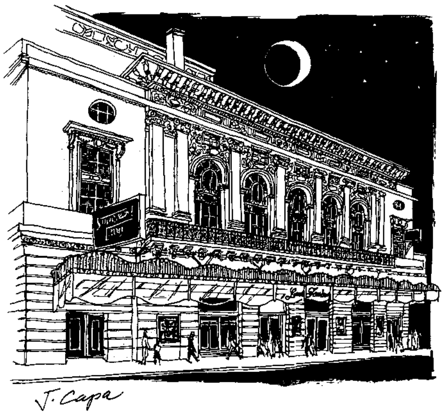
Requiem for a Heavyweight—John Lithgow, George Segal, and Maria Tucci in the Rod Serling drama revived last winter by the Long Wharf Theatre. Staged by Arvin Brown. Previews Wednesday, March 6. Opens officially on Thursday, March 7. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Strange Interlude—Wherein Eugene O'Neill makes a hash of Freud and Joyce and produces a tiresome near-farce, tiresomely misdirected by Keith Hack. The cast includes Glenda Jackson, Edward Petherbridge, Brian Cox, James Hazeldine, Elizabeth Lawrence, and Tom Aldredge. (3/4/85) (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 6:45. Matinées Sundays at 2.)

3 Guys Naked from the Waist Down—John Kassir, Scott Bakula, and Jerry Colker play three standup comedians who leave New York for Hollywood in this satiric and most original musical comedy. Mr. Colker wrote the book and lyrics, and Michael Rupert wrote the bountiful, engaging score. The effective scenery, costumes, and lighting were by Clarke Dunham, Tom McKinley, and Ken Billington. (2/18/85) (Minetta Lane, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Tom and Viv—A tedious work that purports to examine—episode by episode—the miserable marriage of T. S. Eliot to Vivien Haigh-Wood. Edward Herrmann is Eliot; Julie Covington is Vivien; Max Stafford-Clark directed. Tedium is the least of it. (2/18/85) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 10.)

Tracers—The eight good actors are Vietnam veterans, and the effective play is based on actual war experiences. It was conceived and directed by John DiFusco, and it is accompanied throughout by rock music. (2/4/85) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16

Virginia—A play by Edna O'Brien, with Kate Nelligan portraying Virginia Woolf. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Whoopi Goldberg—A one-woman show, mostly about troubled blacks, who are portrayed with sympathy by the talented Miss Goldberg. (11/5/84) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Wednesday through Friday at 8, and Saturday at 8 and 11. Matinées Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 10.)

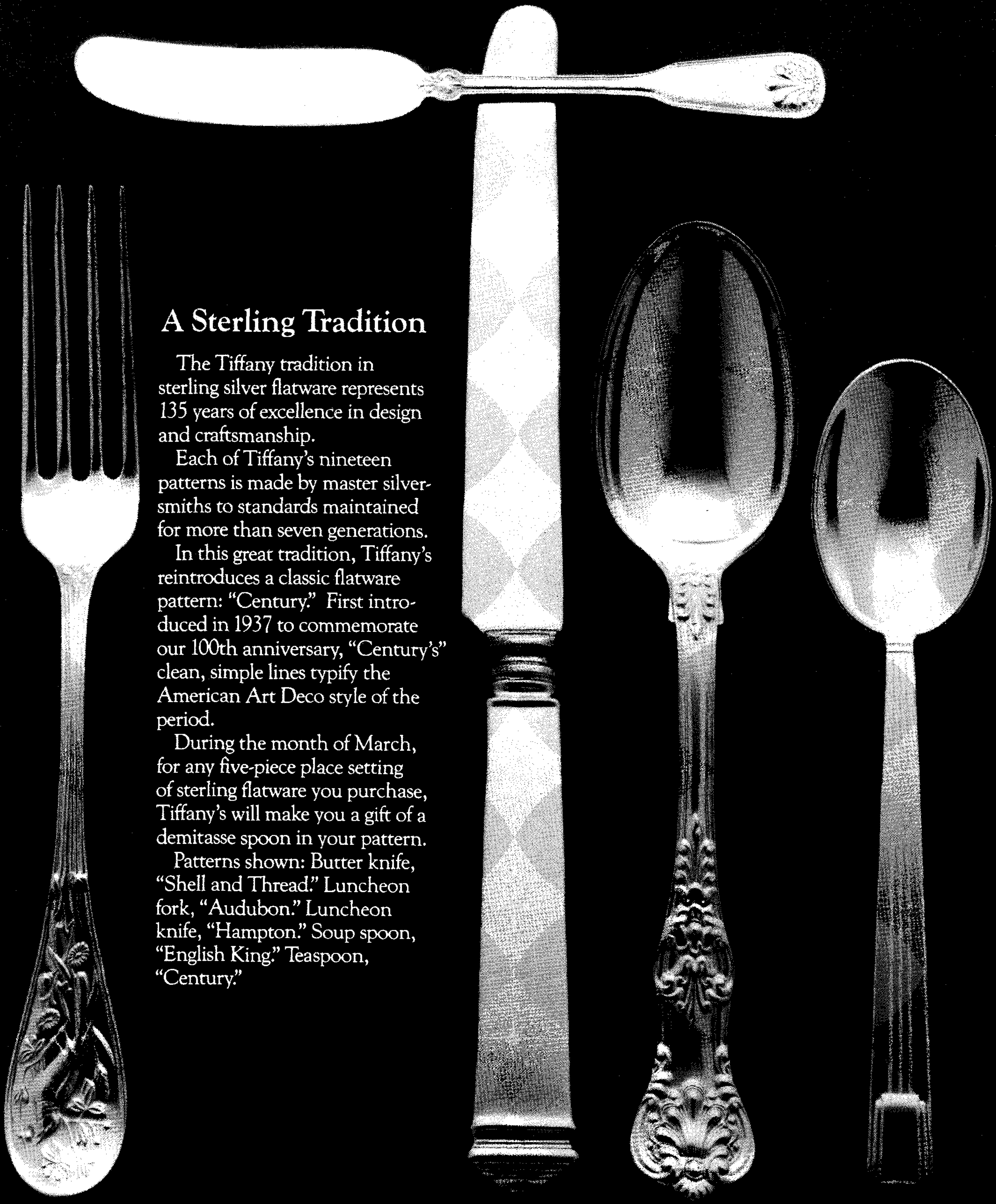
Long Runs—**BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** A remembrance of things past, by Neil Simon. The hero is a sex-obsessed fifteen-year-old. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A dazzling production of a musical that has little wit and a lot of phony sentimentality about the tenderhearted family life of homosexuals. The music, by Jerry Herman, is Broadway-romantic. The two stars are Van Johnson and George Hearn. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CATS:** Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** The slickest possible production of a musical comedy whose book, music, and lyrics are almost totally lacking in character. If Michael Bennett, the director, had been a Union general, the Civil War would have lasted about twenty minutes. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** *10,344 performances so far.* (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FOOL FOR LOVE:** Sam Shepard's play—mysterious, funny, and beautiful—is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Katherine Cortez and David Andrews have the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ISN'T IT ROMANTIC:** A spirited production of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5. Special performances Saturday, March 9, at 2, and Saturday, March 16, at 10.) . . . **NOISES OFF:** The funniest, fastest-moving farce in many a long year, written by a Martian named Michael Frayn. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE REAL THING:** A very funny and yet unnerving comedy by Tom Stoppard. The cast is headed by Jeremy Irons and Laila Robins. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUNDAY IN THE PARK WITH GEORGE:** Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine have invented a highly entertaining musical about Georges Seurat and his celebrated painting of the island of La Grande Jatte. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE TAP DANCE KID:** An attractive cast does much to brighten what is otherwise a curiously gloomy musical about a black family making good. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein, who stars at the Monday through Wednesday performances. Philip Astor stars in the Thursday through Saturday performances. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MISCELLANY

Ekkehard Schall—The leading actor of the Berliner Ensemble performing two programs of songs, poems, and scenes by Bertolt Brecht. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Final performances. Program 1: Tuesday and Wednesday, March 12-13, and Saturday, March 16, at 9:30. . . . Program 2: Thursday and Friday, March 14-15, at 9:30.)

New York Gilbert and Sullivan Players—A production of **THE MIKADO**. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Friday, March 8, at 8; Saturday, March 9, at 3 and 8; Sunday, March 10, at 3; Thursday and Friday, March 14-15, at 8; Saturday, March 16, at 3 and 8; and Sunday, March 17, at 3. For information about tickets, call 873-8660.)

New Amsterdam Theatre Company—Presenting two performances of a concert version of **LEAVE**



A Sterling Tradition

The Tiffany tradition in sterling silver flatware represents 135 years of excellence in design and craftsmanship.

Each of Tiffany's nineteen patterns is made by master silversmiths to standards maintained for more than seven generations.

In this great tradition, Tiffany's reintroduces a classic flatware pattern: "Century." First introduced in 1937 to commemorate our 100th anniversary, "Century's" clean, simple lines typify the American Art Deco style of the period.

During the month of March, for any five-piece place setting of sterling flatware you purchase, Tiffany's will make you a gift of a demitasse spoon in your pattern.

Patterns shown: Butter knife, "Shell and Thread." Luncheon fork, "Audubon." Luncheon knife, "Hampton." Soup spoon, "English King." Teaspoon, "Century."

TIFFANY & CO.

NEW YORK • FIFTH AVE. & 57TH ST. • BEVERLY HILLS • CHICAGO • DALLAS • HOUSTON • BOSTON • ATLANTA • KANSAS CITY • SAN FRANCISCO
TO ORDER CALL 800-526-0649 • ©T & CO. 1985

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16

IT TO JANE, with music by Jerome Kern, and book and lyrics by Guy Bolton and P. G. Wodehouse. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Sunday, March 10, at 5, and Monday, March 11, at 8.)

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1985—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

BENEFIT PROGRAM—Harry Belafonte, Gregory Hines, the Harlem Boys Choir, and members of the cast of "Dreamgirls" will be among the participants in a benefit for African famine relief. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. Sunday, March 10, at 8. For information about tickets, call 598-7135.)

DANCE

JOFFREY BALLET—Opening performances of a four-week engagement that will run through Sunday, March 31. Wednesday, March 6, at 7:30; Thursday and Friday, March 7-8, at 8; Saturday, March 9, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, March 10, at 2 and 7:30: "Romeo and Juliet." . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 12, at 8: "Italian Suite," "Transfigured Night," and "Rodeo." . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 13, at 8: "Cloven Kingdom," "Hexameron" (New York première), and "Le Beau Danube." . . . ¶ Thursday, March 14, at 8: "Italian Suite," "Transfigured Night," and "Rodeo." . . . ¶ Friday, March 15, at 8: "Les Patineurs," "Illuminations," "Monotones II," and "A Wedding Bouquet." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 16, at 8: "Suite Saint-Saëns," "The Moor's Pavane," "Confetti," and "Rodeo." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

MERCE CUNNINGHAM DANCE COMPANY—A two-week engagement that will run through Sunday, March 17. Wednesday evening, March 6: "Trails," "Doubles" (New York première), and "Pictures." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 7: "Duets," "Phrases," and "Pictures." . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 8: "Trails," "Doubles," and "Roadrunners." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 9: "Inlets 2," "Phrases," and "Roadrunners." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 9: "Inlets 2," "Phrases," and "Pictures." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, March 10: "Duets," "Pictures," and "Locale." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, March 12: "Doubles," "Native Green," (première), and "Pictures." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, March 13: "Native Green," "Doubles," and "Phrases." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 14: "Locale," "Quartet," and "Pictures." . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 15: "Doubles," "Quartet," and "Pictures." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 16: "Native Green," "Phrases," and "Roadrunners." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 16: "Doubles," "Native Green," and "Phrases." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

GUS GIORDANO JAZZ DANCE CHICAGO—A brief engagement. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Thursday, March 7, and Saturday and Sunday, March 9-10, at 8.)

JOSÉ MOLINA BAILES ESPAÑOLES—A company of dancers, singers, and musicians. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Saturday, March 9, at 8.)

HAMBURG BALLET—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Sunday, March 24. Tuesday, March 12, at 7: "Mahler's Third Symphony." . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, March 13-14, at 8, and Saturday, March 16, at 2 and 8: "The Chairs" (with guest artist Marcia Haydee), "Tristan," and "Bach Suite 3." . . . ¶ Friday, March 15, at 8: "Kinderszenen," "Mozart 338," and "Mahler's Fourth Symphony." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100.)

PILAR RIOJA—Opening performances of a seven-week engagement that will run through Sunday, April 28. (Reportorio Español, Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. 889-2850. Thursday through Saturday, March 14-16, at 8.)

ALOK DANCE COMPANY—A company from Tokyo, appearing here for the first time. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Friday and Saturday, March 15-16, at 8, and Sunday, March 17, at 3. For tickets, call 924-0077.)

JOYCE THEATRE—Performances by three companies. **DON REDLICH DANCE COMPANY:** Presenting a program of works choreographed by Hanya Holm. Wednesday, March 6, at 7:30; Thursday, March 7, and Saturday, March 9, at 8; and Sunday, March 10, at 2. . . . **KATHRYN POSIN DANCE COMPANY:** Tuesday, March 12, at 7:30; Thursday, March 14, and Saturday, March 16, at 8; and Sunday, March 17, at 2. . . . **JOAN MILLER DANCE PLAYERS:** Wednesday, March 13, at 7:30; Friday, March 15, at 8; Saturday, March 16, at 3; and Sunday, March 17, at 7:30. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**JULIE WILSON,** a wonderfully convincing singer, is doing an all-Stephen Sondheim program in the Oak Room Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Pianist Buck Buchholz occupies the Rose Room Sundays from five-thirty to eleven. Dining.

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Small, narrow, chatty, and nautical. The lineup: Wednesday, March 6, the Amy Duncan quartet; Thursday, March 7, the Laura Dreyer trio; and Saturday, March 9, bluesy singer **DAKOTA STATON.** Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one. Dining.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** is here, singing in her small, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice. Early-evening concerts Wednesdays through Saturdays at six-thirty.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A source of good quartets right now: pianist **TOMMY FLANAGAN** steers one that features tenor saxophonist **ZOOT SIMS** through Sunday, March 10; and pianist **MONTY ALEXANDER** runs another one, starting on Tuesday, March 12, that features vibraharpist **MILT JACKSON,** who, appropriately enough, hits mostly blue notes. Music from nine. Trumpeter **TED CURSON** conducts after-hours (real late, after the last set) jam sessions every night but Monday. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The oh-so-varied lineup: Thursday, March 7, Robinson's Mysteries; Friday and Saturday, March 8-9, Gotham and Jennifer Lewis; Sunday, March 10, Band of Gypsies; Wednesday, March 13, British folk-rocker Richard Thompson and the Têtes Noires; Friday, March 15, Neil Innes; and Saturday, March 16, Buskin & Batteau and the Têtes Noires. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—On a commercial, but neighborhoody block where sustenance of all sorts—fresh-cut flowers, frozen lima beans, live unprocessed jazz—can be found to make big-city life a little pleasanter. The jazz, in the form of piano-bass duos: **EDDIE THOMPSON** with **MAJOR HOLLEY** Wednesday and Thursday, March 6-7, and with **BILL TAKAS** on Friday and Saturday, March 8-9; **VLADIMIR SHAFRANOV** and **MARC JOHNSON** on Sunday, March 10; and **HAROLD MABERN** and **JAMIL NASSER** beginning Monday, March 11. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Eve Olitsky

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Pianist **GEORGE SHEARING,** always a melodist and sometimes a breathy vocalist, too, has moved into the Café Carlyle. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. **VINCE GIORDANO** & the Nighthawks play for dancing Sundays and Mondays from nine to one. Dining. . . . ¶ In the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** reigns over the keyboard and sings a bit, too. Her sets get going at ten Tuesdays through Saturdays.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The Bowery Institute of Rock and Roll. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

EAGLE TAVERN, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Bluegrass and Irish music: the Chicken Chokers String Band is here on Saturday, March 9, and a St. Patrick's celebration will take place on Saturday, March 16. Music from eight Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from nine Mondays, Fridays, and Saturdays.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek haunt for players and admirers of traditional jazz. Friday and Saturday, March 8-9, will be given over to trumpeter-vocalizer **DOC CHEATHAM.** Music nightly from about eight-thirty. Dining.

EDWARDIAN ROOM, in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (759-3000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, heads a trio on Fridays and Saturdays from ten-thirty until one-thirty. Dining and dancing.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Composer-arranger **DON SEBESKY'S** eleven-piece band performs through Sunday, March 10; and on Tuesday, March 12, pianist **MC COY TYNER** will arrive with a big band himself. Mondays are claimed by guitarist and inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, who was once known as Rhubarb Red. No doubt his garage and household effects and recording-studio implements will someday be found in the Smithsonian. Sets begin after nine. Dining.

FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Considerably more musical than Tie City or Food City. Wednesday, March 6, Curtiss A.; Thursday, March 7, **MARY MC CASLIN & JIM RINGER;** Saturday, March 9, the **CLANCY BROTHERS & ROBBIE O'CONNELL;** Sunday, March 10, the Blue Jays and Don & Sheryl; Tuesday, March 12, **MARY TRAVERS;** Thursday, March 14, Gayle Marie; and Friday, March 15, the Irish group **TOUCHSTONE,** with singer **TRIONA NI DHOMHNAILL.** Mondays are hootennany nights. Shows are usually at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

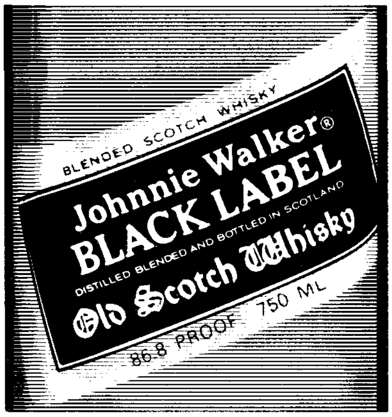
GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Kitt Moran sings with the Mike Moran trio through Sunday, March 10; Wednesday through Sunday, March 13-17, Alicia Sherman sings with Peter Madsen and Dean Johnson; on Mondays **BROOKS KERR** sings at the piano, with aid from bassist John Belzaguy; and Tuesdays are given over to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** and his trio. All these groups start at ten. **BROOKS KERR** is also present on Sundays from five to ten.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little fancier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) **NEVILLE DICKIE,** an English, authentic-sounding stride player and boogie-woogie-ist, is the pianist Tuesdays through Saturdays; Sundays belong to Jane Jarvis; and Mondays are claimed by **DICK HYMAN.** Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-

Without knowing it, those with impeccable taste have always enjoyed Cardhu.® Blended.

Now they can enjoy it straight.

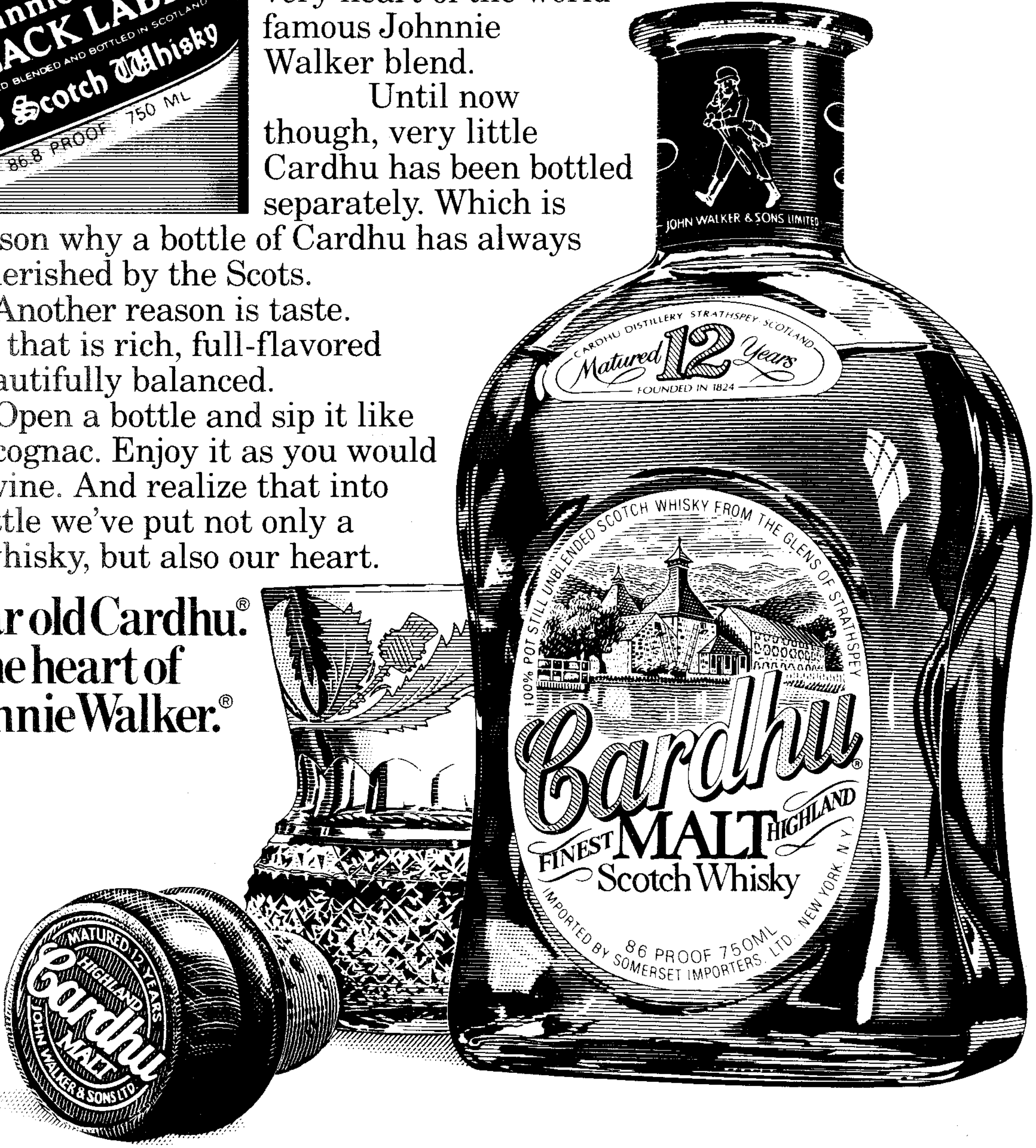

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
Johnnie Walker®
BLACK LABEL
DISTILLED BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
Old Scotch Whisky
86.8 PROOF 750 ML

If you've ever savored the rich elegance of Johnnie Walker Black, you've already had a taste of Cardhu. Because this rare 12 year old is the principal malt whisky, the very heart of the world-famous Johnnie Walker blend.

Until now though, very little Cardhu has been bottled separately. Which is one reason why a bottle of Cardhu has always been cherished by the Scots.

Another reason is taste. A taste that is rich, full-flavored and beautifully balanced.

Open a bottle and sip it like a rare cognac. Enjoy it as you would a fine wine. And realize that into this bottle we've put not only a great whisky, but also our heart.


JOHN WALKER & SONS LIMITED
CARDHU DISTILLERY STRATHSPEY SCOTLAND
Matured 12 Years
FOUNDED IN 1824
100% POT STILL UNBLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY FROM THE GLENS OF STRATHSPEY
Cardhu®
FINEST MALT HIGHLAND
Scotch Whisky
86 PROOF 750ML
IMPORTED BY SOMERSET IMPORTERS LTD. NEW YORK, N.Y.
MATURED 12 YEARS
HIGHLAND
Cardhu
MALT
JOHN WALKER & SONS LTD.

12 year old Cardhu.®
The heart of
Johnnie Walker.®

Send a gift of Cardhu
anywhere in the U.S.A.
Call 1-800-238-4373.
Void where prohibited.

Cardhu. Fine Highland Malt Scotch Whisky 12 years old 86 proof. Imported by Somerset Importers, Ltd., N.Y. © 1984

© 1985 Estée Lauder, Inc. Photograph: Skrebneski Clothing: Quafi Bed Linen: Pratesi

Now Estée Lauder helps
skin care become skin repair
with her
Night Repair Cellular Recovery Complex.
Its exclusive complex of ingredients*
is a beauty breakthrough
that cannot be duplicated,
formulated to do what no other
treatment can do.

Night Repair is a beauty breakthrough
that uses the night, the time your body is resting,
to help your skin refresh and restore itself as you sleep.
Laboratory tests show that Night Repair helps
enhance the natural repair of cells
that have been damaged during the day
by the ultraviolet light all around us
(which incidentally occurs all year long,
winter as well as summer).
Night Repair also increases
the skin's ability to hold moisture.

Today Estée Lauder advances
skin care to Night Repair.
Use it tonight and
every night and
wake up to
better looking skin.

ESTĒE
LAUDER
Night
Repair
Cellular
Recovery
Complex

ESTĒE LAUDER

*U.S. patent granted on exclusive cellular extract.

Ph. GRAZIANO VILLA - A.D. GIANCARLO ILIPRANDI
SAY "SI" TO THE WORLD OF ITALIAN LEATHERS
ITALIAN FOOTWEAR MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION, ITALIAN LEATHERGOODS MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION, ITALIAN TANNERS ASSOCIATION
ITALIAN TRADE COMMISSION, NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

1664)—An authentic Texas hangout for expatriate Texans, for New Yorkers, and for French tourists. The music is usually good solid blues, rock, folk, or country, and it starts after eight-thirty. Wednesday, March 6, **JOHN LURIE**, tenor saxophonist and actor (he could be the Bogart of the eighties), **& THE LOUNGE LIZARDS** and **JUMP STREET**, an R. & B. outfit; Thursday, March 7, reggae-and-blues bassist **JERRY JEMMOTT** and Kenwood Denard; Sunday, March 10, La Bamba & the Hubcaps and Big Twist & the Mellow Fellows; Monday and Tuesday, March 11-12, **TOOTS & THE MAYTALS**, the great reggae band; and Wednesday, March 13, guitarist Roy Buchanan. Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—Pianist **PAUL BLEY** leads his band through Sunday, March 10; Monday, March 11, will belong to Group 5; and starting Tuesday, March 12, **PHAROAH SANDERS** will play wailing vocals and tenor-sax solos with his quartet. Sets begin at eight-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A revue, "Offbeats," with **ARTHUR SIEGEL**, **TONY LANG**, and **MIRIAM FOND** is presented Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen usually drops by to play clarinet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—**PANAMA FRANCIS & THE SAVOY SULTANS** swing it Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A ballroom that dates from 1935, when the building was remodelled—the building itself dates from 1889—to accommodate neighborhood social-club dances. It has been turned into a sort of Avalon Ballroom East. Rock from the fifties, sixties, seventies, and eighties. Wednesday, March 6, Tommy Shaw and Ten-Ten; Thursday, March 7, guitarists **ARTO LINDSAY**, **ELLIOT SHARP**, and **RHYS CHATHAM**; Friday, March 8, Secession and Total Façade; Saturday, March 9, Aku Aku and Pleasure Chambers; Friday, March 15, Wild Mojave and Eastern Bloc; and Saturday, March 16, the Reducers and the Lower East Side Rockers. Shows tend to begin sometime after eleven. Dancing.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the King Cole Room **WOODY HERMAN** heads up a sextet, the **WOODCHOPPERS**, and Pete Barbutti performs standup comedy. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice view of the street from the window tables. The schedule: Wednesday, March 6, Michael Dolan; Thursday through Saturday, March 7-9, a real good quintet—**RANDY BRECKER**, **ELIANE ELIAS**, **MIKE BRECKER**, **EDDIE GOMEZ**, and **ANDY NUSSBAUM**; Sunday, March 10, Bobby Broom; Monday, March 11, trombonist-arranger **SAM BURTIS**; Tuesday, March 12, **STEVE SLAGLE** and **MIKE STERN**; Thursday, March 14, guitarist **CHUCK LOEB**; and Friday and Saturday, March 15-16, guitarist **HIRAM BULLOCK**. Music from nine-thirty.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to Brazilian music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. On its busy weekends, the club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Wednesday, March 6, singer **FLORA PURIM** and percussionist **AIRTO**; Thursday, March 7, **MIKATA**; Fridays and Saturdays, March 8-9, and March 15-16, **PÉ-DE-BOI**; and Wednesday and Thursday, March 13-14, Hermeto Pascoal e Grupo. Music from ten. Dining. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—The **NEW YORK JAZZ QUARTET**—**FRANK WESS**, **ROLAND HANNA**, **GEORGE MRAZ**, and **BILLY HART**—plays some lyrical, straight-ahead New York jazz through Sunday, March 10; on Monday, March 11, pianist **ABDULLAH IBRAHIM** and saxophonist **CARLOS WARD** perform rhythmic, undulating music; and starting Tuesday, March 12, the **RON CARTER** quartet will take over. Shows from about ten. Dining.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Mondays after nine are salsa nights in the barnlike downstairs room. On March 11, **JERRY GONZALEZ & THE FORT APACHE BAND**, **SANTIAGO CERON'S ORCHESTRA**, and **DIZZY GILLESPIE**, the guest jazz soloist, will all be on hand. . . . ¶ Meanwhile, out on the Terrace, you can spot musical duos after nine-thirty every night but Monday. Pianist **SHARON FREEMAN** works with **HARVIE SWARTZ** through Sunday, March 10, and with **ANTHONY COX** beginning Tuesday, March 12. And in addition, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** plays Tuesdays with her combo.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world are attracted to this basement. **ELVIN JONES**, the athletic drummer, leads his quintet through Sunday, March 10; and on Tuesday, March 12, the **RED RODNEY–IRA SULLIVAN** quintet will move down the stairs. Monday night's tradition is the **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND**. Music after ten.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food (Columbia University is just across Broadway), beyond the pinball machines is a room full of music mostly from the fifties. Pianist Mark Morganelli & the Jazz Forum All-Stars take over the bandstand until Saturday, March 9. Music from about nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A spacious, airy bar connected to a spacious, airy dining room by a spacious, airy passageway with tables and chairs and pianists or guitarists and bassists in it. The music schedule: pianist **VLADIMIR SHAFRANOV** and bassist **MARC JOHNSON** through Saturday, March 9; pianist **LARRY WILLIS** and bassist **RUFUS REID** starting Tuesday, March 12; bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** and guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** every Sunday; and pianist Jim Roberts and bassist Brian Torff every Monday. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

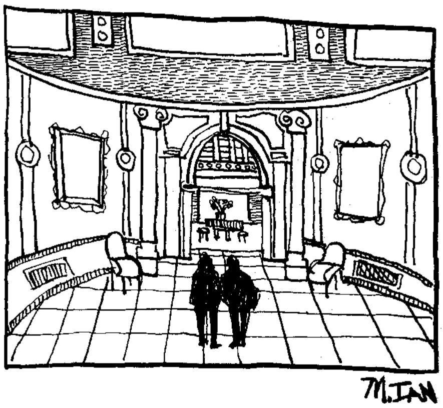
Joe Passaro and Glen Velez—With Steve Gorn and Mike Richmond. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032. Thursday, March 7, at 8.)

Joan Baez—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Friday and Saturday, March 8-9, at 8.

Nina Simone—With Michael Henderson. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, March 8, at 8.)

Michel Camilo Sextet—Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. 249-8950. Friday, March 8, at 8.

James Emery Ensemble—Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, March 8, at 8. No tickets necessary.



Lester Bowie—Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7800. Saturday, March 9, at 8:30.

Jill McManus—St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 935-2200. Sunday, March 10, at 7.

Triona Ni Dhomhnaill and Fiddle Fever—Triplex, 199 Chambers St. 420-1360. Sunday, March 10, at 8.

Lyrics and Lyricists—The third in a series of five programs entitled "Great Songwriting Teams Remembered," this one devoted to the music of Gus Kahn and Walter Donaldson, and featuring Jim Lowe (narrator), Wayne Bryan, Marcia Lewis, Lara Teeter, and Vicki Regan. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Sunday, March 10, at 2:30 and 8, and Monday, March 11, at 8.)

Johnny Mathis and Dionne Warwick—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Tuesday through Saturday, March 12-16, at 8.

Steve Cohn Trio—With Reggie Workman and Chuck Fertal. (Great Hall, Cooper Union. Friday, March 15, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Jerome Cooper—Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Saturday, March 16, at 8.

American Folk Roots—The fifth in a series of eight concerts, this one devoted to the Hispanic tradition. With Victor Venegas. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, March 16, at 8:30.)

Irving Plaza—Thursday, March 7: Wilson Pickett, Sam & Dave, and Harold Melvin & the Blue Notes. . . . ¶ Friday, March 8: Raunch Hands, Del-Lords, and Bel-Airs. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 9: Christy Rose & the Midnight Walkers and Chris Spedding. . . . ¶ Friday, March 15: Three O'Clock and Long Ryders. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 16: Richard Hell. (17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 477-3728. Shows start about 10.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Lennart Anderson—Still-life and landscape paintings from the past ten years. Through Saturday, March 16. (Davis & Langdale, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Nassos Daphnis—Three exhibitions of paintings. Abstractions from nature in oils and watercolors. Through Saturday, March 16. (Kouros, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.) . . . ¶ Geometric abstractions in enamel on paper. Through Friday, March 8. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ "The Continuous Painting" (1975) and other works. Through Saturday, March 16. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

Karl Gerstner—New paintings and sculptural models based on mathematical systems. Through April 6. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Sheila Girling—Abstract acrylic paintings. Through Saturday, March 9. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

Julio González (1876-1942)—Colored drawings, all but a third of which were conceived as studies for sculptures. Through Saturday, March 16. (Hoffeld, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Open Mondays.)

Marsden Hartley (1877-1943)—Paintings and drawings. Through April 27. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

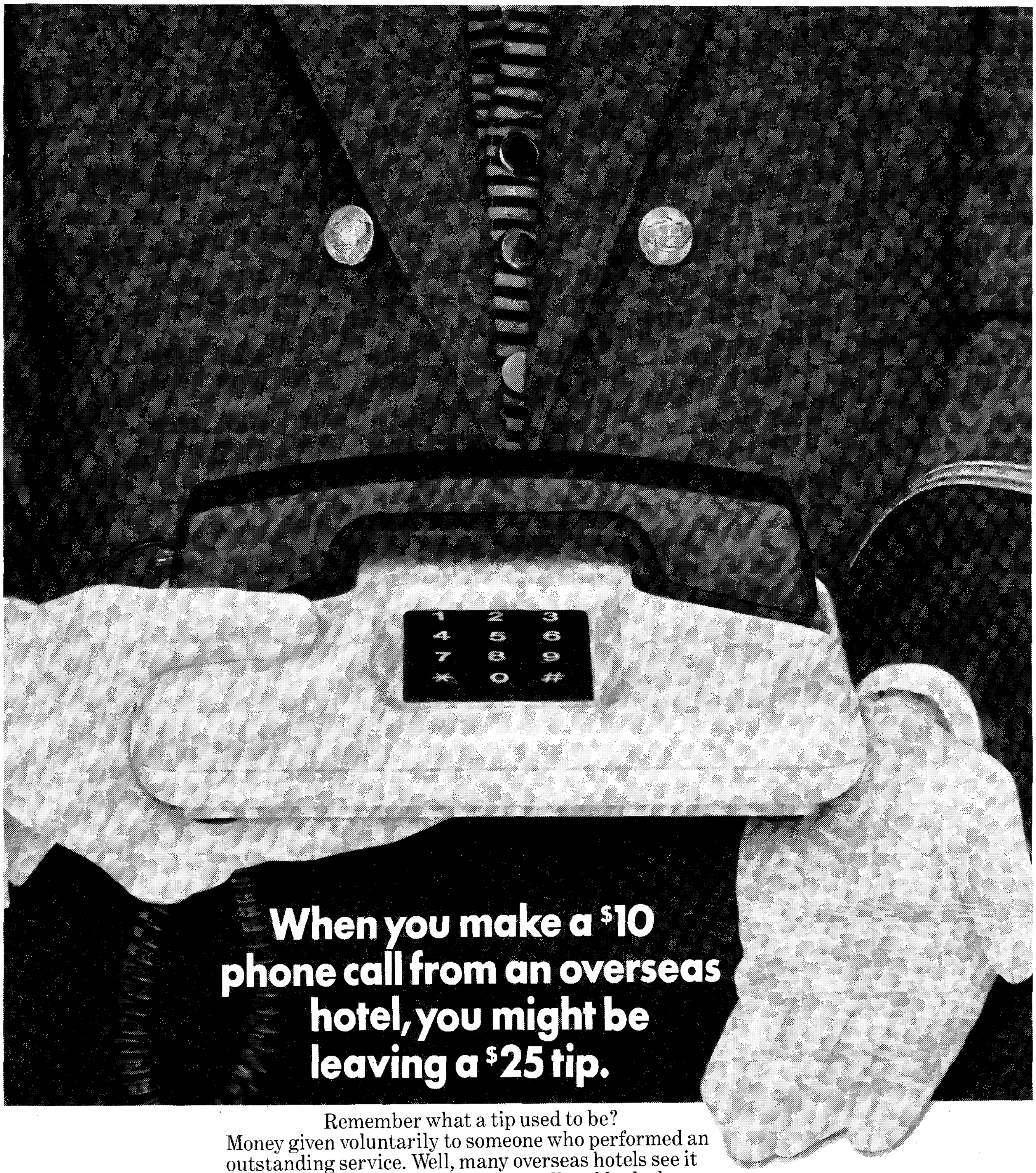
El Lissitzky (1890-1942)—Watercolors, drawings, and lithographs from the PROUN series. Through March 30. (Carus, 872 Madison Ave., at 71st St.)

Louis Lozowick (1892-1973)—Black-and-white lithographs of American cities, particularly New York as it was in the twenties and thirties. Through March 30. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

Robert Ohnigian and Leonard Stokes—Collages by two artists whose work is complementary. Through Saturday, March 9. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Jules Olitski—Recent paintings. Through March 21. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Philip Pearlstein—Paintings of nudes posed


When you make a $10 phone call from an overseas hotel, you might be leaving a $25 tip.
1 2 3
4 5 6
7 8 9
✱ 0 #

Remember what a tip used to be? Money given voluntarily to someone who performed an outstanding service. Well, many overseas hotels see it differently. Because they automatically add telephone surcharges of up to 250% every time a guest places a call.

Cost of a 5-minute daytime call from Frankfurt to NY:		
Without Teleplan	**With Teleplan**	**Savings to you**
$27.82	**$11.13**	**$16.69**

What can you do to avoid this? Stay at a hotel featuring Teleplan. A program set up by AT&T that insures guests fair and reasonable telephone surcharges on all calls.

So next time you travel, stay at a Teleplan hotel. Where you can be sure that making an overseas phone call won't mean making a major investment.

© 1985 AT&T Communications

AT&T

Fine hotels featuring AT&T Teleplan:

GOLDEN TULIP HOTELS
HOLLAND

HILTON
INTERNATIONAL
HOTELS
Worldwide

INTER EUROPE HOTELS
Switzerland
Germany

LEDRA HOTEL
Nicosia, Cyprus

THE LYGON ARMS HOTEL
Broadway, Worcestershire,
England

MANDARIN HOTELS
INTERNATIONAL
LIMITED
Hong Kong
Indonesia
Philippines
Thailand

MARRIOTT HOTELS

NOVOTEL HOTELS
Germany
Austria

HOTEL
ASSOCIATIONS OF
Ireland
Israel
Panama
Portugal

REGENT
INTERNATIONAL
HOTELS

For more information or a Teleplan brochure call toll free
1 800 874-4000.

against all sorts of patterns—on linoleum floors, Mexican rugs, Japanese robes. Through Saturday, March 9. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Dorothea Rockburne—New paintings on shaped canvases. Through March 30. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Sculpture—At the **gimpel**, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Among works in a variety of mediums are a bronze (of Balzac) by Rodin, a slate abstraction by Barbara Hepworth, and a cast-polyester depiction of interlocking snakes by Niki de Saint Phalle. Through Saturday, March 9. . . . **weintraub**, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: A number of pieces by Jean Arp in bronze and stone, plus works by American sculptors Seymour Lipton, Herbert Ferber, and others. Through March 23.

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Michèle Amateau—Paintings on canvas and paper, derived from Middle Eastern and Mediterranean wall mosaics. Through Saturday, March 16. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Karen Breunig—Figurative paintings that allude to works by Egyptian tomb painters, de Chirico, Beckmann, and others. Through March 30. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Scott Burton—A new series of sculptures entitled Geometric Granite Furniture, which includes a chaise longue and a bench-and-table set. Through March 30. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Caren Canier—Paintings of the landscape around Gubbio, Italy, and of figures in interiors. First solo show in New York. Through March 27. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

Giorgio Cavallon—Abstract Expressionist oils. Through Saturday, March 9. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Lawrence Fane—Freestanding sculptures and reliefs, in welded steel, wood, and bronze, that suggest rock formations and other natural phenomena. Through March 30. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

Jane Freilicher—Recent paintings. Through March 27. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Maurice Golubov—Oils and gouaches mainly, of abstractions and figures, dating from the twenties to the seventies. Through Thursday, March 14. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

Wolf Kahn—Paintings and pastels of Vermont landscapes, most pared to semi-abstraction. Through March 26. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Alex Katz / Lee Krasner (1908-84)—Two-dimensional aluminum cutouts painted with images of couples. / Charcoal nude sketches from the late thirties. Through March 30. (Robert Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Ellsworth Kelly—New paintings. Through March 30. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Simeon Lagodich—A religious aesthetic underlies these landscape paintings. Through March 30. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

Frank Lobdell—Four paintings executed between 1958 and 1972, in addition to gouaches and lithographs from the same period. Through March 30. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

Bernard Maisner—Small abstract paintings. Through March 30. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

Conrad Marca-Relli—Collage paintings in mixed mediums, all dated 1982. Through April 6. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Philip McCracken—A series of symbolic representations of plants, consisting of "Potato with Eyes," in facetted cherry wood, and several works on paper; also, carved-wood sculptures of animals, real and imaginary. Through March 26. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Piet Mondrian (1872-1944)—This large show concentrates on early paintings and drawings and includes watercolors of chrysanthemums. Through Saturday, March 9. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St.)

Henry Moore and Helaine Blumenfeld—Complementary sculptures by these two artists, plus prints and drawings by Mr. Moore. Through Saturday, March 16. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

James B. Moore—Austere, representational still-life paintings in oil on canvas. Through March 23. (David Findlay, Jr., 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Louise Nevelson—Huge matte-black wall reliefs. Through March 23. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Izhar Patkin / John Bowman—Expressionist compositions of figures and dense patterns, worked in oil crayon applied to and pushed through mesh screens, which are stretched and framed as a canvas would be. Also, encaustic figurines. / Realist, didactic oils. Through March 23. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Lawrence Poons / Kenneth Noland—New paintings. Through March 23. / Painted monotypes. Through March 30. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Bernard Reder (1897-1963)—Charcoal studies for sculptures, and woodcuts. Through March 23. (Sumers, 50 W. 57th St.)

Jan Sawka—Two related exhibits. Paintings. (Deutsch, 20 W. 57th St. Through March 27.) . . . ¶ Paintings and constructions. (112 Greene Street Gallery. Through March 30.)

Eric Sloane—Rural scenes and cloud studies in oil on board. Through March 23. (Hammer, 33 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Neil Welliver—Sixteen canvases, including three large oils of winter landscapes. Through March 23. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Timothy Woodman—Cut-out aluminum wall reliefs on which contemporary genre scenes are painted—a man descending the stairs to the subway, for instance. Through March 30. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **associated american artists**, 20 W. 57th St.: Prints and drawings by artists of the Barbizon school, including Corot, Millet, and Daubigny. Through Saturday, March 16. . . . **french**, 41 W. 57th St.: Seven contemporary artists, each exhibiting a single large-scale painting of figures—a crowded city street by Robert Birmelin, three Guardian Angels by William L. Haney, etc. Through April 6. (Open Mondays.) . . . **frumkin**, 50 W. 57th St.: "The irreverent spirit in current painting" is manifested in these works—for example, Charles Parness's "Self-Portrait as Genie of the Vermont Train Disaster." Other artists include Robert Colescott and Peter Saul. Through March 30. (Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Jean-Michel Basquiat—Fifteen new works on canvas and wood. Through March 23. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Gregory Botts—Semi-abstract landscape paintings, most of them in black-and-white and superimposed with a targetlike image of concentric circles. Through Saturday, March 9. (Manhattan Art, 81 Greene St.)

Carolyn Brady—Red tulips blooming in the artist's garden, and other watercolors. Through March 21. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Arthur Cohen—Paintings and prints. Through March 20. (Blue Mountain, 121 Wooster St. Tuesdays through Fridays and Sundays, noon to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Ronnie Cutrone—Paintings of pop-culture images in mixed mediums. Through Saturday, March 16. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

Susan Daykin—Torsos rendered in impastoed acrylics, and oil-stick drawings. Through March 20. (Bowery, 121 Wooster St. Tuesdays through Fridays and Sundays, noon to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Mike Glier—Social commentary directed at the news media: chalk-and-latex drawings on the walls, paintings on panels suspended from the ceiling. Through Saturday, March 9. (Gladstone, 152 Wooster St.)

Komar & Melamid—Paintings in mixed mediums, the result, the artists say, of "trying out all the styles we've known since kindergarten." Through March 23. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Joseph Kosuth / Ralph Gibson—Texts seen in color photographs, new works by a Concep-

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16

tualist. / Thirty photographs. Through March 23. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Thomas Lawson / Walter Robinson—A few recognizable objects seen among layered brushstrokes. / Paintings of a veritable arsenal of cold remedies—from honey to Vicks Vaporub. Through March 23. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

Dennis Oppenheim—Large-scale drawings for outdoor sculptures. Through March 30. (Sander, 51 Greene St.)

Elaine Reichek—A hand-colored photograph of a tepee paired with a three-dimensional abstraction of the tepee in yarn and wool, and similar compositions. Through Saturday, March 9. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

Gerhard Richter—Two related exhibits of paintings of abstractions and landscapes. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. Through March 26. . . . ¶ Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Through March 30. Open Mondays.)

Mark Schwartz—Abstract oils. Through Saturday, March 9. (Semaphore, 462 West Broadway.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Arch Connelly—Paintings and sculptures combining fabrics and fake jewels. Through March 17. (Fun Gallery, 254 E. 10th St. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Gary Kuehn—Paintings, drawings, and sculptures that stretch chronologically from 1963 to 1984. Through Saturday, March 9. (Art Galaxy, 262 Mott St., just south of Houston St.)

Ted Rosenthal—A comic sensibility prevails in a group of painted textured-steel tableaux, one thirty feet long, the rest considerably smaller. Through Saturday, March 16. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St.)

Cartoonists Association—Original cartoon drawings by fifty-one artists. Through March 29. (Master Eagle Gallery, sixth floor, 40 W. 25th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 4:30.)

Group Show—Paintings, drawings, and sculptures in black-and-white (with occasional color) by twenty-four artists, among them Dotty Attie, Daisy Youngblood, and Choong Sop Lim. Through March 22. (City Gallery, 2 Columbus Circle. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Aaron Siskind / Augstin Victor Casasola (1874-1938)—A large retrospective. / Photographs spanning the four-decade career of a photojournalist, and documenting the Mexican revolution of 1910-20. Through March 24. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Louis Stettner / Carl Perutz (1921-82)—Black-and-white photographs. / Prints of theatre people by a photojournalist. Through Saturday, March 9. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Group Show—Photographs in the collection of the Witkin Gallery, which will move to SoHo after the exhibit closes on April 13. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A show of antiquities—crosses, chalices, icons, crowns—from the Treasury of the Basilica of San Marco, many of which have resided there since their removal from Constantinople in the early thirteenth century. Through June 2. . . . ¶ Twenty statues, portrait reliefs, and busts by the nineteenth-century sculptor John Quincy Adams Ward, including a study in bronze for the statue of George Washington that is in front of Federal Hall National Memorial, on Wall Street. Through May 19. . . . ¶ "The Age of Caravaggio," an exhibit that underscores Caravaggio's contribution to Italian baroque art and contrasts his paintings with those of his predecessors and contemporaries. Included are some forty paintings attributed to Caravaggio and as many by Peter Paul Rubens, Federico Barocci, Guido Reni, and others. Through April 14. . . . ¶ Linoleum cuts by Picasso. Starts Thursday, March 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A chronological arrangement of drawings by Henri Matisse, about a third of which are being shown in public for the first time. Through May 14. . . . ¶ Henri Rousseau's "Myself, Portrait-Landscape" greets viewers to a retrospective of approximately sixty of the artist's paintings, including his first documented work, 1886, and his final one, "The Dream" (1910). Through June 4. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday *evenings until* 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Kandinsky in Paris: 1934-44," the third and final exhibit in a series (held at two-year intervals) surveying the influences on this painter, himself one of the most influential artists of his generation, in the last decade of his life. Supplementary paintings and sculptures by Picasso, Klee, Albers, and others. Through April 14. . . . ¶ A comprehensive show of works on paper by Helen Frankenthaler, with watercolors, acrylics, charcoal, and crayons among the mediums. Through April 21. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission *charge from 5 to* 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

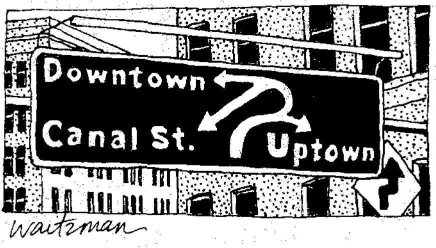
Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Jonathan Borofsky's retrospective includes paintings, drawings (on walls and ceilings), and motorized figures. Through Sunday, March 10. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Forty-two abstract geometric compositions by François Morellet, a French painter and sculptor. Through March 25. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—A show of paintings and sculptures by thirty contemporary American artists, who are candidates for the Academy's art awards. Through *March 31. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to* 4.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—Jewelry devised for personal adornment and ritual use by tribes of Indonesia, Malaysia, and the Philippines. On loan from the Barbier-Müller Museum in Geneva, the exhibit of more than two hundred and fifty pieces includes an ornate gold crown, a brass headdress, a mother-of-pearl necklace, and silver earrings. Through April 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A hundred and twenty Old Master prints by (with four exceptions) German and Dutch artists, such as Dürer, Rembrandt, Schongauer, Goltzius, and others. From the collection of the late Leo Wallerstein. Through May 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)



Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—A tribute to Sinclair Lewis on his centennial. First editions of his major works, original manuscript notes for "Babbitt" and "Arrowsmith," and personally annotated playscripts highlighting his theatrical interests are among the materials being shown. Through March 30. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Albrecht Dürer's original drawing "Praying Hands" is the centerpiece of a show of seventy-five Old Master drawings on loan from the Albertina collection in Vienna. Starts Friday, March 8. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—Two exhibitions: paintings by John Hull; and sculptures by Mia Westerlund Roosen, whose six massive abstract works are in concrete with lead, encaustic, or bronze. Through April 14. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—John Durand's six oil portraits of the Colonial Beekman family are some of the works from the society's collections in an exhibit documenting childhood in New York, 1709 to 1984 (no less). Mounted in honor of the two-hundred-and-seventy-fifth anniversary of the Trinity School, the show also includes prints, photographs, toys, samplers, and manuscripts. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671.—Donna Henes (performance), Thursday, March 14, at 8:30.

The Kitchen, 59 Wooster St. 925-3615.—Christian Marclay (a one-man band of turntables, plus video), Saturday and Sunday, March 9-10, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Two programs of Super 8mm. films and related performances, Friday and Saturday, March 15 and 16, with featured films at 9:30, and additional films shown before and after, at 8:30 and 11 each evening. Friday, March 15: Lydia Lunch reading and introducing a film she made with Richard Kern. Saturday, March 16: Scott B's new film, "Last Rites," with Rosemary Hochschild, who will also present a solo performance. Another solo performance will be given by Eric Bogosian.

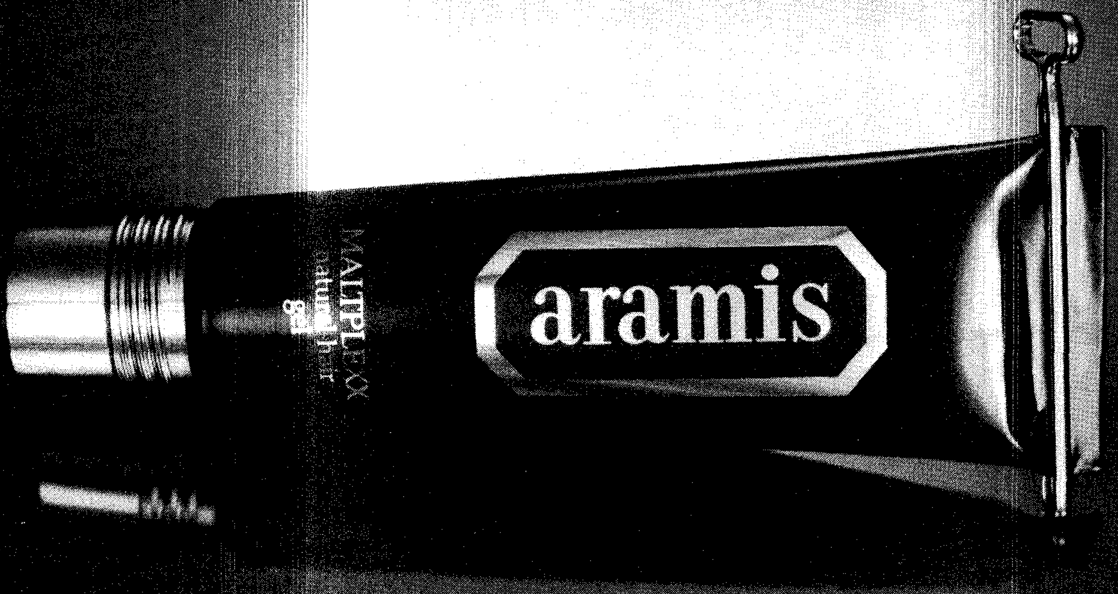
P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-*5288.—Chris Burnside (dance), Friday* through Sunday, March 8-10, at 9.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, March 6, at 6:30: "Die Meistersinger," with Mari Anne Haeggander, Edward Sooter, David Rendall, and Dieter Weller; conducted by Christof Perick. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 7, at 8: "Porgy and Bess," with Roberta Alexander, Marvis Martin, Florence Quivar, Simon Estes, and Charles Williams; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, March 8, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Adriana Maliponte, Vasile Moldoveanu, Lenus Carlson, and Ara Berberian; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 9, at 2: "Ernani," with Leona Mitchell, Ermanno Mauro, Pablo Elvira, and Paul Plishka; Thomas Fulton. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 9, at 8: "Porgy and Bess," with Roberta Alexander, Marvis Martin, Veronica Tyler, Robert Mosley, and Bernard Thacker; James Levine. . . . ¶ Sunday,



MALTPLEXX

natural
hair
gel.

You manage a business, stocks, bonds, people. And now you can manage your hair. Maltplexx gives it any look you want–sleeker, fuller, straighter, curlier, even wet–without a drop of alcohol or oil. Gets your hair into shape in the morning and keeps it under control all day. Maltplexx. So versatile, it's not for men only.

© Aramis Inc. 1984

aramis

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16

March 10, at 8: James Levine conducting the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra in a program of operatic arias and duets, with Mirella Freni and Luciano Pavarotti. . . . ¶ Monday, March 11, at 7:30: A new production of Puccini's "Tosca," with Hildegard Behrens, Plácido Domingo, and Cornell MacNeil; Giuseppe Sinopoli. (A benefit performance.) . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 12, at 6:30: "Die Meistersinger," with Mari Anne Haeggander, Heribert Steinbach, David Rendall, and Dieter Weller; Christof Perick. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 13, at 8: "Ernani," with Leona Mitchell, Ermanno Mauro, Louis Quilico, and Paul Plishka; Thomas Fulton. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 14, at 8: "Tosca," Hildegard Behrens, Plácido Domingo, and Cornell MacNeil; Giuseppe Sinopoli. . . . ¶ Friday, March 15, at 8: "Porgy and Bess," with Roberta Alexander, Marvis Martin, Florence Quivar, Simon Estes, and Charles Williams; James Levine. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, March 16, at 12:30: "Die Meistersinger," with Mari Anne Haeggander, Heribert Steinbach, David Rendall, and Dieter Weller; Christof Perick. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 16, at 8: "Ernani," with Leona Mitchell, Ermanno Mauro, Louis Quilico, and Paul Plishka; Thomas Fulton.

Amato Opera Company—Gounod's "Faust." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Saturdays at 7:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Erich Leinsdorf conducting—Thursday, March 7, at 8; Friday, March 8, at 2; and Saturday, March 9, and Tuesday, March 12, at 8: With the Juilliard String Quartet and the New York Choral Artists. . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, March 14-16, at 8, and Tuesday, March 19, at 7:30: With Kathleen Battle, soprano, and Werner Klemperer, narrator.

Rotterdam Philharmonic Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, James Conlon conducting—Wednesday, March 6, at 8: A performance of Liszt's "Faust" Symphony, with John Aler, tenor, and the Orpheon Chorale. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 7, at 8: A Janáček-Tchaikovsky-Dvořák program, with Horacio Gutiérrez, piano.

Mozarteum Orchestra of Salzburg—Hans Graf conducting an all-Mozart program, with Homero Francesch, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, March 8, at 8.)

Academy of Ancient Music—Christopher Hogwood conducting a Bach-Handel program. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, March 10, at 8.)

Israel Philharmonic Orchestra—Zubin Mehta conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 13, at 8, with Itzhak Perlman, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 14, at 8.)

Radio Symphony Orchestra of Berlin—Ricardo Chailly conducting, with Shlomo Mintz, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 16, at 8.)

Columbia University Orchestra—Howard Goldstein conducting, with Frances Schopick, mezzo-soprano. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Thursday, March 7, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Handel Festival Orchestra—Stephen Simon conducting, with Linda Mabbs, soprano; Hilda Harris, mezzo-soprano; and Richard Crist, bass. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, March 9, at 8.)

Philharmonia Virtuosi—Richard Kapp conducting a Bach-Handel-Scarlatti program, with Ruth Waterman, violin; Elizabeth Brown, flute; and Edward Brewer, harpsichord. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Wednesday, March 13, at 8.)

Hunter Symphony—Clayton Westermann conducting an all-Copland program. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Wednesday, March 13, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

New York Choral Society—John Daly Goodwin directing a Haydn-Mendelssohn-Fauré program, with Ann Monoyios, soprano; Shirley Close, mezzo-soprano; Dennis Peterson, tenor; and Henry Hereford, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 8, at 8.)

Pro Arte Chorale and Orchestra—Roger Nierenberg directing a performance of Handel's oratorio "Belshazzar," with Linda Wall, soprano; Jeffrey Gall and Drew Minter, countertenors; David Gordon, tenor; and Jan Opalach, bass-baritone. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, March 12, at 8.)

Musica Sacra—Richard Westenburg directing the chorus and orchestra in a Maurice Duruflé–Charpentier program, with Linda Mabbs, soprano; Diane Curry, mezzo-soprano; Thomas Bogdan, tenor; and Simon Estes, bass. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, March 13, at 7:30.)

Dessoff Choirs—Amy Kaiser directing a program of music by American composers. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Saturday, March 16, at 8.)

RECITALS

Guarneri Quartet—With Lillian Kallir, piano, and Peggy Schechter, flute. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, March 6-7, at 8.)

Hagen Quartet—With Gidon Kremer, violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Wednesday, March 6, at 8.)

National Chorale Soloists—Martin Josman directing an ensemble of singers and instrumentalists in the second in a series of four concerts, this one a performance of Handel's oratorio "Alexander's Feast." (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, March 6, at 8.)

Cleveland Quartet—With Bernard Greenhouse, cello, in a recital postponed from Feb. 9. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, March 7, at 8.)

Mary Louise Boehm—Piano, with Kristine Ciesinski, soprano, and six instrumentalists, in a program of contemporary American music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, March 7, at 8.)

Omega Ensemble—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, March 7, at 8.)

New York Woodwind Quintet—A performance of Bach's "The Art of the Fugue," transcribed by Samuel Baron. With Daniel Phillips and Todd Phillips, violin; John Graham, viola; and Timothy Eddy, cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, March 8, at 8.)

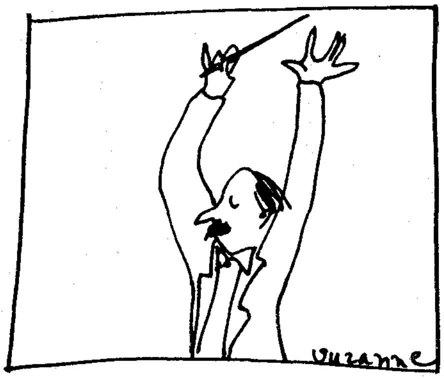
Pablo de la Cruz and Marianela Santurio—Classical guitarist and pianist. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, March 8, at 8.)

Pinchas Zukerman and Marc Neikrug—Violin and piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, March 9, at 8.)

Alban Berg Quartet—With Philippe Entremont, piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 9, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680. . . . ¶ Same program: Carnegie Hall. Monday, March 11, at 8.)

Continuum—A program of music by Lou Harrison and Robert Erickson. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 9, at 8.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—An all-Brahms program, with Jane Gunter-McCoy, mezzo-soprano, and Ilana Vered, piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, March 9, at 8.)



Newband—A program of music by John Cage, Mary Jane Leach, and others. (Theatre of the Open Eye, 316 E. 88th St. Saturday, March 9, at 8, and Sunday, March 10, at 3. Tickets at the door on the days of the concerts.)

Ridge String Quartet—An all-Haydn program. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Sunday, March 10, at 2. For information about tickets, call 741-5689.)

Jessye Norman—Soprano, with Phillip Moll, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, March 10, at 3.)

Alexandre Lagoya—Classical guitarist. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 10, at 3.)

Independent Black Opera Singers—Eight male singers in a program of art songs, arias, and Afro-American folk songs. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, March 10, at 3.)

Music Before 1800—The ninth in a series of concerts will be performed by p.a.n. (ensemble project ars nova), a group making its first appearance here. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, March 10, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Alexis Weissenberg—Piano, in an all-Schumann program. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 10, at 8.)

Gerardo Ribeiro and Robert Spillman—Violin and piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 10, at 8.)

Annie Fischer—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Monday, March 11, at 8.)

Amiram Rigai—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, March 11, at 8.)

Lydian String Quartet—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, March 11, at 8.)

North/South Consonance Ensemble—Todd Stanton conducting, with Clifford Tretick, flute. (St. Francis Xavier Church, 30 W. 16th St. Monday, March 11, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Dawn Upshaw—Soprano, with assisting artists. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, March 12, at 8.)

Joan La Barbara—Soprano, with the Kronos Quartet, in a program featuring electronic music. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Tuesday, March 12, at 8.)

For the Love of Music—Chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, March 12, at 8.)

Bowery Ensemble—A program of music by Nils Vigeland and others. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Tuesday, March 12, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert. Mr. Vigeland will give a pre-concert talk at 7:45.)

Speculum Musicae—A program of twentieth-century music. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Tuesday, March 12, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Arleen Augér—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 13, at 8.)

Nancy Allen—Harp. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, March 13, at 8.)

Dante Rosati—Classical guitarist. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Wednesday, March 13, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Maureen Forrester—Contralto. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, March 14, at 8.)

Beaux Arts Trio—The last in a series of programs, each of which will be performed two times. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday and Friday, March 14-15, at 8.)

New York Camerata—A program of music by Bach, George Crumb, and others. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Friday, March 15, at 6. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Pierre Amoyal—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 15, at 8.)

Hudson Valley Philharmonic Chamber Ensemble—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, March 16, at 2.)

Byron Janis—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, March 16, at 8.)

Sherrill Milnes—Baritone. (Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Saturday, March 16, at 8.)

Yale Chamber Music Series—The last in a series of concerts performed by various faculty members of the Yale University School of Music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, March 16, at 8.)

Note—The Bach Chamber Soloists, with Judith Bettina, soprano, will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, March 24, at 5. Free tickets, limited to two per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, March 11, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). A self-addressed envelope should be enclosed.

MISCELLANY

Concert/Discussion—Milton Babbitt discussing his own compositions and the works of Schoenberg, followed by a Schoenberg-Babbitt concert, performed by Rolf Schulte, violin, and Alan Feinberg, piano. (Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St. Tuesday, March 12, at 7. Tickets, which include admission to the museum prior to the performance, at the door on the day of the concert.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Knicks vs. Philadelphia, Saturday, March 9, at 1. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Phoenix, Tuesday, March 12, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Chicago, Thursday, March 14, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Indiana, Saturday, March 16, at 7:30. . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Seattle, Wednesday, March 6, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Portland, Friday, March 8, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Dallas, Sunday, March 10, at 1. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Washington, Wednesday, March 13, at 7:30.

Boxing—Golden Gloves New York City finals. Sponsored by the News Charities. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, March 15, at 7:30.)

Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Rangers vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Monday, March 11, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Wednesday, March 13, at 7:35. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Saturday, March 9, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Washington Capitals, Saturday, March 16, at 5:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Islanders, Thursday, March 7. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Winnipeg Jets, Tuesday, March 12. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Boston Bruins, Thursday, March 14. (Games begin at 7:35.)

Karate—All-American Open Karate Championships. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Saturday, March 16, at 8.)

Racing—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1. The Swift, Saturday, March 9; the Toboggan Handicap, Sunday, March 10; and the Distaff Handicap, Saturday, March 16.

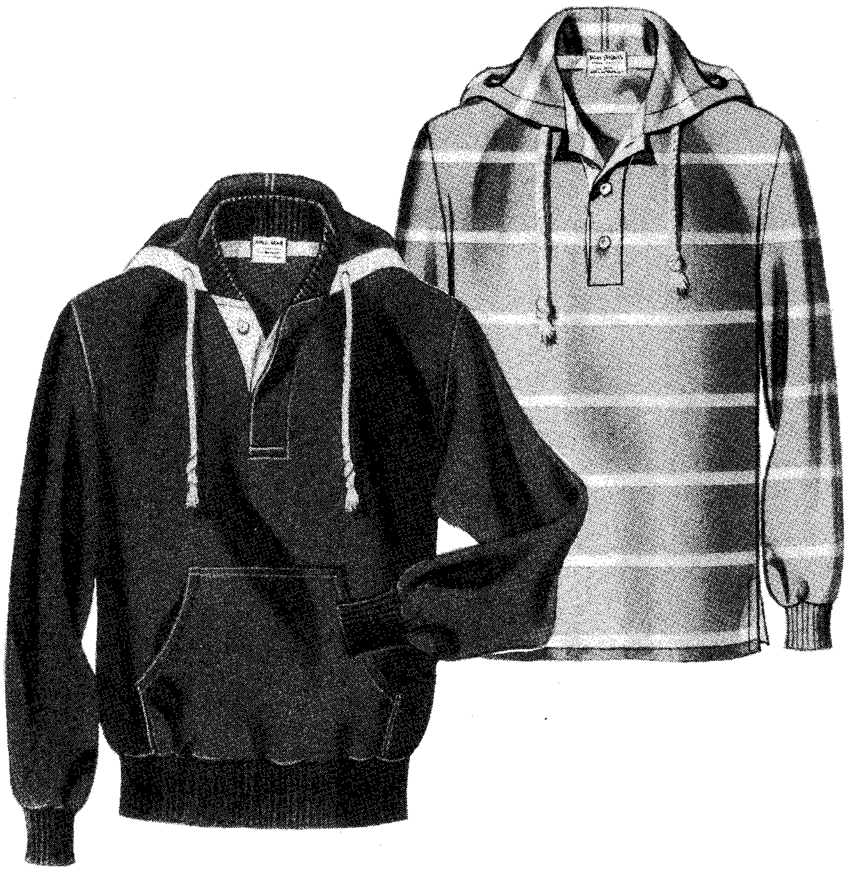
Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, March 30. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 17.

ET ALIA

Lecture—Yehuda Amichai speaking about poetry. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, March 12, at 7. No tickets necessary.)

Armory Antiques Show—A collection of American, English, Continental, and Oriental goods, exhibited by eighty-two dealers. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Thursday through Saturday, March 7-9, noon to 10; Sunday, March 10, noon to 6.)

Auctions—At **SOTHEBY'S,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5.) Wednesday, March 13, at 2: Old Master paintings. Exhibition starts Saturday, March 9. . . . **CHRISTIE'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday, March 6, at 10 and 2: American and European prints. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 14, at 10: Glass paperweights, from the collection of the late Ambassador R. Henry Norweb and from other owners. Exhibition starts Sunday, March 10.



When you want a pullover that is rugged and comfortable

Reach for one of our good-looking cotton Rugby knits. You'll find they are just what you need for active wear or for a casual weekend. Both are made exclusively for us and come in sizes small, medium, large or extra large. Our solid color hooded model in maize, red or blue with tape reinforcements, $35. The striped hooded rugby features thin contrasting stripes of yellow on royal blue, white on red or blue on yellow. $39.50

Use your Brooks Brothers Card, American Express or Diners Club.

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Furnishings for Men, Women & Boys

Atlanta • Bal Harbour • Boston • Chestnut Hill • Chevy Chase • Chicago • Cincinnati • Cleveland • Dallas • Denver
Detroit • Ft. Lauderdale • Houston • Indianapolis • Kansas City • King of Prussia • Los Angeles • Manhasset
Newport Beach • New Orleans • New York • Northbrook • Oakbrook • Palm Beach • Paramus • Philadelphia
Pittsburgh • St. Louis • San Francisco • Scarsdale • Seattle • Short Hills • Stamford • Tokyo • Troy
Tulsa • Tysons Corner • Washington, D.C. • Willow Grove

INTRODUCING THE 16-VALVE, INTERCOOLED SAAB TURBO.

IN ANY OTHER CAR, THIS MUCH POWER WOULD BE IRRESPONSIBLE.

Remember muscle cars? "Getting rubber"? "Slam shifting"? "Blowing someone's doors off"?

Screech. Graunch. Whoosh. The golden songs of a golden era. Tributes to the prodigality of power in the hands of impetuous youth. Redolent of nostalgia. And like many things nostalgic, out of place in the present.

Now that gas is back, so is muscle. Only today, you have a choice. You can once again buy a car that uses it frivolously.

Or you can buy the Saab 900 Turbo.

The new 16-valve, intercooled Saab Turbo engine is fuel-efficient, like the first and second generation Saab turbocharged engines that preceded it. While being considerably more powerful at the same time.

Having four valves per cylinder (with dual-overhead camshafts) helps the new Saab Turbo engine inhale and exhale easier. It enables the spark plug to be located at the center of the hemispherical combustion chamber.

In strictly practical terms, this means combustion is more complete and efficient. So compression can be raised without raising the octane of the fuel needed to achieve it.

Increased compression means better throttle response. With no penalty in fuel economy. Both mean greatly increased driving enjoyment.

Intercooling lowers the temperature of the air mass compressed by the turbocharger. Which means boost can be increased (it has) and, along with it, power (it has too).

The intercooling and 16-valve head combine to produce the kind of mid-range torque you may remember from the halcyon days of the muscle car.

*1985 SAAB PRICE LIST**	
900 3-door	*$11,850*
900 4-door	*$12,170*
900S 3-door	*$15,040*
900S 4-door	*$15,510*
Turbo 3-door	*$18,150*
Turbo 4-door	*$18,620*

Automatic transmission $400 additional.

But, unlike the power of yesteryear, the power of the Saab Turbo has been harnessed to be of maximum practical advantage in a real world.

How to put power to its best use.

Making a car go faster used to entail nothing more complex than squeezing into it the largest engine and carburetors that would fit.

With steering that was often, to be charitable, a bit vague. Tiny drum brakes. A chassis that was nothing if not flexible.

And a body that had little crashworthiness going for it other than sheer mass.

Saab thinks other things should precede power before it can be put to responsible uses.

First, you should build a body that is not only rigid, but safe.

Under that, you should put the best shock absorbers available (gas filled) so the power can be transmitted to the road no matter what kind of road it's transmitted to.

The brakes should be more than equal to the power they're meant to hold in check. Four-wheel disc brakes.

These brakes should ride within wheels and tires capable of resolute traction. Light-alloy, 15″ wheels with low profile, high-performance radials.

Steering should be precise, channeling power towards its proper course.

And power should be transmitted through the front wheels, where it can do the most practical good.

All these things make a Saab the perfect environment for an engine like the intercooled, 16-valve Turbo engine being introduced in 1985.

Of course, if you look for them, you will find more powerful cars on the market.

But none that use their power so wisely or as well.

**Manufacturer's suggested retail prices. Not including taxes, license, freight, dealer charges or options. There are a limited mumber of turbo models available with Saab's Exclusive Appointments group, which includes: leather upholstery, fog lights, and electric sunroof, at additional cost.*

SAAB
The most intelligent car ever built.

Pan Am And American Express.

NOT TRANSFERABLE
SEE REVERSE SIDE
AMERICAN EXPRESS®
3712
5006
VALID DATES ✱
MEMBER SINCE
58
AX
CW
C F FROST
✱ NOT VALID IF CANCELLED OR REVOKED
©AMEX

When your travel plans include Pan Am's First Class Service and the American Express® Card, you immediately assure yourself of a more pleasurable and convenient trip.

More pleasurable, because the moment you enter the First Class cabin of a Pan Am 747 or L-1011, you'll notice the extraordinary feeling of space. You'll settle into a soothing Pan Am Sleeperette® Seat—the Space Seat—and enjoy your choice of Pan Am's international entrées and fine wines. But perhaps most importantly, you'll experience a true sense of privacy that's all too rare in air travel today.

The First Class Way To Go.

Then, once you reach your destination, the American Express Card will continue to provide you with First Class service. You'll appreciate the peace of mind of knowing the Card is respected and welcomed worldwide. You'll also enjoy the ease with which you can charge airline tickets, car rentals, hotels and dining—in fact, the American Express Card is welcomed virtually everywhere your travels take you.

Pan Am and American Express. The First Class way to go.

The American Express® Card.
Don't leave home without it.®

Pan Am. You Can't Beat The Experience.®

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

MAJESTIC THEATRE
NEW MIDNIGHT SHOW
Marisabina

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 26.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
"Allonsanfan" (1974; directed by Paolo and Vittorio Taviani; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni.

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Paris, Texas" (Wim Wenders), with Harry Dean Stanton, Nastassja Kinski, and Dean Stockwell.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through March 7: "La Nuit de Varennes" (1981; Ettore Scola; in French), with Harvey Keitel, Marcello Mastroianni, Jean-Louis Barrault; and "Danton" (1983; Andrzej Wajda; in French), with Gérard Depardieu.
From March 8: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through March 14: "Vision Quest" (Harold Becker), with Matthew Modine.
From March 15: To be announced.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Fast Forward" (Sidney Poitier).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through March 7: "Missing in Action 2" (Lance Hool), with Chuck Norris.
From March 8: To be announced.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "The Sure Thing" (Rob Reiner), with John Cusack.
Theatre 2: "The Breakfast Club" (John Hughes), with Emilio Estevez and Paul Gleason.
Theatre 3: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Falcon and the Snowman" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Amadeus" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through March 14: "Lust in the Dust" (Paul Bartel), with Tab Hunter and Lainie Kazan.
From March 15: "Camila" (Maria Luisa Bemberg; an Argentine film, in Spanish).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"The Sure Thing" (Rob Reiner), with John Cusack.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through March 7: "Blood Simple" (†).
From March 8: "The Hit" (Stephen Frears), with Terence Stamp and John Hurt.

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Vision Quest" (Harold Becker), with Matthew Modine.
Theatre 2: "The Killing Fields" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Fast Forward" (Sidney Poitier).
Theatre 2: "The Falcon and the Snowman" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through March 7: "The Clinic" (David Stevens; an Australian film), with Chris Haywood.
From March 8: "Blood Simple" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "The Return of the Soldier" (†).
Theatre 2: "Lost in America" (Albert Brooks), with Brooks and Julie Hagerty.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through March 7: "Places in the Heart" (†). From March 8: "Lovelines" (Rod Amateau).
Theatre 2: "The Mean Season" (†).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Purple Rose of Cairo" (Woody Allen), with Mia Farrow and Jeff Daniels.

Loews New York Twin I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through March 7: "Into the Night" (John Landis), with Jeff Goldblum and Michele Pfeiffer. From March 8: "Mask" (Peter Bogdanovich), with Cher, Eric Stoltz, and Sam Elliott.
Theatre 2: "The Breakfast Club" (John Hughes), with Emilio Estevez and Paul Gleason.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Gods Must Be Crazy" (Jamie Uys).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Witness" (†).

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Missing in Action 2" (Lance Hool), with Chuck Norris.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).
Theatre 2: "Ghoulies" (Luca Bercovici), with Peter Liapis.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through March 7: "A Soldier's Story" (†).
From March 8: "The Breakfast Club" (John Hughes), with Emilio Estevez and Paul Gleason.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "The Killing Fields" (†).
Theatre 2: Through March 7: "Turk 182!" (Bob Clark), with Timothy Hutton and Robert Urich. From March 8: "Night Patrol" (Jackie Kong), with Linda Blair and Pat Paulsen.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "Ladies and Gentlemen The Fabulous Stains" (1981; directed by Lou Adler), with Diane Lane.
Theatre 2: March 6: "Se Permuta" (1984; Juan Carlos Tabio; a Cuban film, in Spanish). March 7-8: "The Tables Turned" (1984; Rolando Diaz; a Cuban film, in Spanish). March 9-10: "Memories of Underdevelopment" (1973) and "The Last Supper" (1978), both Cuban films, in Spanish, directed by Tomás Gutiérrez Alea. March 11-12: "Death of a Bureaucrat" (†); and "The Survivors" (1978; Tomás Gutiérrez Alea; a Cuban film, in Spanish). From March 13: "Up to a Certain Point" (Tomás Gutiérrez Alea; a Cuban film, in Spanish).

Vandam, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"The Times of Harvey Milk" (Robert Epstein), a documentary.

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through March 7: "Amadeus" (†). From March 8: "Variety."
Theatre 2: "Blood Simple" (†).

Greenwich Playhouse I and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "The Killing Fields" (†).
Theatre 2: "1984" (Michael Radford), with John Hurt and Richard Burton.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Lust in the Dust" (Paul Bartel), with Tab Hunter and Lainie Kazan.
Theatre 2: Through March 14: "Lust in the Dust." From March 15 (tentative): "A Sunday in the Country" (Bertrand Tavernier; in French).
Theatre 3: "Choose Me" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Mean Season" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: Through March 7: "Places in the Heart" (†). From March 8: "Birdy" (†).
Theatre 2: Through March 7: "2010" (Peter Hyams), with Roy Scheider. From March 8: "Amadeus" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Falcon and the Snowman" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through March 14: "Beyond the Walls" (Uri Barbash; in Hebrew).
From March 15: "Sylvester" (Tim Hunter), with Robert Farnsworth and Melissa Gilbert.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"A Passage to India" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Tchao Pantin" (Claude Berri; in French), with Coluche and Richard Anconina.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through March 14: "A Sunday in the Country" (Bertrand Tavernier; in French).
From March 15: "Heartbreakers" (Bobby Roth), with Peter Coyote and Nick Mancuso.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"A Private Function" (Malcolm Mowbray), with Michael Palin and Maggie Smith.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Birdy" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Breakfast Club" (John Hughes), with Emilio Estevez and Paul Gleason.

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: Through March 7: "1984" (Michael Radford), with John Hurt and Richard Burton. From March 8: "Stop Making Sense" (†).
Theatre 2: "Where the Green Ants Dream" (Werner Herzog).
Theatre 3: "Amadeus" (†).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Blood Simple" (†).
Theatre 2: "Stranger Than Paradise" (†).

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "The Brother from Another Planet" (John Sayles), with Joe Morton, Dee Dee Bridgewater, and Sayles.
Theatre 2: Through March 7: "A Marriage" (Sandy Tung). From March 8: "My New Partner" (Claude Zidi; in French), with Philippe Noiret.

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "The Killing Fields" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Sure Thing" (Rob Reiner), with John Cusack.
Theatre 3: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).
Theatre 4: "Witness" (†).

New Yorker I and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "Lust in the Dust" (Paul Bartel), with Tab Hunter and Lainie Kazan.
Theatre 2: Through March 7: "Turk 182!" (Bob Clark), with Timothy Hutton and Robert Urich; and "Silkwood" (1983; Mike Nichols), with Meryl Streep, Kurt Russell, and Cher. From March 8: "Birdy" (†).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through March 14: "Ghoulies" (Luca Bercovici), with Peter Liapis. From March 15: "Into the Night" (John Landis), with Jeff Goldblum and Michele Pfeiffer.
Theatre 2: Through March 7: "Missing in Action 2" (Lance Hool), with Chuck Norris. March 8-14: "Night Patrol" (Jackie Kong), with Linda Blair and Pat Paulsen. From March 15: "Hellhole."
Theatre 3: "The Breakfast Club" (John Hughes), with Emilio Estevez and Paul Gleason.
Theatre 4: Through March 7: "A Soldier's Story" (†). From March 8: "Lovelines" (Rod Amateau).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Vision Quest" (directed by Harold Becker), with Matthew Modine.
Theatre 2: Through March 7: "Turk 182!"

Puffy Eyes. Crow's Feet. Help is in sight!

Your eyes are the first place to betray your age. Don't be alarmed. Let Clarins, France's premier skin care authority, come to the rescue — with effective eye contour treatments based on natural plant extracts.

Clarins recognizes the causes.
Squinting. Blinking. Smiling. Crying. These are constant aggressions the delicate eye contour area endures. Even the daily application and removal of eye makeup takes a toll. Add stress, fatigue, pollution . . . and it's no wonder your eyes reveal signs of aging. Clearly, the need for special eye contour care is urgent!

Clarins is the Problem-Solver.
Clarins created light, non-oily products to effectively treat the fragile skin tissue surrounding the eyes. (Oily formulations actually cause eyes to "puff-up"!) For 30 years, Clarins gentle eye contour treatments have proven to be successful in the Clarins Parisian "Institut de Beauté". Based on natural plant extracts, these treatments are dermatologically and allergy-tested.

Clarins Eye-Contour Gel helps to reduce puffiness.
Soothing actions of camomile and cornflower relax and calm delicate eye contours. Marigold and other natural plant extracts help to relieve irritation. Recommended as a morning refresher to diminish puffiness and dark circles. A favorite among contact lens wearers, Clarins Eye-Contour Gel may also be applied during the day, sparingly, even over makeup.

Clarins Eye-Contour Balm minimizes expression lines.
Nourish. Revitalize. Soften and smooth. These are the actions of Clarins Eye-Contour Balm. Rose and cornflower extracts, among other natural (non-oily) ingredients, act to moisturize and help fade expression lines — restoring the youthful appearance of eye contours. See lasting results with daily application.

Clarins Skin Care Specialists offer personal beauty advice.
Consult with Clarins Skin Care Specialist and have your personal Beauty Prescription completed. And, receive a sample of a Clarins product, selected just for you! Clarins specializes in skin care for face, bust, body and tanning. Act today and join millions of women throughout the world who depend on Clarins to answer their skin care needs.

CLARINS
PARIS
Baume
Contour des Yeux
Eye-Contour
Balm
plant extracts
CLARINS
PARIS
Gel aux plantes
Contour des Yeux
Eye-Contour Gel

Eye-Contour Gel with natural plant extracts	• Helps reduce puffiness, bags, and dark circles • Soothes and refreshes with camomile and cornflower • Gently relaxes with calming marigold
Eye-Contour Balm with natural plant extracts	• Minimizes expression lines and first signs of aging • Moisturizes and revitalizes eye contours • Softens with light, non-oily ingredients such as rose and cornflower

CLARINS
PARIS

THE PROBLEM-SOLVER IN SKIN CARE. PREMIER IN FRANCE!

macy's

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16

(Bob Clark), with Timothy Hutton and Robert Urich. From March 8: "Into the Night" (John Landis), with Jeff Goldblum and Michele Pfeiffer.

Theatre 3: "The Cotton Club" (†).

Theatre 4: "The Terminator" (James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Theatre 5: Through March 7: "Torchlight" (Tom Wright), with Pamela Sue Martin and Steve Railsback. From March 8: "Turk 182!"

Theatre 6: Through March 7: "Superstition" (James Roberson), with James Houghton and Albert Salmi. From March 8: "Zombie Island Massacre" (John N. Carter), with David Broadnax and Rita Jenrette.

EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Lust in the Dust" (Paul Bartel), with Tab Hunter and Lainie Kazan.

EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Blood Simple" (†).
Theatre 3: "A Soldier's Story" (†).
Theatre 4: "Starman" (†).

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Witness" (†).

LOEWS STATE 1 AND 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: "The Sure Thing" (Rob Reiner), with John Cusack.
Theatre 2: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).

MOVIELAND, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"The Falcon and the Snowman" (†).

NEW EMBASSY 49TH STREET, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"Pinocchio" (1940), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.

R.K.O. CENTURY NATIONAL TWIN, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Fear City" (Abel Ferrara), with Tom Berenger and Billy Dee Williams.
Theatre 2: "The Killing Fields" (†).

R.K.O. CENTURY WARNER TWIN, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: "Ghoulies" (Luca Bercovici), with Peter Liapis.
Theatre 2: Through March 7: "Heaven Help Us" (Michael Dinner), with Andrew McCarthy and Mary Stuart Masterson. From March 8: "Night Patrol" (Jackie Kong), with Linda Blair and Pat Paulsen.

U. A. TWIN 1 AND 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: Through March 7: "The Mean Season" (†). From March 8: "Lovelines" (Rod Amateau).
Theatre 2: "Missing in Action 2" (Lance Hool), with Chuck Norris.

REVIVAL HOUSES

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
March 6: A program of new Dutch films.
March 7-13: A program of Isabelle Adjani films.
From March 14: To be announced.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through March 7: "Roommates" (1982; directed by Chuck Vincent); and "In Love" (1983; Chuck Vincent).
March 8-9: "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "Being There" (1979; Hal Ashby), with Peter Sellers, Shirley MacLaine, Melvyn Douglas, and Jack Warden.
March 10-12: "Raging Bull" (1980; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Cathy Moriarty, and Joe Pesci; and "Rocky" (†).
March 13-14: "Falling in Love" (1984; Ulu Grosbard), with Robert De Niro and Meryl Streep; and "Terms of Endearment" (1983; James L. Brooks), with Debra Winger, Shirley MacLaine, and Jack Nicholson.
March 15-16: "The Graduate" (1967; Mike Nichols), with Dustin Hoffman, Anne Bancroft, and Katharine Ross; and "King of Hearts" (1967; Philippe de Broca; in French and English), with Alan Bates and Geneviève Bujold.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Stop Making Sense" (†).

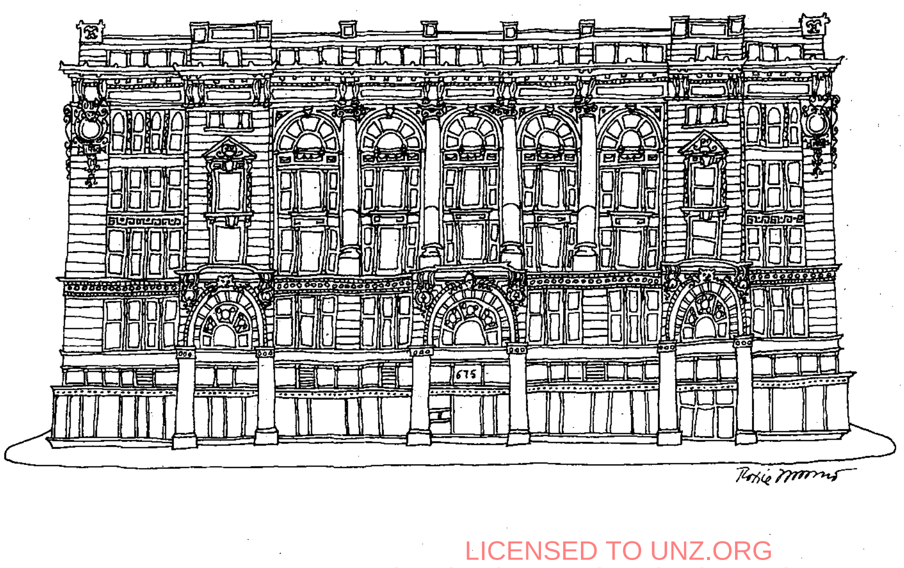
HOLLYWOOD TWIN CINEMA 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
March 6: "Swing Shift" (1984; Jonathan Demme), with Goldie Hawn, Kurt Russell, and Christine Lahti; and "Best Defense" (1984; William Huyck), with Dudley Moore, Eddie Murphy, and Kate Capshaw.
March 7-9: "Caligula" (1980), with Malcolm McDowell.
March 10-11: "Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein" (1948; Charles Barton); "Hollywood or Bust" (1956; Frank Tashlin), with Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis; and "Sons of the Desert" (1934; William Seiter), with Laurel and Hardy.
March 12-13: "Papillon" (1973; Franklin Schaffner), with Steve McQueen and Dustin Hoffman; and "Bullitt" (†).
March 14-16: "Mad Max" (1980; George Miller and Mel Gibson; an Australian film), with Gibson; and "The Terminator" (1984; James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

HOLLYWOOD TWIN CINEMA 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through March 7: "Psycho II" (1983; Richard Franklin), with Anthony Perkins and Vera Miles; and "Crimes of Passion" (1984; Ken Russell), with Kathleen Turner and Anthony Perkins.
March 8-9: "The Grey Fox" (1983; Phillip Borsos), with Richard Farnsworth and Jackie Burroughs; and "The Draughtsman's Contract" (1983; Peter Greenaway), with Anthony Higgins and Janet Suzman.
March 10: "The Dirty Dozen" (1967; Robert Aldrich), with Lee Marvin; and "The Great Escape" (1963; John Sturges), with Steve McQueen and James Garner.
March 11-12: "WarGames" (†); and "Cloak & Dagger" (1984; Richard Franklin), with Henry Thomas and Dabney Coleman.
March 13-14: "Saturday Night Fever" (1977; John Badham), with John Travolta; and "Staying Alive" (†).
March 15-16: "The King of Comedy" (1983; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Jerry Lewis; and "Diner" (†).

METRO CINEMA, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
March 6: "Throne of Blood" (1957) and "The Lower Depths" (1957), both films in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune.
March 7: "The Italian Straw Hat" (1927; René Clair; a French silent film); and "À Nous la Liberté" (1931; René Clair; in French).
March 8: "The Woman Next Door" (1981; François Truffaut; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Fanny Ardant; and "The Last Metro" (1981; François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve, Gérard Depardieu, and Jean Poiret.
March 9: "Lolita" (1962; Stanley Kubrick), with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters; and "Baby Doll" (1956; Elia Kazan), with Karl Malden, Carroll Baker, and Eli Wallach.
March 10-12: "Berlin Alexanderplatz" (1980; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German). All fourteen parts will be shown over the three-day period.
March 13: "When a Woman Ascends the Stairs" (1960; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese), with Hideko Takamine; and "A Geisha" (1953; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese).
March 14: "Boudu Saved from Drowning" (1931; Jean Renoir; in French); "A Day in the Country" (1937; Jean Renoir; in French); and "À Propos de Nice" (1930; Jean Vigo; in French).
From March 15: "Falasha—Exile of the Black Jews" (1983; Simcha Jacobovici), a documentary; and "Image Before My Eyes" (1981; Josh Waletsky), a documentary of pre-Second World War Jewish Poland.

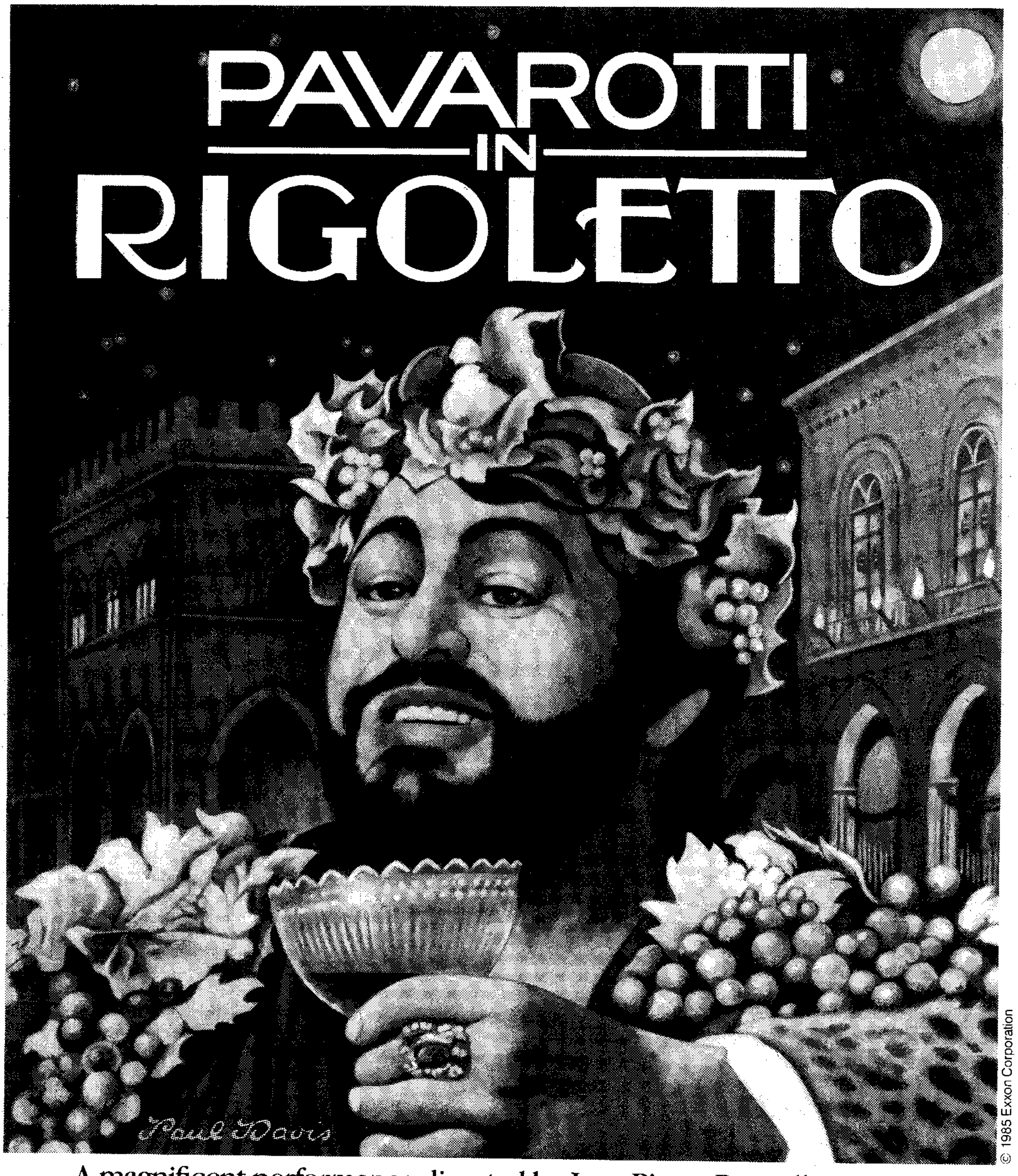
REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through March 9: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1956; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart and Doris Day; and "Rear Window" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grace Kelly, and Wendell Corey.
March 10-11: "The Paradine Case" (1947; Alfred Hitchcock), with Alida Valli, Gregory Peck, Charles Laughton, and Ann Todd; and "I Confess" (1953; Alfred Hitchcock), with Montgomery Clift, Anne Baxter, and Karl Malden.
March 12-13: "The Pleasure Garden" (†); and "Jamaica Inn" (1939; Alfred Hitchcock), with Charles Laughton and Maureen O'Hara.
March 14-16: "Family Plot" (†) and "Frenzy" (†).

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
March 6: "I Walked with a Zombie" (1943; Jacques Tourneur), with Frances Dee and James Ellison; "Bedlam" (1946; Mark Robson), with Boris Karloff; and "Cat People" (1942; Jacques Tourneur), with Simone Simon, Kent Smith, and Tom Conway.
March 7: "The Good Fight" (1984; Noel Buckner, Mary Dore, and Sam Sills); and "Seeing Red: Stories of American Communists" (1984; Julia Reichert and James Klein), a documentary.
March 8-9: "West Indies" (1979; Med Houdo).
March 10: "The General" (1926; Buster Keaton and Clyde Bruckman; a silent film), with Keaton; and "Steamboat Bill, Jr." (1927; Charles Riesner), with Buster Keaton.
March 11: "Rififi" (†) and "The Sleeping Car Murder" (†).
March 12: "Bringing Up Baby" (†); and "I Was a Male War Bride" (1949; Howard Hawks), with Cary Grant and Ann Sheridan.
March 13: "Wuthering Heights" (1954; Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish); and "The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe" (1954; Luis Buñuel), with Dan O'Herlihy and James Fernandez.
March 14: "Nanook of the North" (1921;



Great Performances

PRESENTS


PAVAROTTI
IN
RIGOLETTO
Paul Davis

© 1985 Exxon Corporation

A magnificent performance directed by Jean-Pierre Ponnelle. Filmed on location in Italy, with a celebrated international cast.

Friday March 15 on PBS

Check your local listings

EXXON

Robert Flaherty); "Land Without Breed" (1932; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish); and "Man of Aran" (1934; Robert Flaherty).

March 15: "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (†); and "Two for the Road" (1967; Stanley Donen), with Audrey Hepburn and Albert Finney.

March 16: "Gospel" (1983; David Leivick and Frederick A. Ritzenberg), a concert film; and "Stormy Weather" (†).

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

March 6: "Roberta" (1935; William Seiter), with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Irene Dunne, Randolph Scott, and Helen Westley; and "Show Boat" (1936; James Whale), with Irene Dunne, Helen Morgan, Allan Jones, and Paul Robeson.

March 7: "Blackmail" (1929; Alfred Hitchcock), with Anny Ondra, Cyril Ritchard, and Sara Allgood; and "Sabotage" ("The Woman Alone;" 1936; Alfred Hitchcock), with Sylvia Sidney, Oscar Homolka, and Desmond Tester.

March 8-9: "After the Thin Man" (1936) and "The Thin Man" (1934), both films directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Myrna Loy and William Powell.

March 10: "Five Easy Pieces" (1970; Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson; and "Easy Rider" (†).

March 11: "Carnival in Flanders" (†); and "Toni" (1935; Jean Renoir; in French).

March 12: "Paris Blues" (†) and "Edge of the City" (†).

March 13: "Sunny" (†); and "Folies-Bergère" (1935; Roy Del Ruth), with Maurice Chevalier and Merle Oberon.

March 14: "The Painted Veil" (†) and "Mata Hari" (†).

March 15-16: "The Lady Eve" (†) and "Palm Beach Story" (†).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THEATRE 1: March 7 at 2:30 and 6: "The Vagabond" (1916; directed by Charlie Chaplin; a silent film), with Chaplin; and "Blind Husbands" (1919; Erich von Stroheim; a silent film). . . . ¶ March 8 at 2:30 and 6, March 9-10 at 2 and 5, and March 11-12 at 2:30 and 6: Programs of 1984 Oscar-nominated documentary features and short subjects and animated and live-action short films. . . . ¶ March 14 at 2:30 and 6: "The Sawmill" (1922) and "Nanook of the North" (1922; Robert Flaherty), both silent films. . . . ¶ March 15 at 2:30: "Nell Gwynn" (1934; Herbert Wilcox), with Anna Neagle and Cedric Hardwicke. . . . ¶ March 15 at 6 and March 16 at 2: "Spring in Park Lane" (1947; Herbert Wilcox), with Anna Neagle, Michael Wilding, and Tom Walls. . . . ¶ March 16 at 5: "Nell Gwynn."

THEATRE 2: March 7 at 3 and 6:30: "Allan Boesak: Choosing for Justice" (1984; Hugo Cassirer and Nadine Gordimer); and "Hellfire" (1983; John David Coles). . . . ¶ March 8 at 3: "The Ugly Woman" (1933; Henry Koster; in German, with no English subtitles), with Dolly Haas and Max Hansen. . . . ¶ March 8 at 6:30: "A Woman's Awakening" (1927; Fred Sauer; a German silent film, with German intertitles), with Grete Mosheim. . . . ¶ March 9 at 2:30: "Alraune" (1930; Richard Oswald; in German, with no English subtitles), with Albert Basserman. . . . ¶ March 9 at 5:30: "Refuge" (1928; Karl Froehlich; a German silent film, with German intertitles), with Henny Porten. . . . ¶ March 10 at 2:30: "Liebelei" (1932; Max Ophuls; in German, with English subtitles), with Paul Haerbiger. . . . ¶ March 10 at 5:30: "Alraune." . . . ¶ March 11 at 3: "Liebelei." . . . ¶ March 11 at 6:30: "Hotel New York" (1983; Jackie Raynal), with Miss Raynal, who will be present. . . . ¶ March 12 at 3: "Aerograd" (1935; Alexander Dovzhenko; in Russian, with no English subtitles). . . . ¶ March 14 at 3: "The Ascent" (1977; Larissa Shepitko; in Russian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ March 14 at 6:30: "You and I" (1971; Larissa Shepitko; in Russian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ March 16 at 2:30: "Heat" (1966; Larissa Shepitko; in Russian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ March 16 at 5:30: "The Ascent."

WHITNEY MUSEUM, Madison Ave. at 75th St. 570-0537)—From March 13, a series of programs composed of films and video works made during the past two years. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

AMADEUS—The lofty playwright Peter Shaffer has the minor composer Salieri (F. Murray Abraham) declaring war on Heaven for gypping him, and determined to ruin the incomparable Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (Tom Hulce) because God's voice is speaking through him. The director, Miloš Forman, trudges through the movie as if every step were a major contribution to art, and he keeps the audience hooked. Some redeeming qualities: Mozart's music, Twyla Tharp's staging of the dances and opera excerpts, and Abraham's eager, slimy Salieri. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/29/84.) (Eastside Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza. . . . ¶ Waverly; through March 7. . . . ¶ 23rd St. West Triplex; starting March 8.)

BEVERLY HILLS COP—The plot is just a peg for little set pieces in which the street-smart Eddie Murphy, in his worn-out sweatshirts, saunters through swank Beverly Hills locations, tells whopping lies, and outsmarts the white dumbos. Hotfooting the picture to keep it going, he rattles off pitifully undistinguished profanity, but we're cued to react to every stupid four-letter word as riotous. With Judge Reinhold, Stephen Elliott, Bronson Pinchot, Ronny Cox, Steven Berkoff, Lisa Eilbacher, and John Ashton. Directed by Martin Brest. (12/24/84) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, Loews 83rd Quad, and Loews State.)

BIRDY—Part satire, part Christ myth, it's about two boys from the drab working-class suburbs of Philadelphia; they have both been maimed in Vietnam. Al (Nicolas Cage), his mutilated face wrapped in bandages, comes to see the psychically injured Birdy (Matthew Modine), who squats naked on the floor of a military hospital, crumpled like a broken bird. The movie is about the purity of madness, about male bonding, sadism, violation, and so on. And, with Al sitting on the hospital floor holding the catatonic Birdy in his arms, it's one Pietà after another. Directed by Alan Parker, the movie takes itself inordinately seriously as a moral fable expressing eternal truths. It feels morose and unrelieved, despite the efforts of the two actors. With John Harkins and Sandy Baron. (2/11/85) (Cinema 3. . . . ¶ 23rd St. West Triplex, and New Yorker; starting March 8.)

BLOOD SIMPLE—This splatter-movie art movie was directed by Joel Coen, who wrote the screenplay with his brother Ethan, who was the producer; they made the film independently, but it's a Hollywood by-product. A Texas roadhouse owner (Dan Hedaya) wants to have his young wife (Frances McDormand) and her lover (John Getz) murdered; he hires a killer, a good-ol'-boy private detective (M. Emmet Walsh) who takes his money and double-crosses him. The one real novelty in the conception is that the audience has a God's-eye view of who is doing what to whom, while the characters have a blinkered view and, misinterpreting what they see, sometimes take totally inexpedient actions. Joel Coen doesn't know what to do with the actors (they give their words too much deliberation and weight), but he knows how to place the characters and the props in the film frame in a way that makes the audience feel knowing and in on the joke. His style is deadpan and klutzy, and he uses the klutziness as his trump card. It's how he gets his laughs—the audience enjoys not having to take things seriously. The film provides a visually sophisticated form of gross-out humor; the material is thin, though, and there isn't enough suspense until about the last ten minutes, when the action is so grisly that it has a kick. M. Emmet Walsh is the only colorful performer; he lays on the loathsomeness, but he gives it a little twirl—a sportiness. The grimy, lurid cinematography is by Barry Sonnenfeld. With Samm-Art Williams. (2/25/85) (Waverly, Cinema Studio, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Plaza; through March 7. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith; starting March 8.)

BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S (1961)—Audrey Hepburn's Holly Golightly is a tad refined for a girl who lives so improvisationally (on the money men give her), but for about the first three-quarters of an hour this picture, directed by Blake Edwards, has a fair amount of sophisticated slapstick comedy. If you've read the Truman Capote novella that the movie is based on (and even if you haven't), you may be dismayed to see things go soft and romantic. The film wanders, and Hepburn is forced to become too frail and too enchantingly raffish before it comes to its makeshift, fairy-tale end. The cast includes George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Mickey Rooney, and Buddy Ebsen. (Thalia; March 15.)

BRINGING UP BABY (1938)—Lunatic comedies of the thirties generally started with an heiress. This one starts with an heiress (Katharine Hepburn) who has a dog, George, and a leopard, Baby. Cary Grant is a paleontologist who has just acquired the bone he needs to complete his dinosaur skeleton. George steals the bone, Grant and Baby chase each other around, the dinosaur collapses—but Grant winds up with Hepburn, and no paleontologist ever got hold of a more beautiful set of bones. The director, Howard Hawks, keeps all this trifling nonsense in such artful balance that it never impinges on the real world; it may be the American movies' closest equivalent to Restoration comedy. With Charles Ruggles, Barry Fitzgerald, May Robson, Walter Catlett, and Fritz Feld. (Thalia; March 12.)

BULLITT (1968)—A competent director (Peter Yates), working with competent technicians, gives a fairly dense texture to a vacuous script about cops and gangsters and politicians. The stars are Steve McQueen, with his low-key charisma, as the police-officer hero, and the witty, steep streets of San Francisco. There's a big car-chase sequence, which helped to make the movie a hit. With Robert Vaughn, Jacqueline Bisset, and Robert Duvall. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; March 12-13.)

CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS (1936)—It is a day in 1616; a Spanish regiment comes to a town in occupied Flanders. The cowardly burghers hide, but their charming ladies meet the challenge, and in the morning the Spaniards depart, poorer in worldly goods, richer in experience. Jacques Feyder directed this classic comedy in the styles of Bruegel and Boccaccio, and it's almost too close to perfect; it's so archly classic that it isn't really very funny. With Françoise Rosay, Louis Jouvet, Jean Murat, Alerme, and Micheline Cheirel. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 11.)

CHOOSE ME—Written and directed by Alan Rudolph, this romantic comedy-fantasy is about a group of lovers whose madnesses and illusions interlock, and it's giddy in a magical, pseudo-sultry way. And though you can't always tell the intentional humor from the unintentional, this low-budget picture has a marvellous cast, headed by Lesley Ann Warren, Geneviève Bujold, Rae Dawn Chong, and Keith Carradine. (12/24/84) (Quad Cinema.)

THE COTTON CLUB—The only goal of the director, Francis Coppola, seems to be to keep the imagery rushing by—for dazzle, for spectacle. The action is centered on the famous Harlem late-night supper club—a speakeasy with a great floor show, in which "colored" headliners performed for a white clientele. There's so much going on you can't take your eyes off it, but none of it means anything. Richard Gere flashes a pretty smile and is more agreeable than usual, and a few of the actors playing mobsters—Julian Beck, Bob Hoskins, and Fred Gwynne—seem to be invincible. But from the way Coppola directs the cast here, people exist to reflect light. With Lonette McKee, Nicolas Cage, Gregory and Maurice Hines, Diane Lane, James Remar, Gwen Verdon, Honi Coles, and Joe Dallesandro. (1/7/85) (Criterion Theatres.)

Death of a Bureaucrat (1966)—An extraordinarily funny comedy, made in Cuba, about the slow torture we all suffer at the hands of government agencies. The director is Tomás Gutiérrez Alea, evidently a shrewd and witty man, who is not in the least afraid of Chaplinesque slapstick. In Spanish. (Film Forum; March 11-12.)

Diner (1982)—A wonderful movie, set in Baltimore, around Christmas of 1959. A fluctuating group of five or six young men in their early twenties hang out together; they've known each other since high school, and though they're moving in different directions, they still cling to their late-night bull sessions at the diner. It's like a comedy club—they take off from each other, and their conversations are all overlapping jokes that are funny without punch lines. Written and directed by Barry Levinson, "Diner" is a great period piece—a look at middle-class relations between the sexes just before the sexual revolution, when people still laughed (albeit uneasily) at the gulf between men and women. With Mickey Rourke, Ellen Barkin, Daniel Stern, Kevin Bacon, Steve Guttenberg, Paul Reiser, and Timothy Daly. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; March 15-16.)

Easy Rider (1969)—A ballad about an eastbound motorcycle odyssey across modern America. The two heroes are played by Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper. The third hero, a middle-aged, highborn Southern liberal lawyer, is brilliantly seen as the hippies' natural blood brother, and is acted with the greatest talent by Jack Nicholson. Directed by Dennis Hopper; his first film. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 10.)

Edge of the City (1957)—Sidney Poitier is startlingly good as an intelligent, easygoing foreman on the docks who is destroyed by his friendship with a weak, unstable white man (John Cassavetes). Martin Ritt, directing his first movie, sustains the tension with great skill but cannot resist clinching the case with gratuitous violence. However, it's a solid, often powerful movie. With Jack Warden and Ruby Dee. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 12.)

The Falcon and the Snowman—The movie isn't really interested in why the intelligent Chris Boyce and his coked-up buddy, Daulton Lee, two boys from well-heeled, conservative Southern California backgrounds, sold key documents about U.S. surveillance satellites to the Russians. The director, John Schlesinger, wants to shock the hell out of us by justifying Boyce, making the point that his actions weren't the traitorous ones—the C.I.A.'s were. While Schlesinger gives you the feeling that he knows what he's doing, he has no staying power—he doesn't develop any of the ideas he tosses in. Timothy Hutton, who plays Boyce, makes you respond to the freak hidden inside the proper manners, but the attention shifts to Sean Penn's whiny, strung-out Daulton Lee—an attention-getting bummer of a performance. With David Suchet, Dorian Harewood, Lori Singer, Pat Hingle, Boris Leskin, and Joyce Van Patten. (2/11/85) (34th St. East, Coronet, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Movieland.)

Family Plot (1976)—Hitchcock's fifty-third film, made in his seventy-seventh year, is perhaps his most sparkling and most good-natured, full of sly jokes. Barbara Harris, never more fully used, contributes a very funny study in feminine hysteria—one of Hitchcock's favorite topics—as a pretty, permanently famished clairvoyant who nearly throttles her boyfriend (Bruce Dern) when their car's brake fluid has been nefariously interfered with. The villains are posh jewel thieves, played by Karen Black and William Devane. Highly recommended, and not at all scary; just larky. (Regency; March 14-16.)

Frenzy (1972)—Hitchcock working in England for the first time since the remake of "The Man Who Knew Too Much." A story about a fruit merchant from Covent Garden and a sacked barman, both suspected of a series of rapes and necktie murders, which are made less gruesome by Hitchcock's belief that there is all the difference in the world between surprise and suspense. This is Hitch in his old form, working with a first-rate cast of British actors virtually unknown outside their own country (including Barry Foster, Jon Finch, Anna Massey, and Barbara Leigh-Hunt). Vivien Merchant is detective Alec McCowen's wife, full of feminine intuition. (Regency; March 14-16.)

The Killing Fields—The British film shows us the Khmer Rouge transforming Cambodia into a nationwide gulag, and the scenes of this genocidal revolution have the breadth and terror of something deeply imagined. The movie tells the story of how Sydney Schanberg (Sam Waterston), who was the *Times* correspondent in Cambodia from 1972 to 1975, was separated from his interpreter and assistant, Pran (Haing S. Ngor), and of his remorse and general anguish until the wily, resourceful Pran, after four years of slave labor and hiding, made his way into Thailand, late in 1979, and got word to him. It's written like a TV docudrama, and it bogs down in the crosscutting between Pran's experiences of the atrocities in Cambodia and Schanberg's guilt and misery in various settings in the U.S. But it's by no means a negligible movie. Roland Joffé, making his début as a movie director, and the cinematographer, Chris Menges, give us imagery that suggests the work of a macabre lyric poet, and there are accomplished performances—most notably by John Malkovich, Bill Paterson, and Athol Fugard. (12/10/84) (Manhattan, R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Greenwich Playhouse, Loews 83rd Quad, and R.K.O. Century National Twin.)

The Lady Eve (1941)—A frivolous masterpiece—a mixture of visual and verbal slapstick, and of high artifice and pratfalls. Barbara Stanwyck keeps sticking out a sensational leg, and Henry Fonda keeps tripping over it. She's a cardsharp, and he's a millionaire scientist who knows more about snakes than about women; neither performer has ever been funnier. The film, with screenplay and direction by Preston Sturges, is full of classic moments and classic lines; it represents the dizzy high point of Sturges's comedy writing. With Charles Coburn, Eugene Pallette, William Demarest, and Eric Blore. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 15-16.)

Mata Hari (1932)—George Fitzmaurice directs Garbo, Ramon Novarro, and Lionel Barrymore. A fairly lousy script, but Garbo can redeem lousiness; she makes a scene with the blinded Novarro ("Here are your eyes," she says, touching her own) seem a terrific moment in romantic cinema. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 14.)

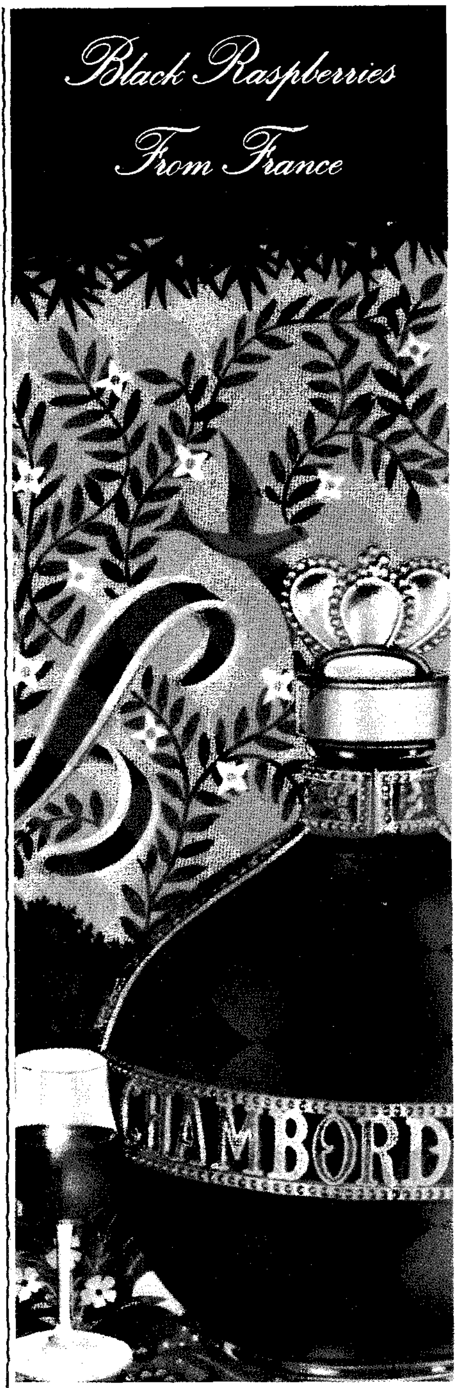
The Mean Season—With Kurt Russell and Mariel Hemingway, directed by Phillip Borsos. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Gemini, and Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ U. A. Twin; through March 7.)

The Painted Veil (1934)—Richard Boleslavsky directs Garbo. The story is Maugham's, set in his own fantasized East-of-Suez; the script is pretty fearful, but Garbo works as well as ever, dispensing immortal strength to Herbert Marshall, as her husband, and George Brent, as her lover. She deserves as many men as she wants, you always feel, and could carry the male half of mankind on her yoke-shaped collarbone. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 14.)

Palm Beach Story (1942)—One of the giddiest and most chaotic of Preston Sturges's satiric orgies. Claudette Colbert, travelling by train, becomes involved with a bunch of drunken millionaires—members of the "Ale and Quail Club," on board with their hounds and guns—who stage an informal skeet shoot in the club car and demolish the glassware. Sturges's comic invention soars, but the picture is too wild to be sustained; still, it's a joy, despite the lulls of waggish humor. With Joel McCrea, Mary Astor, Rudy Vallée, and the Sturges stock company, including William Demarest, Franklin Pangborn, and Jimmy Conlin. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 15-16.)

Paris Blues (1961)—Two handsome couples—Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward and Sidney Poitier and Diahann Carroll—are happy and sad over finding themselves in love in Paris, as others have done before them. Beautifully photographed, and full of good, loud music. Directed by Martin Ritt. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 12.)

A Passage to India—This admirable version of E. M. Forster's 1924 novel about the tragicomedy of British colonial rule was adapted, directed, and edited by David Lean, who knows how to do pomp and the moral hideousness of empire better than practically anybody else around. Peggy Ashcroft comes



CHAMBORD
Liqueur Royale de France

Created in the glorious time of King Louis XIV, Chambord is a magnificent liqueur. It has the deepest, richest black raspberry taste of any liqueur in the world.

After dinner, lace your favorite liqueur glass with Chambord, sit back and enjoy its rich aroma and taste. For other ways to enjoy this delicious liqueur, send for our free recipe book: Chambord Imported from France, Box 1600, New York, NY 10116.

Imported by La Maison Délan, Phila., Pa. 33 Proof.

through with a transcendent piece of acting as Mrs. Moore, and Judy Davis is close to perfection as the repressed Miss Quested, who longs for adventure; they are the two women whose attempt to get to know the Indians socially results in a charge of attempted rape against Dr. Aziz, played by Victor Banerjee, a fine, fluid actor who's like a piece of erotic sculpture. It may not be the highest praise to say that a movie is orderly and dignified, but of its kind this "Passage to India" is awfully good, until the last half hour or so; the concluding scenes wobble all over the place. The cast is just about irreproachable. It includes James Fox, Nigel Havers, Art Malik, Michael Culver, Saeed Jaffrey, Roshan Seth, and Sandra Hotz. (2 hours and 43 minutes.) (1/14/85) (Ziegfeld.)

Places in the Heart—This inspirational film, written and directed by Robert Benton, is set in his home town, Waxahachie, Texas, in 1935. Sally Field plays a good Christian woman with two children, who is suddenly widowed and left without enough money to meet the next mortgage payment. She holds her family together and hangs on to her house and forty acres by, of course, grit and total determination. The movie's major accomplishment is that it never goes over the brink into utter corny shamelessness. (10/15/84) (Gemini, and 23rd St. West Triplex; through March 7.)

The Pleasure Garden (1925)—The first film that Hitchcock (previously a movie designer and writer) directed. It's about two chorus girls from the Pleasure Garden Theatre; the parts are played by two American actresses—Virginia Valli is the virtuous one, Carmelita Geraghty the villainous one. The picture has ingenious sequences, and it's good to look at, though the story is vintage melodramatic hokum; actually, some of that hokum is hilariously campy now, such as the sequence about a depraved white man in the tropics. With another American, Nita Naldi, and Miles Mander. (Regency; March 12-13.)

The Return of the Soldier—With Alan Bates, Julie Christie, Ann-Margret, and Glenda Jackson; directed by Alan Bridges. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema I.)

Rififi (1955)—A quartet of thieves breaks into a jewelry store, and for a tense half hour we watch as they work, silently. It is like a highly skilled documentary on how to disconnect a burglar alarm and open a safe, and it is thoroughly engrossing, because we see the criminals as craftsmen, and we celebrate their teamwork, their finesse, their triumph. From there on, this movie, made in France (and in French) by the American director Jules Dassin, follows the tradition of "Scarface," and "The Asphalt Jungle," bringing the tragic, trapped figures (now symbols of our own anti-social impulses) to a cadaverous finish. "Rififi" is the granddaddy of a batch of suspense films featuring how to knock over safes or break into banks and museums, but its own chief distinction is its nasty tone. With Jean Servais, Robert Manuel, Carl Mohner, and Dassin as the four; and Robert Hossein, Marie Sabouret, and Magali Noel. (Thalia; March 11.)

Rocky (1976)—A low-budget winner—a romantic fable about a Philadelphia palooka who gains his manhood, written by and starring muscle-bound Sylvester Stallone, who is repulsive one moment, noble the next. He's amazing to watch: there's a bull-necked energy in him, smoldering, and in his deep caveman's voice he gives the most surprising, sharp, fresh shadings to his lines. The picture is poorly made, yet its naïve, emotional shamelessness is funny and engaging. Directed by John G. Avildsen. With Talia Shire, Carl Weathers, Burt Young, and Burgess Meredith. (Cinema Village; March 10-12.)

The Sleeping Car Murder (1966)—Somebody is bent on murdering all six occupants of a certain train compartment, but why? Simone Signoret is one of the murderees and Yves Montand is the detective. Directed by Costa-Gavras. In French. (Thalia; March 11.)

A Soldier's Story—This tense, wholehearted combination of melodrama and psychodrama is set in and around an Army base in Louisiana in 1944; a black drillmaster (Adolph Caesar) has been murdered, and a black lawyer, Captain Davenport (Howard E. Rollins, Jr.)—the first black commissioned officer ever to be seen in this part of the country—has been sent down from Washington, D.C., to investigate. Charles Fuller did the adaptation of his "A Soldier's Play," and there's some daring in his perception that in a racist society the temptation toward self-hatred is part of being black. The material is like the trumped-up, creaky yet powerful socially conscious plays-into-movies of the past. But the director, Norman Jewison, has given it an atmosphere that recalls his crack 1967 comedy-mystery "In the Heat of the Night," and he has also given it a beautiful sense of pace. With Denzel Washington, Art Evans, Larry Riley, David Alan Grier, Robert Townsend, David Harris, and Dennis Lipscomb. (11/26/84) (Embassy. . . . ¶ 86th St. East, and Olympia Quad; through March 7.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16

Starman—Karen Allen is a young widow with sad, glazed eyes, and Jeff Bridges is a gentle extraterrestrial whose spacecraft has been shot down near her cabin in Wisconsin, and who takes the form of the husband she mourns. He will die if he doesn't make it to a designated spot in Arizona in three days, to be picked up by his mother ship, so the two of them set out in her souped-up 1977 Mustang. En route, her fear of him changes to love, and he experiences some of the pleasures and pangs of being human, male, and American. In this victimization fantasy, it's all sweet innocence between the starman and the widow because everything else has been displaced onto some violent hunters and the government, which pursues the two flower children with a dozen or so helicopters—embodiments of evil. Bridges is mildly amusing at the start, but the picture is muted and draggy; it lacks vitality. Directed by John Carpenter. With Charles Martin Smith, who is likably sane, Lu Leonard, and Richard Jaeckel. (1/28/85) (Embassy.)

Staying Alive (1983)—Ludicrous. As producer-writer-director, Sylvester Stallone turns everything into a fight, and this sequel to John Badham's "Saturday Night Fever," with John Travolta once again playing the dancer Tony Manero, is a weirdly stripped-down-for-action musical. Stallone doesn't bother much with characters, scenes, or dialogue. He just puts the newly muscle-plated Travolta in front of the cameras, covers him with what looks like oil slick, and goes for the wham-bams. Travolta still has his star presence; he holds the screen more strongly than ever—but too flagrantly. With Cynthia Rhodes, Finola Hughes, and Julie Bovasso. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; March 13-14.)

Stop Making Sense—Directed by Jonathan Demme, this concert film by the New York new-wave rock band Talking Heads is a continuous rock experience that keeps building, becoming ever more intense and euphoric. It's a happy movie from beginning to end. The lead singer, David Byrne, is a stupefying performer who gives the group its modernism—the undertone of repressed hysteria, which he somehow blends with freshness and adventurousness and a driving beat. He designed the stage lighting and the elegantly plain performance-art environment. The sound is better than live sound—it has been filtered and mixed and fussed over, so that it achieves ideal clarity. (11/26/84) (8th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ Lincoln Plaza; starting March 8.)

Stormy Weather (1943)—Vague, wandering show-biz story—a fictionalized bio of Bill Robinson—but marvellous musical numbers. With Robinson, Fats Waller (doing "Ain't Misbehavin'"), Lena Horne, Cab Calloway, Dooley Wilson, Katherine Dunham and her dancers, the great Nicholas Brothers, Zutty Singleton, Ada Brown, Eddie (Rochester) Anderson, Benny Carter, and many other black performers and musicians. There are so many famous people in this movie that sometimes three or four "greats" are packed together in the drably staged scenes. Andrew Stone directed. The script is about as bad as a script can be. (Thalia; March 16.)

Stranger Than Paradise—The young writer-director Jim Jarmusch uses a minimalist aesthetic for low-key comic effects. This punk picaresque is in black-and-white, and each scene is a single take followed by a blackout; the three principal characters—deadpan deadbeats—live in dead space. Jarmusch keeps the picture formal and cool, and it has an odd, nonchalant charm; it's fun. But it's softhearted fun—shaggy-dog minimalism—and it doesn't have enough ideas (or laughs) for its ninety-minute length. With John Lurie, Eszter Balint, and Richard Edson. (11/12/84) (Cinema Studio.)

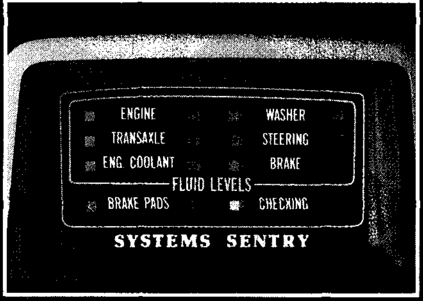
Sunny (1930)—Marilyn Miller in an adaptation of her 1925 Broadway musical success. She plays an English circus performer who becomes a stowaway on a ship going to America. Miss Miller's fabled adorableness escapes the camera, and the picture is mainly of historical interest. With Lawrence Gray and O. P. Heggie. Directed by William A. Seiter. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 13.)

WarGames (1983)—The film begins as a comedy about a teen-age boy in Seattle who is caught up in the fascination of computers and video games; he has all this miracle-working technology and not a thought in the world about what to do with it. Matthew Broderick plays the role with great charm, and he's the life of the movie. But when this boy accidentally plugs into the Defense Department's war-games system and gets into what he thinks is just another video game—Global Thermonuclear War—the machines take over. There's also the noise of speechmakers—the director, John Badham, loses his easy touch, and the picture goes flooey. With Ally Sheedy, John Wood, Dabney Coleman, Barry Corbin, and Eddie Deezen. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; March 11-12.)

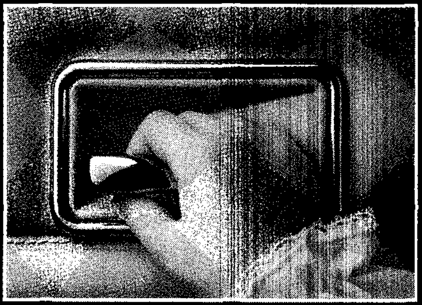
Witness—An eight-year-old Amish boy (Lukas Haas), on his first trip to a city, sees a murder taking place in the men's room of Philadelphia's Thirtieth Street train station. In order to protect the boy and his widowed mother (Kelly McGillis) from the killers, the police captain (Harrison Ford) who's in charge of the investigation tries to hide their identities, and, with a bullet wound in his side, drives them back to their farm in Lancaster County before he collapses. Ford's stay at the Amish farm is like a vacation from the real world. Directed by the Australian Peter Weir (filming in this country for the first time), the movie seems to take its view of the Amish from a quaint dreamland, a Brigadoon of tall golden wheat, and to take its squalid, hyped-up view of life in Philadelphia from prolonged exposure to TV cop shows. (Murder is treated as if it were a modern, sin-city invention.) And, of course, Ford comes to love McGillis and her bonnet too much to want to expose her to the ugliness outside. The picture is like something dug up from the earliest days of movies; it has a bland, seductive lyricism, and one familiar, "mythic" scene after another. Lukas Haas is a good little actor (even though the boy is so idealized it's as if the moviemakers had never been driven nuts by the antics of a real, live child), and Ford gives a fine, workmanlike performance. McGillis shifts uneasily between the heroic naturalness of Liv Ullmann and the dimpled simpering of the young Esther Williams. With Alexander Godunov as the widow's galumphing Amish suitor, Patti LuPone, Josef Sommer, Danny Glover, and Jan Rubes. The script is by Earl W. Wallace and William Kelley; cinematography is by John Seale. (2/25/85) (Loews Tower East, Loews 83rd Quad, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

RENAULT ALLIANCE FEATURISTIC

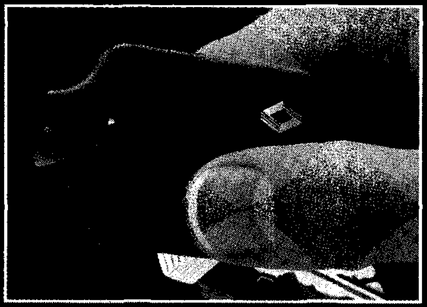
If your car's features are relics of the past, enter the world of Renault. Where European technology is affordable. Look at the array of technological benefits only Renault Alliance offers:



SYSTEMS SENTRY computer continuously monitors all vital fluid levels and front disc brake linings.*

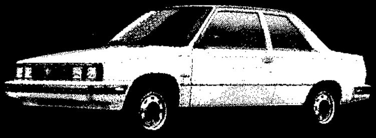


CHILDPROOF LOCKS on rear doors provide extra safety and peace of mind when traveling with children.



KEYLESS ENTRY system uses an infra-red beam to unlock doors and get you inside without delay.*

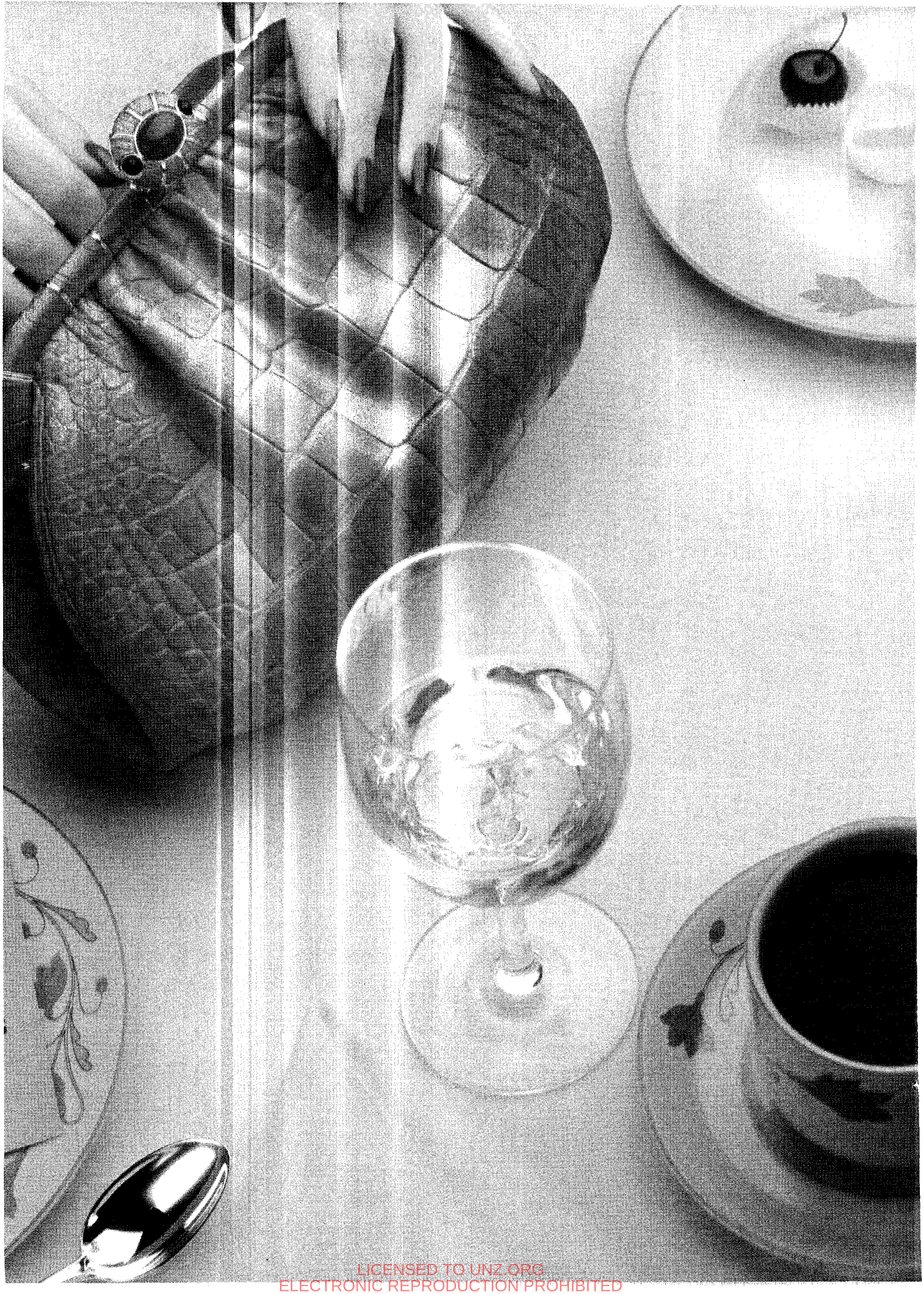
☐ Sedan comfort for five. ☐ Spacious luggage area. ☐ Oil level gauge allows you to check the oil electronically, without opening the hood. ☐ Pedestal-mounted front seats allow rear seat passengers extra room to stretch their legs. ☐ AM/FM six-speaker cassette stereo system with electronic tuning.* ☐ Power door locks and windows.* ☐ Cruise control.* ☐ Twin coaxial rear torsion bars for a quiet, smooth ride. ☐ 40 MPG HWY. 34 MPG CITY.** Renault Alliance. *Built in America.* Featuring European technology and a lot more to spend less on.

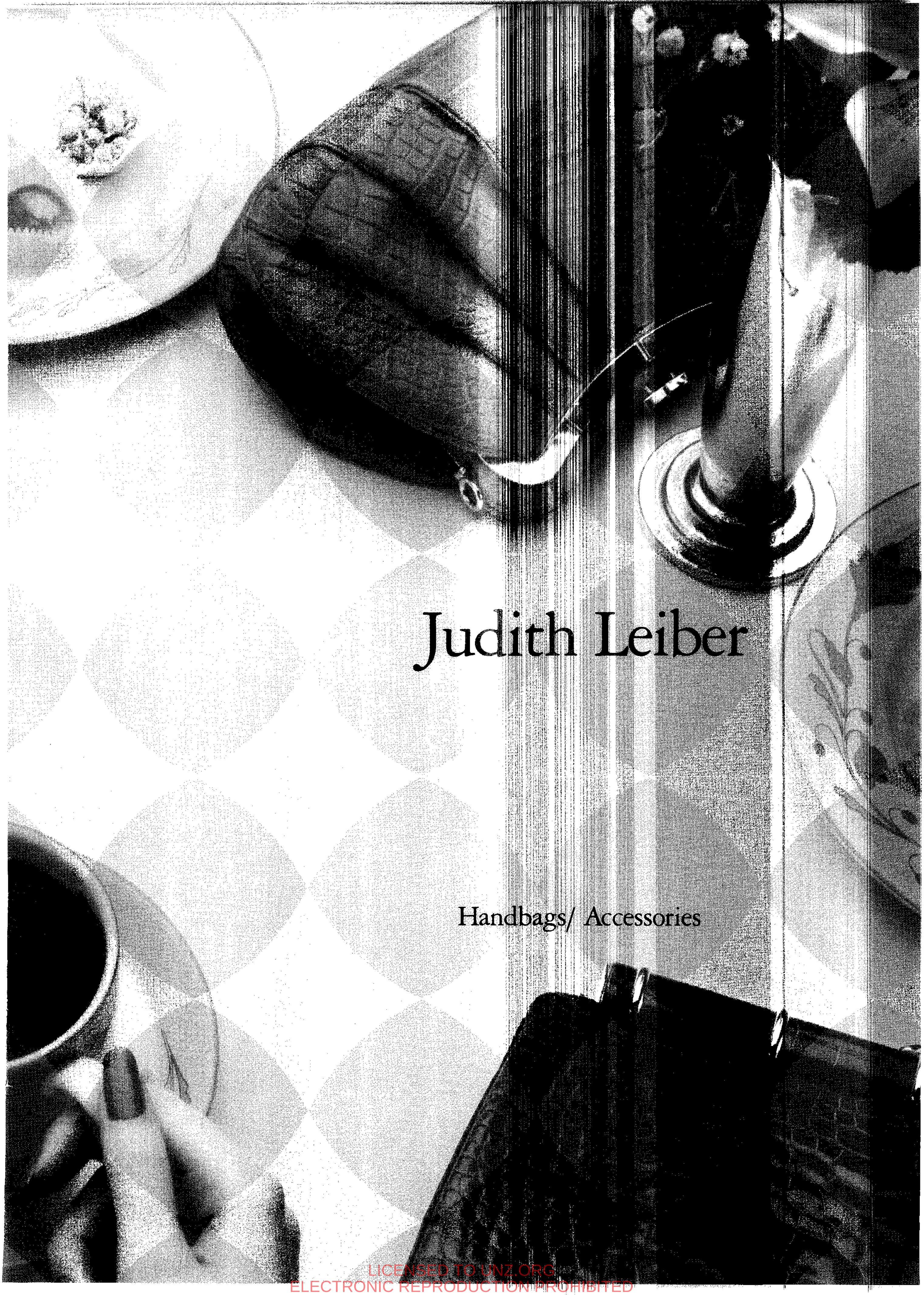


Alliance 2-door **$5995**†
Buy or lease. From American Motors. Safety Belts Save Lives.

*Optional Equipment **Base Model 1.4-litre engine. Use EPA est. for comparison. Your results may differ. †Base model. List price. Tax, license, destination charges, optional and regional equipment extra. All options/features not available on all models.

RENAULT
THE ONE TO WATCH




Judith Leiber
Handbags/ Accessories

RED STANDS OUT.
YOU WILL ALWAYS BE DISTINGUISHED BY YOUR TASTE IN SCOTCH. AFTER ALL, IT'S THE WORLD'S BEST SELLER.
JOHNNIE WALKER® RED
Johnnie Walker Red Label
BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF IMPORTED BY SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y., N.Y. © 1985

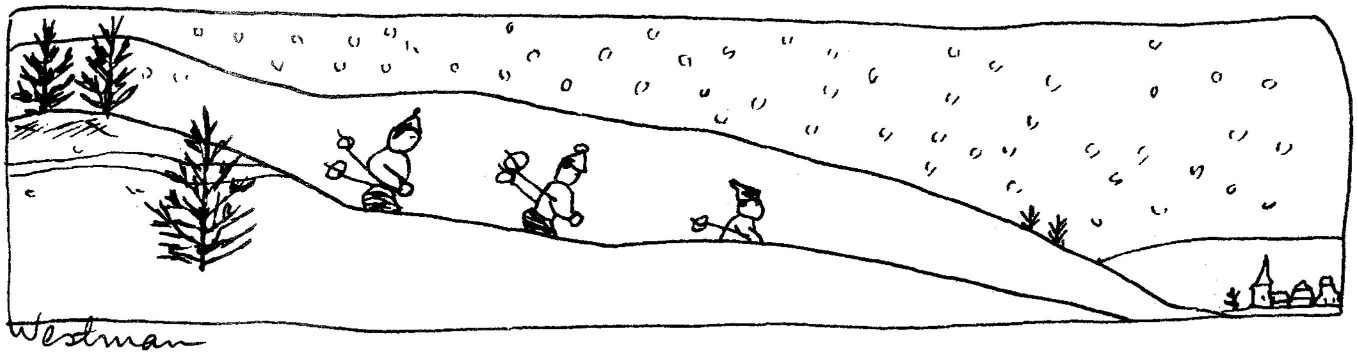
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A STRANGE double game is going on in Washington, D.C., these days with regard to the Reagan Administration's Nicaragua policy. In the first aspect of this game, we are witnessing a rhetorical offensive of extreme intensity, spearheaded by the President's performance at his news conference on February 21st, when he celebrated the Contras as "freedom fighters and lovers of freedom and democracy," while characterizing the Sandinista regime as "a Communist totalitarian state." When he was asked point-blank whether the goal of his policy was now the overthrow of the Sandinista government, the President replied, "Well, remove it in the sense of its present structure." Secretary of State George Shultz, the next day, elaborated on the remark about removing the "present structure" of the Sandinista regime, stating that it was immaterial to him how this was accomplished—that the government in Managua could do it on its own or through agreement with other countries, or else it could be brought about through "the collapse of the Sandinista regime." This sort of rhetoric has proved effective in terrifying the Nicaraguans and satisfying the ideological convictions of the President's conservative supporters around the country and in Congress. But at least some members of the Administration seem to realize that it won't do as a means of changing crucial "moderate" votes in Congress—votes that the Administration must have if it is to reverse last year's congressional suspension of aid to the Contras. Those moderates might well turn squeamish at an outright declaration that it has become our policy to engineer the spontaneous "collapse" of another sovereign government; furthermore, they tend to recall (to the annoyance of the Administration) that the initial rationale for aiding the Contras was considerably more circumscribed. Hence, there has developed a need for a second track in the Administration's Nicaragua public-relations offensive. This approach was previewed in a remarkable article by Doyle McManus, published in the Los Angeles *Times* on February 16th. McManus, reporting on a conversation he'd had with one of those ubiquitous high-level government officials who decline to be identified by name—in this instance, "a senior State Department official"—quoted the official as admitting that "the Reagan Administration has abandoned its claim that aid to Nicaraguan rebels is justified because the insurgents intercept arms shipments to El Salvador." According to McManus, the official said that the Reagan Administration "plans to ask Congress to renew such assistance on the grounds that military pressure is needed to force the leftist Managua regime to negotiate." According to McManus, the official explained, "We have shifted the emphasis," and he also "indicated that the Administration believes that moderate Democrats may back funding for the rebels if it is presented as a means of expediting peace talks in the area, rather than as a secret war against the Sandinista regime."

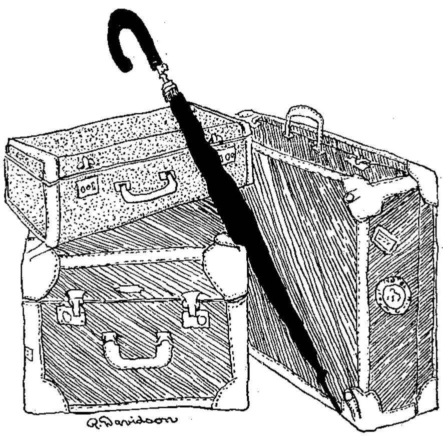
Well, you can shift any emphasis you like, you can present anything as anything else, but in the end you're left with a policy. In this case, the policy involves funding and waging a surrogate war against a sovereign government, the government in question being one that came to power as the result of an overwhelmingly popular and broad-based revolution a few years back, which unseated our previous client-surrogate in the region, Anastasio Somoza, a man whose regime was generally regarded as one of the cruellest and least democratic in the hemisphere. Notwithstanding, McManus reported that his source "said the U.S. objective is to foster 'a process of reconciliation' between the Managua regime and the rebels," and McManus went on, "Such a process, he said, requires more than the amnesty the Sandinistas have already offered; it



must include a reorganization of Nicaragua's domestic political system to allow the rebels to participate in government."

For the time being, let's not worry about the question of our right to make that sort of demand concerning the domestic affairs of any other sovereign country, or try to figure out how we would feel and how we would respond if another nation started telling us how to run our own domestic political system. And let's not talk about the hypocrisy of a policy that would make that sort of demand of Nicaragua while working to undermine the very possibility of such a reorganization in El Salvador—claiming that *those* rebels must not be allowed to "shoot their way" into the government. Let's not bother comparing the human-rights record of the regime in San Salvador, our ally, with that of the regime in Managua, our enemy—or, for that matter, the democratic standing of the regime in Managua with that of its predecessor, the regime of our client Somoza, whose excesses never seemed to fluster most of the current critics of the Sandinistas. Let's ignore for the moment the fact that last year we were denouncing the Sandinistas for their hesitancy in coöperating with the Contadora process—the peacemaking initiative sponsored by four neighboring Latin-American countries—right up to the day (September 21st) when the Sandinistas surprised us by agreeing to accept "immediately and without further modifications" the revised draft of the group's proposed peace treaty, at which point it was *we* who suddenly reversed field, denouncing the fruit and undermining the progress of the peace negotiations. Let's also pass over for the moment the by now well-documented pattern of atrocities committed by our surrogate forces, the Contras, in the Nicaraguan countryside—the pattern, for example, that involves singling out teachers and doctors for assassination and schools and clinics for demolition during raids on remote villages, as part of a declared policy of undermining the country's infrastructure. (That Contra strategy may have derived in part from the fact that the Sandinistas were able to boast of a thirty-seven-per-cent increase in literacy and a thirty-eight-per-cent decrease in the infant-mortality rate in just five short years.) And let's not get too exercised over President Reagan's fanciful recasting of history, his notion, for example, that the Contras, those freedom lovers, started out as "other elements of that revolution," onetime allies whose share in the revolution's triumph the Sandinistas somehow managed to wrest away, when in fact a significant number, if not the majority, of the senior officers in the principal Contra army were diehard members of Somoza's National Guard and hence the revolution's staunchest and most long-standing opponents. For that matter, let's suspend, if only for the moment, any consideration at all of what's actually going on today in Central America.

Instead, let's focus on what's going on in our own democracy, on the assault being made on our own domestic political system. Congress (made up of our own representatives, after all) is being asked not only to jettison the entire rationale for an ongoing policy but to forget that that rationale ever existed. "The objective was never interdiction [of arms bound for El Salvador] as such," McManus quotes another State Department official as admitting. "There's no such thing as an interdiction program. You can't do it. We learned that in Vietnam. . . . The agency [the C.I.A.] never should have used that word. It was a mistake from the start." Our congressmen are being asked to replace that rationale with another—at least as flimsy and as liable to be cast off as the first. But, actually, not every member of Congress is being asked to buy the new rationale. Conservatives can accept the Reagan of the first track at his word. No, the second version is reserved for those moderates whose votes the Administration needs. Basically, the pitch beneath the pitch goes something like this: "Look, we know you might like to support aid to the Contras for all sorts of reasons—power politics, ideology, fear of being blamed for 'the loss of Nicaragua'—but you can't bring yourself to do it for those reasons. You need a disguise, some noble reason that you can deceive yourself into believing is the actual reason. So how about this one?"

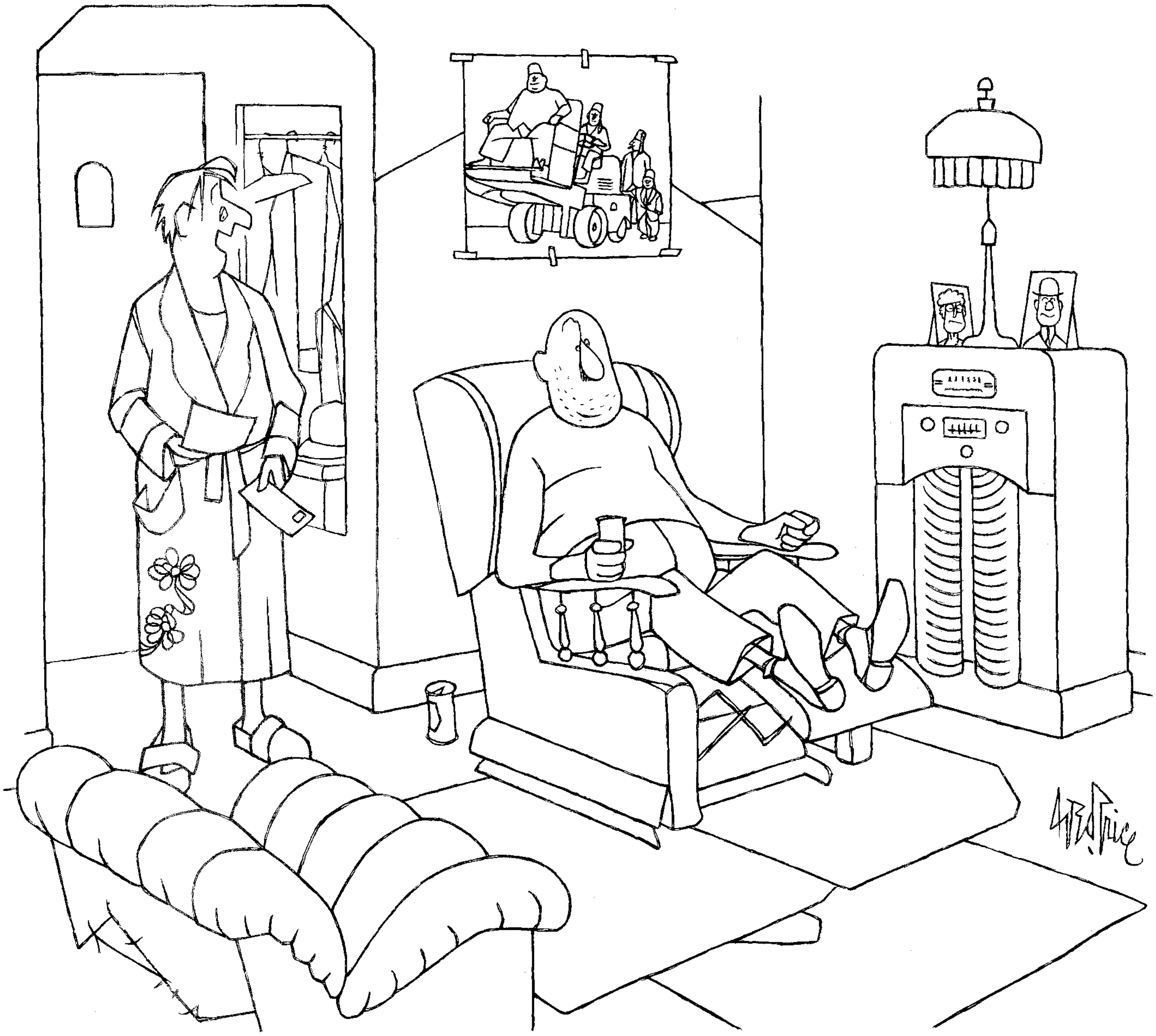


Vietnam taught us many lessons besides the futility of interdiction. It also taught us about the fragility of our own democracy, and what happens when "moderates" begin to tell themselves stories about their motives and then begin to act on the stories instead of on the motives—begin to convince themselves that the stories are true. Vietnam taught us the tragic consequences of keeping two sets of books—not just the way CBS said that General Westmoreland did but the way a lot of moderates now realize that they were doing as they continued to support the war long after misgivings started to nag them. Vietnam taught us about the political consequences of bad faith. Jean-Paul Sartre once dissected this phenomenon of bad faith. He wrote about the way a human being—any human being, himself included—can sometimes deceive himself about his motives. But he went on to note, "I must know in my capacity as deceiver the truth which is hidden from me in my capacity as the one deceived. Better yet I must know the truth very exactly in order to conceal it more carefully—and this not at two different moments, which at a pinch would allow us to reëstablish a semblance of duality—but in the unitary structure of a single project." And Vietnam taught, as Sartre taught, that ultimately that sort of absolute self-deception absolutely corrodes the integrity and the stability of an individual, or of a body politic.

• •

Downtown

"I WAS watching TV the other night," said L. D. Frazier, who was sitting on three phone books and a piano stool—high enough up that he could look every member of his audience in the eye. "This evangelist came on. I won't say his name, but he was a big evangelist. And he was saying something like 'My uncle's in Hell. He had a massive heart attack and he died, and I know he went to Hell, because he believed in slot machines. And now he wants a glass of water *so* bad.' " Frazier paused, and wiped away the sweat that was collecting in



"Congratulations! Burke's Peerage has traced you back to William the Conqueror!"

• •

great quivering beads on his shaved head, and then he said, "If you ask me, that's crazy." And then he started to play gospel music on an upright piano—a concert-cum-monologue that lasted hours. "I'm not here to save your souls," he said at one point. "I'm only here to warm them up."

Cool remains something of an ideal in this city. We know people who if, let's say, they were contestants on "Wheel of Fortune," on Channel 2, and, say, they guessed the hidden phrase—maybe it was "Seen the Rousseau show yet?"—and they got a new Ford Thunderbird *and* the flatware. No hollering—they'd just turn to the well-groomed host, Pat Sajak, and say, "Thank you, Pat. Let's get together for dinner sometime soon." Probably Mr. Frazier's audience at the New York Open Center (a SoHo institution that usually offers courses in awareness and massage from an Eastern perspective) included several such souls. But before the evening had barely begun, this large man at a small piano had converted them—everyone was stamping his or her feet and rocking back and forth, and once or twice Mr. Frazier even had to say, "Shush, now, I want you to hear the words on this one."

In between "This Little Light of Mine" and "His Love Keeps Me in a Wonderful Kind of Way" and "What Folk Say About Me (Won't Keep Me Out of Heaven)," Mr. Frazier, who takes his show to Egypt next month, delivered a short history of the music of the black church. "When the slaves came over, they were purposely divided from the rest of their tribe, so the tribal religions diminished," he said. "Still, the fervor was there, and the belief in deities, so they said to themselves, 'If they're going to force us to be Christians, we'll make it work for us,' and they started singing spirituals. After the slaves were emancipated, there was a bit more freedom, so there was a bit more fervor." That was the age of the jubilee: songs more up-tempo than the spirituals but not as ecstatic or as personal as the gospel music born in the late nineteen-twenties as blacks came north to the ghettos. "The father of gospel music, Dr. Thomas A. Dorsey, is in his mid-eighties now," said Frazier. "He was a blues composer and piano player, and he used to back up Ma Rainey, among others. He had a tragic death in his family, and he began to write music of a more spiritual bent. And it spread." As he played, Frazier grimaced till his eyes slid shut, and he bobbed his head and banged away. "In gospel, the piano becomes like a drum. I use it like a percussion instrument," he said. "But my favorite gospel song is one of the slower numbers—Dr. Dorsey's 'Precious Lord, Take My Hand.' Such *feeling*. I have a lot of fun in church, smiling, laughing. It's hard to explain, because how can you talk about a feeling? You can intellectualize about it, but it's better just to feel it."

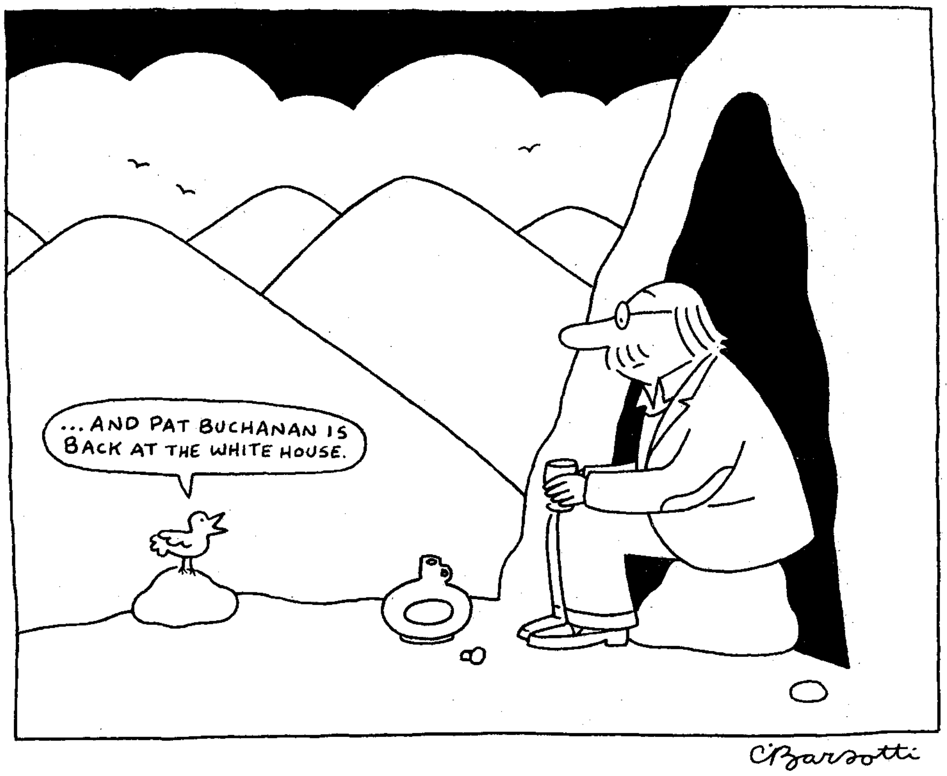
•

EVEN if you can read German, it's pretty tough work being a philosopher. An inventor, for instance, can sit in the kitchen and ponder his blender and say to himself, "It blends, but mightn't it knead? Mightn't it *julienne*?" And soon he has built a food processor, and patent lawyers have beaten a path to his door, and he is rich, and all America is dicing carrots so busily that, laid end to end, an hour's worth would stretch from here to there, no matter where there was. (The carrot *juice*, interestingly, would fill the Mariana Trench to nearly the same height achieved by the French motorcycle-jump stylist Alain Jean Prieur on an average day.) A philosopher, on the other hand, might spend years pondering happiness—a philosophical equivalent of the blender—and then write a book that garnered good reviews (a few caveats but generally warm), and no one would be happier, not even the philosopher, probably. Market forces do not prevail; man will be man. Even if you know the answers, you'll screw up as fast as the next guy. This we realized one day last week when we talked to Johnny Maestro, lead singer of The Brooklyn Bridge and a man whose career puts a question mark after the declaration " 'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all."

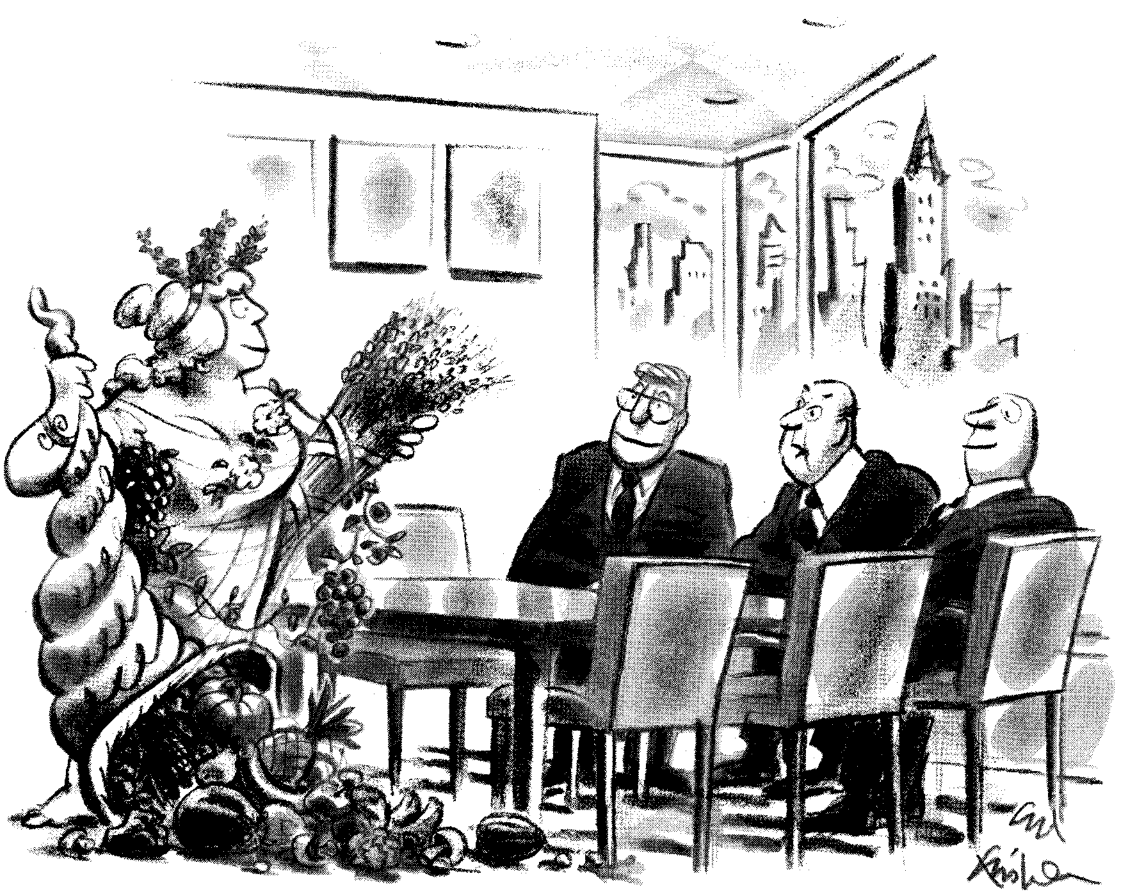
Johnny Maestro concertized at the South Street Seaport (in the shadow of the actual Brooklyn Bridge) last week; afterward, he told us about his life in music. "I started back around 1956, singing with a group of neighborhood guys," he said. "Our neighborhood was lower Manhattan—the Alfred E. Smith projects, near Madison Street. We started singing together just for fun; we'd sing everywhere we went—on the streets, on the subway trains. One time, a woman came up to us on the subway and gave us the business card of some bandleader, and that led to our signing on with a new label called Joyce Records, which was doing business out of a record store in Brooklyn. Our first song was 'My Juanita,' and the flip side was 'Sweetest One.' They were typical fifties songs—talking about 'the girl I love.' They were all fun songs back then, no deep meaning. We made another record, and then the company folded. And eventually we went to another new company—we were the first act on the Coed record label, and our first song, 'Pretty Little Angel,' was a local hit. The second thing we did there was '16 Candles,' and that was national—that sold more than a million records. My name came about a year later, when the company decided to put me out in front of the group, which was the Crests. My name was John Mastrangelo. It wasn't a very groovy name, so they kind of cut it down a bit, to Mastro, but everyone mispronounced that, usually as 'Maestro,' so that's what we made it. Anyway, we lasted until '60 or '61, and our sales started to diminish."

Maestro worked on his own for a while after that, and then, in the late sixties, joined the Del-Satins. "We combined with another group and became an eleven-piece band," he said. "We got our new name because all the other bands then were like four or five guys, and the management people said, 'It's going to be hard to sell a group this big. It'd be easier to sell the Brooklyn Bridge.' So that's what we called ourselves. Our first record, in 1968, 'The Worst That Could Happen,' went to the top. We started performing all the national shows, and the hits followed, but none were as big, and our sales started to dwindle down until 1970, when we left the record company, because we didn't feel it was promoting us as well as it should have. We started recording on our own—with no success, of course." Audiences still come to the group's performances, though—the Seaport gig was standing room only, and a revival of interest in fifties and sixties music provides nearly enough work, if no particular fame. "Both times we were huge—with '16 Candles' and 'The Worst That Could Happen'—I didn't realize what was happening until it was all over, I didn't realize we were on a de-

THOUGH IN HIDING, THE OLD LIBERAL STILL GETS ALL THE NEWS.


...AND PAT BUCHANAN IS BACK AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

cline," Maestro told us. "Both times, it seemed like poor promotion to me, poor management—the talent was there." Right now, The Brooklyn Bridge is re-recording "Lonely Teardrops," an old Jackie Wilson song. "We've got a major record company interested—I'm not going to say which one—and we hope it'll be out by summer, and we hope it'll take off up the charts. Always hopeful."



"Frankly, we've taken you into the firm so that we can reorganize as a public-benefit corporation."

• •

Frenzy

LITERATURE overflows with descriptions of calves and ponies and kittens and puppies entering the world. Usually, they mewl, and they totter around on four rubbery legs, and they look at the world quizzically through closed eyes, and somehow they recognize their mothers. Often, this is because their mother is the only large creature in the area, except for the writer, who stays out of the way, since the whole point is that birth is a wonder of nature. Granted, it happens a lot, but it never fails to impress us. Much rarer, much harder to find and capture in print, is the birth of a trend, a phenomenon. When a calf is born, you can say with some confidence that it will grow into a cow. But when someone first hung a pair of fuzzy dice from his rearview mirror it was quite likely—we would have given odds—that nobody else would hang a pair of fuzzy dice from his rearview mirror. We ourself may well have played the harmonica while showering, but without its becoming a trend. It was merely an event. Calf—cow. Kitten—cat. Event—trend, or rock thrown into the existential abyss. (When rocks disappear into the existential abyss, they may hit the bottom, but they make no sound, unless they are very big. Like, for instance, the Spruce Goose, which everyone knew about, even though no one else built a huge plywood plane that could barely fly.)

All this is a prelude to our own announcement, herewith, of the birth, just perhaps, of a trend. It is beige. It is round. It is a fritter. This trend got off to a slow start one night last month when not very many reporters expressed an interest in attending a "fritter festival" at Rogers & Barbero, a restaurant in Chelsea; the press party, in fact, turned into a dinner for four—Rogers (Pat), Barbero (Bob), a friend of theirs, and us. Rogers said that he had grown up in Wichita Falls, Texas. "The last big trend was mesquite," he went on. "Where I came from, we threw it away. We had a big mesquite bush, right between the sidewalk and the curb, and my father would cut it back every year. It was a plague—the thorns and all. You'd ride your bike right into it. I have to tell you, *any* kind of wood soaked in water intensifies your smoke. At the moment, mesquite is out and grapevines are gaining. It's a hook. Everyone's looking for a hook."

Rogers & Barbero chose to promote fritters because they like them. "What we need to think about is, What do we think of when we say 'fritters'?" said Rogers. "A fritter is anything with batter that gets fried. I can remember my grandmother making doughnuts—delicious doughnuts. I guess everyone remembers things like that. One of my fondest memories is when we'd catch catfish and my other grandmother would make hush puppies, which are, of course, a type of fritter." One thing going for fritters, then, is the ancestor factor. Diversity is another. The conversation turned to pasta fritters. Barbero said, "They're light, like paprika fritters. Or chow-mein noodles. In fact, chow-mein noodles *are* fritters. When you stop to think of it, there're a lot more fritters than you at first realize."

"Yes," said Rogers. "The waffle, actually, is a fritter. You have to grease the waffle iron, or else the waffles'll burn, so essentially you're cooking with oil." The fritter family also includes beignets, croquettes, timbales, and fried pies, which brings us to a third and final point in their favor—they taste, you know, good.

COUNTRY MUSIC

ON the previous evening, Durkin and his wife had sat up late to watch "Coal Miner's Daughter" on television. His wife liked the music, but what Durkin liked were the scenes of the coal miner and his family, in some godforsaken hole in Appalachia. Durkin had known hard times himself, on a farm in Missouri, and he liked the way the older girl in the family helped with the young ones, as if it were expected. Instead of having a sister like that, Durkin had had a daddy who liked to whip him, just for the hell of it. In the movie, this older girl, who was about fourteen, married a returning G.I., quite a bit like Durkin, who liked cars and girls. The way she settled right down to childbearing and rearing had both Durkin's wife and his daughter hooting. All she could do to entertain herself and her kids was sing to them. Her husband liked the way she sang, and it was his idea to launch her on a career as a singer. Right at this point, the movie Durkin had liked so much changed as if he had switched channels. Instead of the real hard times, which he found sad but moving, what they had were a lot of trashy good times in Nashville. All they seemed to do together was ride around in a bus and eat junk food. It troubled Durkin that his daughter, old enough to know better, saw nothing wrong with a girl swapping her real family life for a pot of money and a home on a bus. He switched the TV off, but he heard her mother switch it back on while he was brushing his teeth. They didn't give a damn, while they were watching the movie, that the girl singing about a coal miner's daughter was glad to have put all of that behind her.

Durkin made his living installing automatic garage doors, with a home-maintenance service as a sideline. He had the assistance of his daughter, Caroline. She didn't like the work, but he paid her the same as he would a man. Durkin ran the business out of his home. His wife took the calls during the daytime, and Caroline talked her into seeing she ought to be on Durkin's payroll, too. Durkin had never urged his wife to make more of herself, perhaps fearing she might. When he began to date her, he'd felt that she was above his own level, but the truth seemed to be that she didn't know what her level was.

In the garage-door business, Durkin did a lot of waiting, and that was what he was doing now while his wife was marketing and his muffler was being repaired. From where he sat in the mechanic's office, he could see the sheds at the rear, where his green station wagon was up on the hoist. "Forty minutes or I do it for free," the repairman, Haley, had joshed him. Durkin had already been waiting for half an hour.

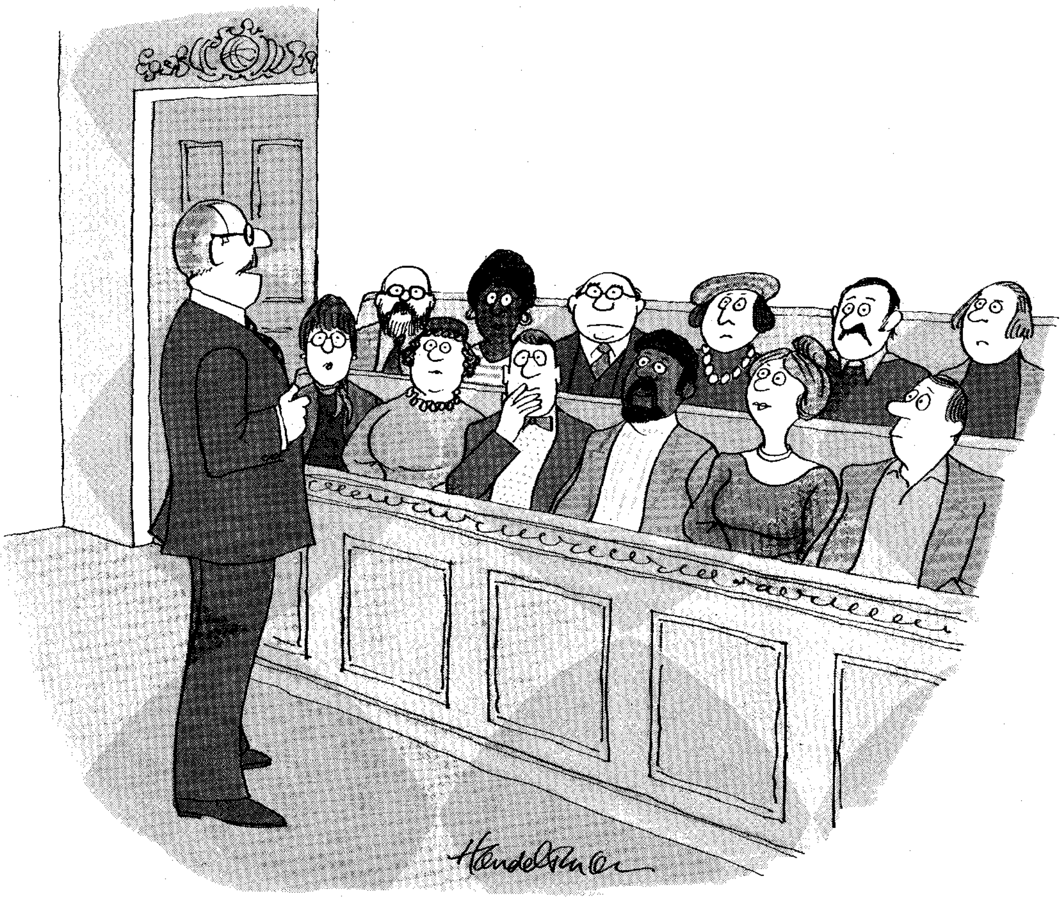
Another customer, a big, beefy fellow, came into the office and left his Coupe de Ville in the carport at the door with the wipers flapping, the motor idling. He seemed to be less accustomed to waiting than Durkin, and chewed up a lot of toothpicks while he was at it. They weren't the toothpicks you get in a dispenser but the ones that come in a packet, like paper matches. One reason he stood the way he did at the door was to listen to the music on his car radio. Durkin appreciated how the flick of the wipers syncopated with the music. The way his white flannel suit draped on him so loosely put Durkin in mind of Burl Ives. To accommodate his paunch, the big man's coat hung open at the front, like the flaps of a tent. A Greek-type fisherman's cap fit his head so snugly it bushed the gray hair at his temples. Durkin thought the man was probably about his own age, but the skin of his jowls had a spanky firmness. Sideburns grew down to his powdered jawline.

To no one in particular the fellow said, "Where's the boss man?"

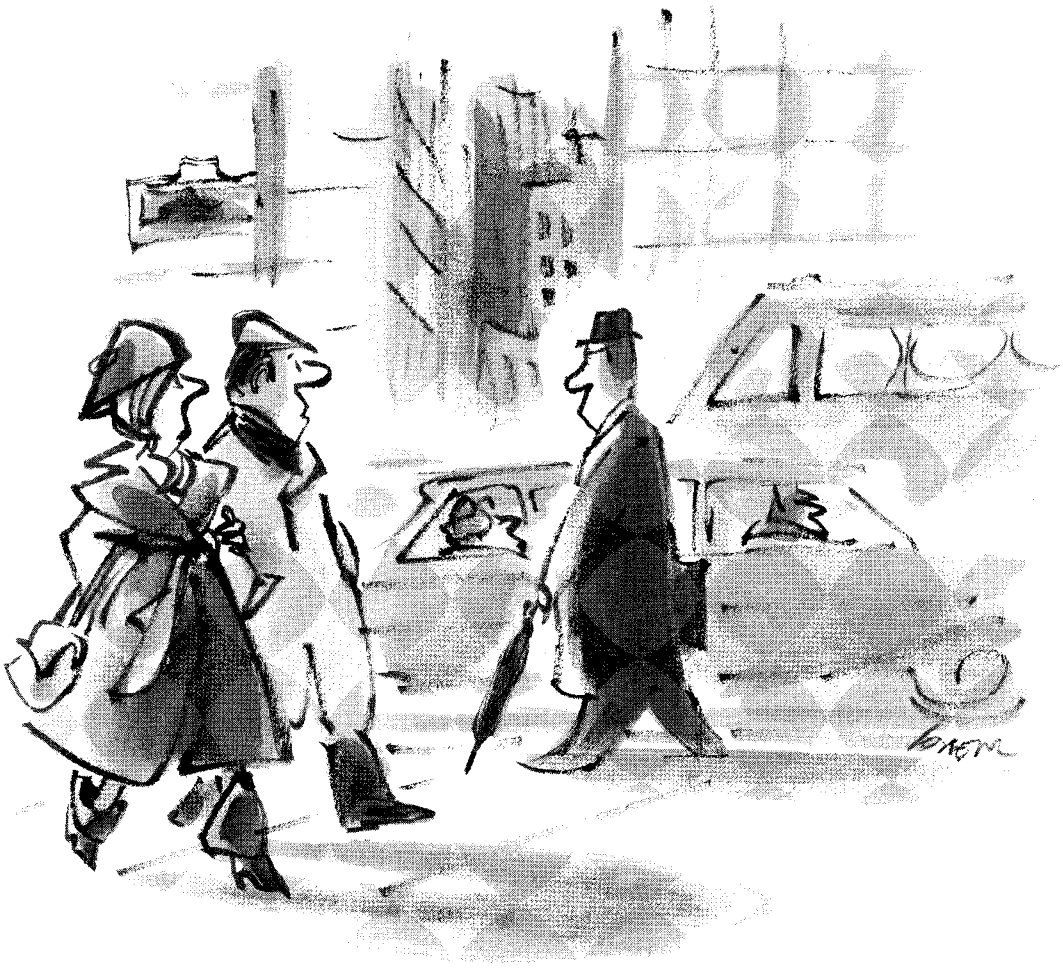
"He's out in back," said Durkin. "He's busy."

"I've seen you somewhere," the man said. "You do commercials?"

As he often told his wife, Durkin highly re-



"Let me tell you, folks—I've been around long enough to develop an instinct for these things, and my client is innocent or I'm very much mistaken."



"I can't explain it, but suddenly everything is beginning to *look* Republican."

• •

spected a first-class smart-ass. The man turned away from Durkin to catch the voice of the announcer. Without turning back, he said, "My name's Pyle. I do commercials, if I can keep the goddam appointments."

"You do Rolaids?" queried Durkin. He said it so nice and easy that the fellow was of two minds how he meant it.

Sucking the air between his teeth, Pyle said, "I like to give people around me my own names. You like to do that?"

"What name comes to your mind?" said Durkin.

"Oh, hell," he said, "I just like to name things. I like to name horses. I like to name songs." He paused there as if he meant to sing one. Durkin realized that the voice of the singer on the radio was Digby Pyle. What seemed to be a perpetual smile on his lips was just his way of toying with the toothpicks.

"I'm running behind, Tiger," Pyle said, snapping his fingers, and stepped back into the carport. Durkin watched him toddle, his broad shoulders hunched, through the drizzle to the sheds out back. Durkin's station wagon was still on the hoist. Haley came from beneath it to talk to Pyle, who hung one beefy arm around his stooped shoulders. Now and then Pyle gave him a squeeze, as if testing his bulk. Durkin watched Haley hammer on the rusty muffler, reluctant to be rushed, then turn and wipe his hands on a piece of newspaper as he walked through the drizzle back to the office. He stepped through the door, water running from his hair down his grease-smeared face. He looked beat up. Durkin didn't much like him, so why did he feel a surge of sympathy for him?

"Mr. Durkin," Haley said, "how about it?"

"How about what?" Durkin knew, but he wanted to hear him say it.

"Pyle's running late, it's costing him money. You suppose you could spare him some time on the hoist?"

They were both silent a moment, listening to the singer. He sang a good song.

"Time's money, like you say," said Durkin, "but it's my wife that's got it, not me. She's at the Alpha Beta, doing a little shopping. You want to pay me for what it's worth if I'm late picking her up?"

The muffler man tapped a cigarette from the pack on the counter, lit it up. He ran a greasy hand through his wet hair, the way Bogart did in "The African Queen." "I'll tell him," Haley said, and walked back in the drizzle to the shed. For some time, Durkin watched the two men stand facing each other like comedians. When Pyle waved an arm, the pearl buttons on his cuffs seemed to leave tracers of light on the shadows. Even the way Pyle argued, it seemed to Durkin, was like that of a man accustomed to TV cameras. This delay was not only costing him money, but the shoulders of his white flannel coat were soggy, gray as underwear, and it warmed Durkin's heart to note that. Pyle waved both his arms, as if he meant to fly; then he took off on the double back to his car and climbed in. He slammed the door, gunned the motor, and the car lurched forward, stopping just short of the hoist. In the fading light the hearse-dark windows of the car looked black. Haley took his time loosening the bolts on Durkin's muffler.

A CRACKLE of background music, interspersed with commercials, came through a vent in the office ceiling. To get away from it, Durkin crossed the street for a cup of coffee. Behind the counter, four or five schoolboys in green-and-white caps thumped into each other as they prepared snack orders. Most of the tables were occupied by girls huddled over containers of soft drinks. The seats outside, under gay beach umbrellas, were swept by windy gusts of drizzle. Durkin sat down to let blasts of rock music pass over his head.

In the dim light of the rain-streaked window, two boys with book bags played a game with coins on the slick top of a table. A coin was finger-flicked to the opposite side, on the chance that it might stop near the table's edge. If it failed to, the boy seated there caught it, then flicked it back toward his companion. Sometimes it fell to the floor and rolled about under the tables. Not all coins, Durkin noted, were worth picking up. The boys hooted and snorted, tilted back on their chairs, waved their arms, swung their legs, and pounded on the table. The game did not focus much of their attention, but it provided some outlet for their energy.

Their play was closely observed by a smaller and younger boy, in a short-waisted windbreaker and knee-length britches. He was seated with his mother, a smartly dressed young woman in a trenchcoat. While the boy was distracted, she skillfully removed the pickles and wilted lettuce from a three-tiered sandwich that he had started to eat before he lost interest.

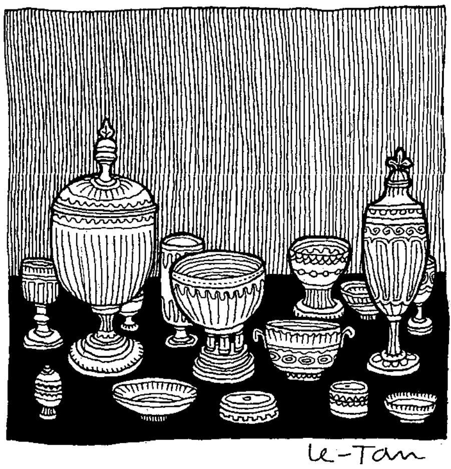
The game played with the flicked coin had him entranced. He pressed the white knuckles of his hands to his face, shook his head as if it pained him, squealed shrilly. Durkin saw little but his dark, tight ringlets of hair until the boy turned his head to glance at his mother. He was pretty as a girl —maybe prettier than most. Long tangled lashes screened his eyes. In the quick exchange of glances with his mother, Durkin sensed the depth of her infatuation. With her free hand she lightly brushed the curls from his flushed brow.

It pleased Durkin to share in her pleasure, in spite of his envy. He would have liked such a pretty, slender woman for a wife, and a child, preferably a girl, as pretty as this boy, who would turn to glance in that way at her daddy. She urged the boy to eat, putting the sandwich to his lips, but it seemed to repel him. He made a rude, snorting noise, like the boys he was watching, and drew the back of his hand across his mouth. When his mother dabbed at his lips with her napkin, he turned away, clenching his fists. If Durkin had been his father, he would have slapped him. Why would such a beautiful, favored child turn like that on a loving mother? What was the matter with people? Offered love, why would they turn away from it?

A wind-whipped sheet of rain slashed across the window and flickered the lights. The boy seated with his mother shouted with excitement, rolling his eyes. Durkin saw him turn to give his mother the full glow of his attention. She suddenly glanced at Durkin, as if she felt the weight of his gaze. One of the older boys jumped up, thrusting back his chair, and with a gesture of contempt or of triumph swept the paper plates and drink cartons from the tables as he passed them. Some liquid spilled on the smaller boy's bare legs, and he kicked out wildly, shrieking with pleasure. His mother's efforts to calm him increased his excitement. Spurred on by the music, he ran about between the tables. With Durkin's assistance, he was cornered and brought back to the table.

"I feel responsible," the young woman said, stooping for one of the paper plates. "Now, isn't that silly?"

Durkin assured her that boys would be boys. She explained to him—she seemed to feel the need to—that none of this would have happened if it hadn't been drizzling, but she did not say why. She led the boy to the door. An older girl, her books clasped to her front in a way Durkin found appealing, joined them under the awning at the entrance. They stood there while the young mother looked in her purse for her car keys; then the three walked to her car, a bright yellow compact. She had left its low lights burning, so Durkin was relieved for her when her engine started and the wipers cleared an arc on the windshield. Through it he caught a blurred glimpse of the woman's face as the yellow car headed for the turnaround down the road.



le-Tan

He let several minutes pass before he walked through the drizzle for his car. But the station wagon stood to one side, its tail pipe still missing; Pyle's black Coupe de Ville was just coming down from the hoist. Durkin saw Pyle climb in, slam the door, then back into the highway, with a whoosh that slapped gravel onto the carport windows. He couldn't have seen where he was going, Durkin thought, and he didn't seem to care. There was little screech of tires on the slippery pavement, just the grinding crunch of metal and splintering of glass as the yellow compact struck the Coupe de Ville. A pickup loaded with firewood piled into the compact, and a van slammed broadside into the pickup. Above the din, Durkin could hear one of those horns that toot a few bars of music. The clamor eased up, but the horn was stuck. The crushed hood couldn't be raised to get at it. Pyle had run down one of his car's black windows, thrust out his head. He didn't seem to be hurt, and waved off the people who

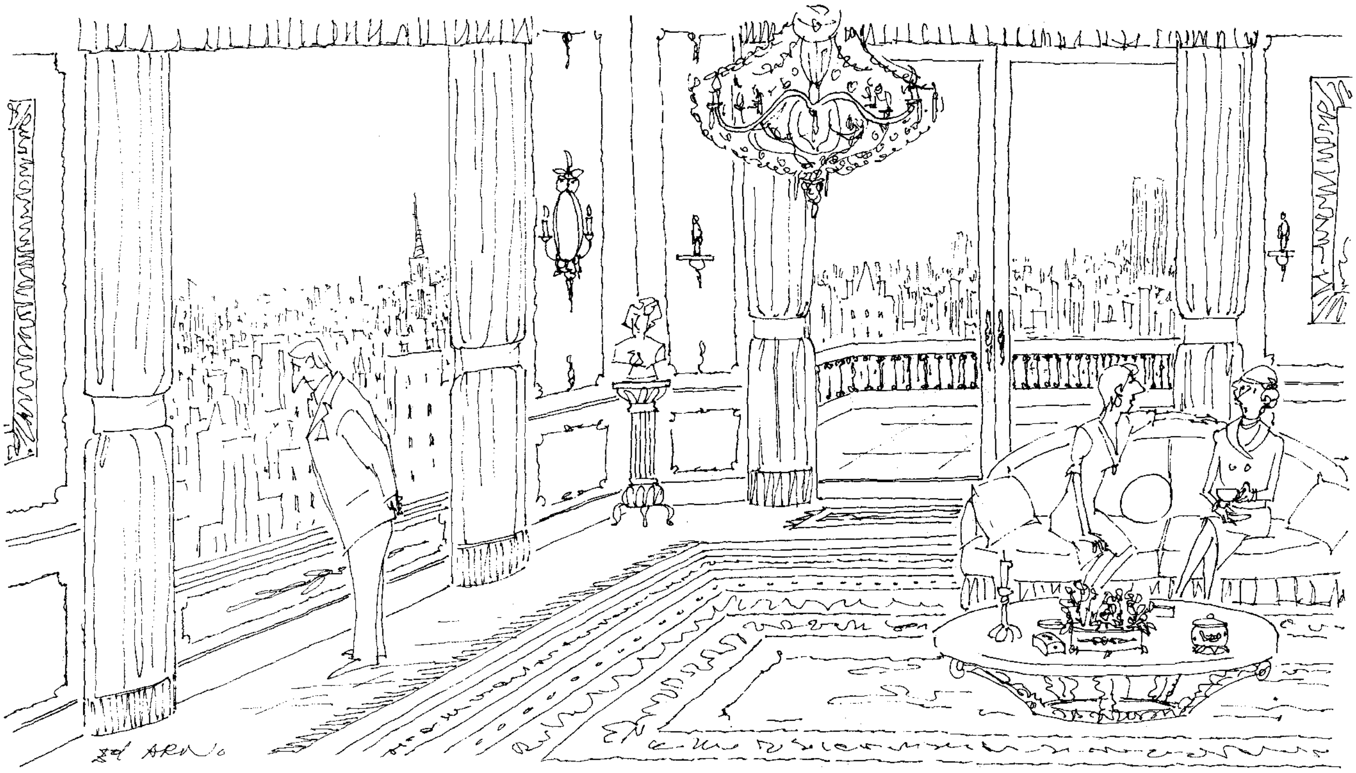
---

WINTER GEESE

Fringed with dark, patched fields glow,
sombre, luminous as a Shaker quilt;
above whitewashed barns the dull sun glowers,
a blue bruise. In misty late winter light
all things move like shadows behind a linen shade.
Now overhead we hear baffled honking, hungering cries
& the pale forms stream to sight, white arrows,
winged rowers of the river of sky.
For a crazy second our hearts beat
with the blind fury & white heat of all wild things,
then, flock of full moons,
they fade into cloud shoals, islands of fog, & are gone.
Our breath rises below them—ghost of snow.

—L. S. Asekoff

• •



"The magic has gone out of Harry's love affair with New York. Likewise with London, Rome, Paris, and San Francisco."

• •

wanted to help him, preferring to sit there out of the rain, listening to his music.

From the shelter of the carport, Durkin could hear the approaching sirens. A highway patrol car, its beacon revolving, was parked to block off two lanes of traffic; its headlights shone on the front of the pickup. The little yellow compact was like a molar crushed between the jaws of the pickup and of Pyle's Coupe de Ville. A clot of people had gathered around it. Pyle sat answering the state trooper's questions. The crown of his fisherman's cap gleamed. Once, he raised his head to look directly toward Durkin, as if for help. A front door of his car yawned open to reveal the dark glow of the cockpit, where red and green lights were blinking. Several white-clad attendants moved through the lights and drizzle, just as they did in war movies.

As he might when he was watching a gruesome movie, especially if it was in color, Durkin turned away. Car lights cast his shadow on the wall of the carport. Durkin's wife was particularly caustic about the way he refused to sit out a sad movie: if he could see it was going to end up sticky, he'd go to the kitchen for a beer, or pay a visit to the bathroom. "Your father can watch grown men clobber each other silly in a football game, but he's just too sensitive to see Meryl Streep break up with Hoffman," she'd tell Caroline.

Durkin turned back to the highway. Someone had raised an umbrella over the trooper so he could write down on his pad all that Pyle told him. If Durkin was questioned, he would say that smart-ass sort of people often tend to be careless, but that's all. Once something had happened, it had happened. There were songs about that. Whatever had happened, Durkin would get it later on the TV.

DURKIN waited till the wrecker arrived, its beeper tooting, and towed the pickup off in the drizzle. As he drove to get his wife at the supermarket, he pictured the young mother, in her raincoat, removing the wilted bits of lettuce from the boy's sandwich, and saying to Durkin, in such an open, appealing manner, "I feel responsible. Now, isn't that silly?" Actually, he had thought it silly at the time, but now he wasn't so sure. And say you are responsible, then where do you draw the line?

By the time he found his wife, standing beside her shopping cart, her arms crossed high on her front to let him know she had been waiting, he was thinking of the boy, of the touch of wildness in his nature, and how what you come to love in a person can hurt you the most. One thing Durkin couldn't get enough of about his wife was the way, when she was washing the windows or about to take a shower, she would swoop her hair up off her neck and ears. She stopped doing that the moment she sensed how much he liked it. A tune she liked to hum that drove Durkin crazy was "You Turned the Tables on Me," which he took personally. "Why do you take it so personal, hon?" she would ask him, but he had no idea.

—WRIGHT MORRIS

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[From the Times]

The President, taking care not to claim that the United States has been free of racism and anti-Semitism, urged the nation to affirm its commitment to brotherhood and injustice.

FEAR OF MATH

I MOVED to New York early last summer; in order to start an M.B.A. program in the fall, I had to pass calculus first. I was offered two options: an eight-week, slow-paced course or a three-week intensive. Although the last math course I took was trigonometry, my junior year in high school, I chose the three-week course, on the principle that things you were scared of were things you shouldn't dwell too long on. I'd finish calculus in July, spend August at the beach, and start school with a tan.

The first Monday of class, the air-conditioning was broken. I had made the mistake of wearing a denim dress, and as the morning progressed I felt the back of it getting wetter and wetter. The teacher must have known about the air-conditioning, because he was wearing khaki shorts and a white T-shirt. He didn't look at all like a teacher—he looked more like a very old Boy Scout or a very young forest ranger. No one knew he was the teacher until he started teaching, which he did hesitantly, almost apologetically. I could tell right away he had never taught before.

The class met from nine to twelve and then from twelve-thirty to three-thirty. By noon the blackboard was so dusty from erased equations the teacher had to wash it with a sponge and a bucket of water. I went outside and sat on the front steps of the building and ate my tabbouleh-and-pita-bread sandwich. I read over my notes, which already filled about half of the new notebook I'd bought in Lamston's that morning. I couldn't make any sense of them. I'd have to write neater.

The air-conditioner in the hall worked, so I went back up and stood outside the classroom door and drank from a water fountain. I had to lean way down into the curved white basin to reach the weak spurt of water. When I stood up again, the forest ranger was standing beside me holding his bucket of chalky water. "Will you do me a favor?" he asked.

"What?" I said.

"Will you dump this in the women's room? The men's is locked."

"Sure," I said.

Instead of handing me the bucket, he started walking down the hall. I followed him. Outside the women's room he handed me the bucket and opened the door. He held it open and watched me pour the water down the sink. He took the bucket back, and we walked up the hall.

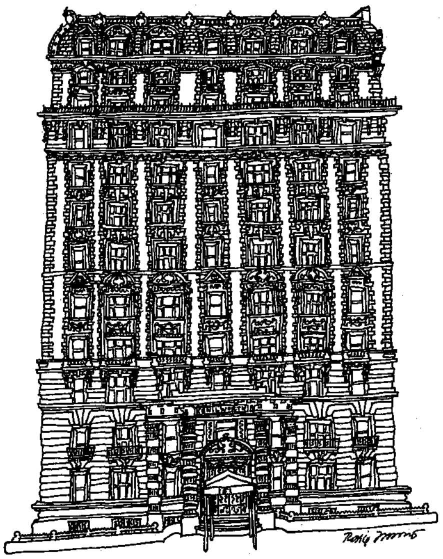
"You were smart to wear shorts," I said.

He looked down at his shorts, as if he had forgotten he was wearing them. He opened the door of the hot classroom, and we went in. We were the only ones there. I sat at the desk I had chosen in the morning—in the back row—and he began filling the blackboard with new, harder, equations.

I WAS subletting an apartment from a friend of mine, Alyssa. Actually, I wasn't subletting it: her parents owned it, and she had gone to Europe for the summer, so I was staying there, paying the bills, watering the ferns, and feeding the two long-haired, exotic, nasty cats.

It was a huge apartment. The more I saw of other people's apartments, the more I began to realize how extraordinary this one was: it was full of space. The living room was as big as most apartments, with its two leather couches facing one another in front of the fireplace. There was a long hall with a thin Persian runner unravelling along the wooden floor, two bedrooms, an eat-in kitchen, and even a pantry, which was full of glass hutches hung with dozens of globular wineglasses, like a laboratory.

The evening after the first day of class, I was trying to make cucumber soup without a recipe or a blender when the phone rang. It was an old-fashioned black wall phone in the pantry, where it always seemed to ring louder on account of the glass.



"Hello?" I said.

"Is Julie there?" a man asked.

"This is Julie," I said. I never say "This is she." Something about speaking that properly unnerves me.

"Julie? This is Stephen?"

"Stephen?" I repeated. I didn't know any Stephens in New York. I didn't know any men here, actually, except for Ethan, my older sister Debbie's creepy ex-husband, and a cute man named Gerry I met a few nights ago in the grocer's. I'd helped him pick out a cantaloupe.

"From calculus," the man said.

"Oh," I said. "Which one are you?"

"The teacher," he said. "The one who stands in front."

I laughed, and so did he. Then I stopped laughing, because I suddenly thought he must be calling to tell me I'd have to drop the class. They must have some system where they weed out the hopeless students immediately. I saw my whole career—M.B.A. school, New York, executive suites, tailored suits—going down the drain. And so quickly.

"What do you want?" I said, rudely.

"I don't know," he said. "To see how I did. I've never taught calculus before."

"Really?" I said. "Never?"

"Well, not for six straight hours."

"Oh," I said.

"So how was I?"

"I've never taken calculus," I said. "Not even an hour. I'm the wrong person to ask."

"Did you understand everything?"

"No," I said.

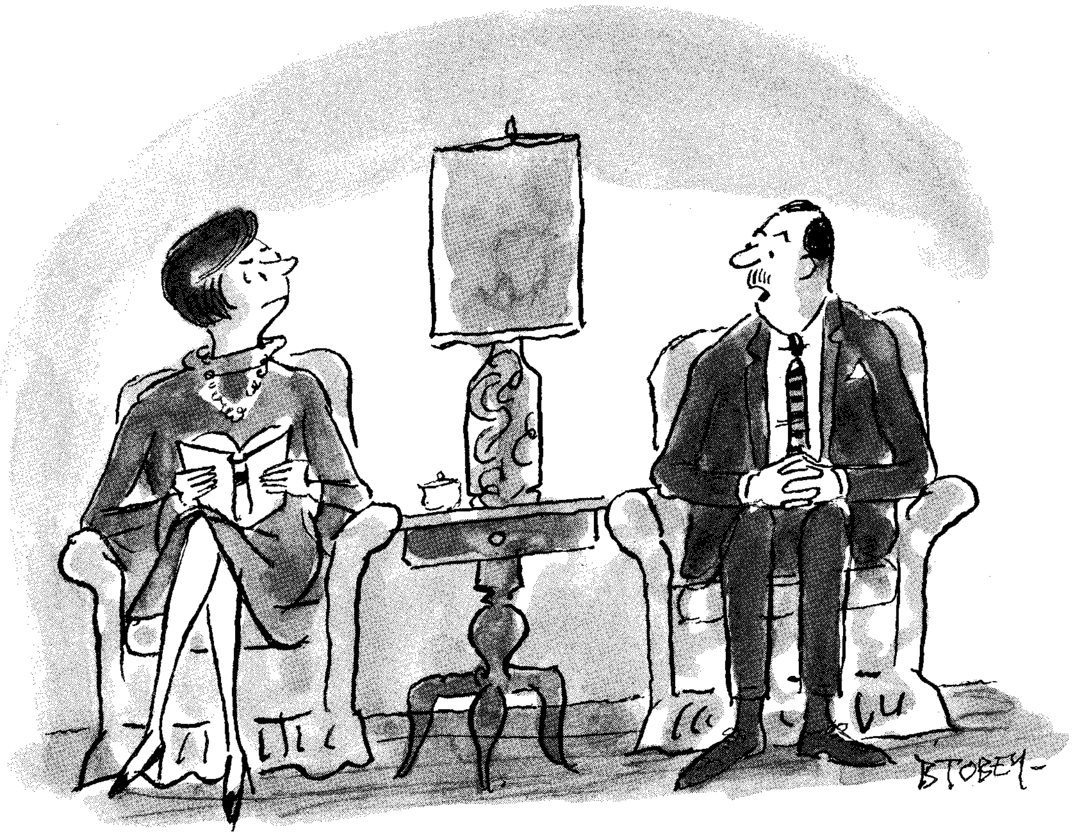
"Oh. Maybe I should go slower." Then he paused, and said, "Do you want to go out for dinner sometime?"

"Dinner?" I said, as if this were a complicated theorem that needed some explaining.

"Well," he said. "Maybe just a drink."

"No," I said. "Dinner's fine. Dinner's good."

STEPHEN and I ate dinner the next night in the garden of a restaurant, under a mimosa tree. Feathery blossoms fell into my soup and across the lavender tablecloth when the wind blew. We had met outside the restaurant, and for a minute I didn't recognize him. I had only seen him in his



"I've been thinking, Martha. You're right. I am an incredible bore."

Boy Scout shorts, and that was the only way I could picture him. He didn't look as cute in his green fatigue pants and pink oxford shirt. He could have been anyone.

"So," Stephen said, once our small talk had been run through and our soup delivered. "End my suspense. Why are you taking calculus?"

"I have to," I said. "I'm going to business school."

"I knew it," Stephen said. "Everyone's going to business school. My mother's going to business school."

"Did you teach her calculus?"

"No. I got my math genes from her. My father's mathematically illiterate. He's a painter."

"So am I," I said.

"What, a painter?"

"No," I said. "An illiterate."

"Oh," he said. "Well, you can still learn calculus. It just takes longer."

"Can I learn it in three weeks?"

"Sure. If you get a tutor."

"A tutor?"

"Well, yeah. You're going to have to devote all your time to learning calculus. It's a new way of thinking for people like you. We're talking twelve-hour days, seven days a week."

"Why am I doing this?" I said. "It sounds horrible."

"I don't know," Stephen said. "Why are you doing this?"

I spooned my soup, pushing the blossoms aside. "I don't know," I finally said. "I felt like my life was going nowhere, like it needed a big change. I've been living in Michigan," I said, as if that explained things.

"Where?"

"Ann Arbor. I went to school there."

"What did you study? I assume it wasn't math."

"French. I can hardly speak it anymore."

"What did you do with a French major?"

"Nothing. I was stencilling wicker furniture. I was making pretty good money—for Ann Arbor, at least—but I got sick of it. There was nowhere to go. And then I thought what I needed was an M.B.A."

I didn't mention that my boyfriend, Tim, made the wicker furniture and that I had lived with him for five years and been engaged to him for one of them (the fourth). Most of going to business school had to do with breaking with Timmy.

The waiter came and took our soup away.

"I don't know," I said. "Do you think this is all a big mistake?"

"Fools can get M.B.A.s," Stephen said.

"But they have math genes," I said.

"You have math genes," Stephen said. "They just have to be aroused."

I laughed.

"No, really," he said. "They're there. It's like 'Pygmalion.' I could take you on. I'll transform you into a math whiz."

The mimosa tree started shaking above us. I looked up and saw the sky glowing as if the sun had set all over, not in just one spot. I could feel the drops of rain above us, falling: heavy, sooty drops. I stood up and put my bag over my shoulder.

"What's the matter?" said Stephen. He thought I was leaving.

"It's going to rain," I said. "Look."

We were the first couple in the empty restaurant, and we got a table right inside the glass doors. Watching the rain fall in the deserted garden, I felt wise and intuitive and in touch, if not with calculus, at least with the weather.

THE next night—the third night of class—my official tutelage began. Stephen arrived at my door with a calculator and a bunch of freesias.

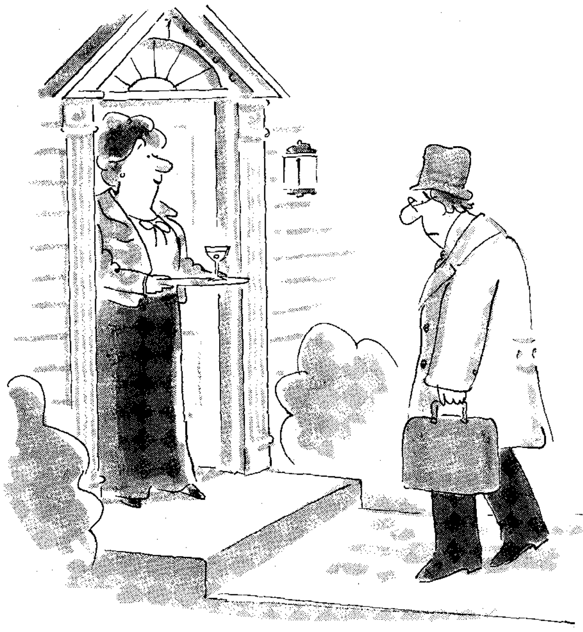
"This is some building," he said. "The elevator is about as big as my apartment."

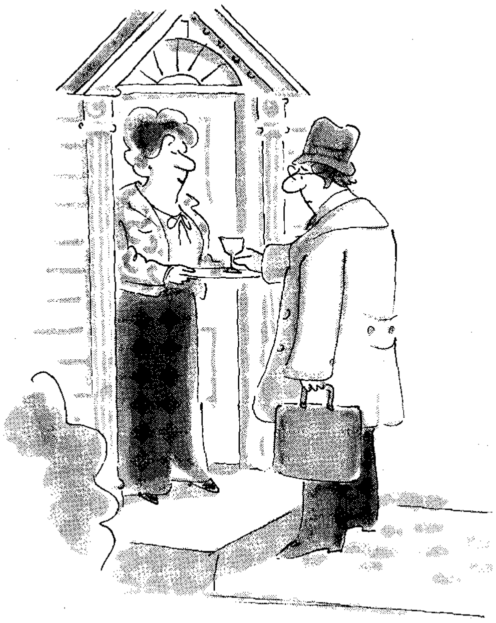
"It's not mine," I said. "I'm subletting it."

"Oh," Stephen said. "And I thought I had found an heiress." He handed me the flowers.

"Then you should meet Alyssa," I said. I went into the kitchen, but Stephen walked into the living room, then down the hall, and into the kitchen through the pantry. "Do you want something to drink? All I really have is beer and cranberry juice."

"I'll just have water," Stephen





said. He took an overturned glass from the dish drain and filled it from the tap. I had been nervous about this rendezvous, but there was something reassuring about watching Stephen's Adam's apple bob as he gulped the water: he did it as if he'd been drinking water in my kitchen for years.

Stephen was a better tutor than a teacher. He began by asking me what I didn't understand. I said just about everything, so we started at the beginning and as he explained things I asked questions, not letting him continue until I understood. We moved from the dining-room table to the living room, and when I finally felt that I understood the first three days of calculus—about one o'clock in the morning—I put my calculus book on the floor and my feet on the couch. We were sitting on opposite ends of the leather couch, facing one another, our legs entangled between us. He was the kind of person, I noticed, whose second toe is longer than the big toe. My toes are perfectly proportional, and I set a standard by them.

"You have very long toes," I said. I touched them. "They're kind of ugly."

Stephen yawned and peered down his body at his toes. "It comes with the math genes," he said. "It's part of the package."

WHILE I was growing up, my father was an engineer for NASA and my mother taught home economics. Now they're both retired and are in business together. They've bought a series of what my father calls "exploitable" houses—barns and shacks and even abandoned churches—which they live in and jointly convert into luxurious summer homes and then resell for no small profit. My father does the outside and my mother the inside, or, as they put it, my father builds the nest and my mother feathers it. They are never in one house for more than a year. My mother gets attached to some of them, but my father insists on selling them. He thinks it's important for people their age to keep moving, as if you'd petrify if you lived in the same house for a few years.

I went up to see them—and the boathouse they were restoring in upstate New York—the first weekend of calculus, although Stephen thought I should stay in New York and study. I told him I'd study at the lake. I intended to. I packed my huge calculus book in my knapsack, and even did a few problems on the plane, but by the time I switched to a six-seater in Syracuse calculus didn't seem to matter anymore. In the city, with the straight streets and glass walls and constant noise, calculus could be accommodated, but in the tiny plane, gliding over trees and lakes all fading away beneath me into the growing darkness, calculus faded away, too. The numbers and arrows and symbols seemed foolish, so I put my book away and watched the lights come on in the houses below.

Saturday morning, I helped my mother upholster a dock that extended around two sides of the house. My parents were converting it into a veranda, covering it with grass-colored indoor-outdoor carpeting. My mother was treading water, outfitted with flippers, mask, snorkel, and staple gun. She looked like Jacques Cousteau. Her job was to swim under the dock and affix the carpeting to the underside; I was supposed to hold it in place and smooth out the wrinkles.

My job was easy. I found the best way to hold the carpet flat and in place was to just lie on the section we were working on. I unhitched my bathing-suit straps and opened my calculus book. I could hear my mother slurping around in the water beneath me, attacking the dock with her staple gun. When she pulled the carpet for a snugger fit, my pencil rolled off into the weedy water.

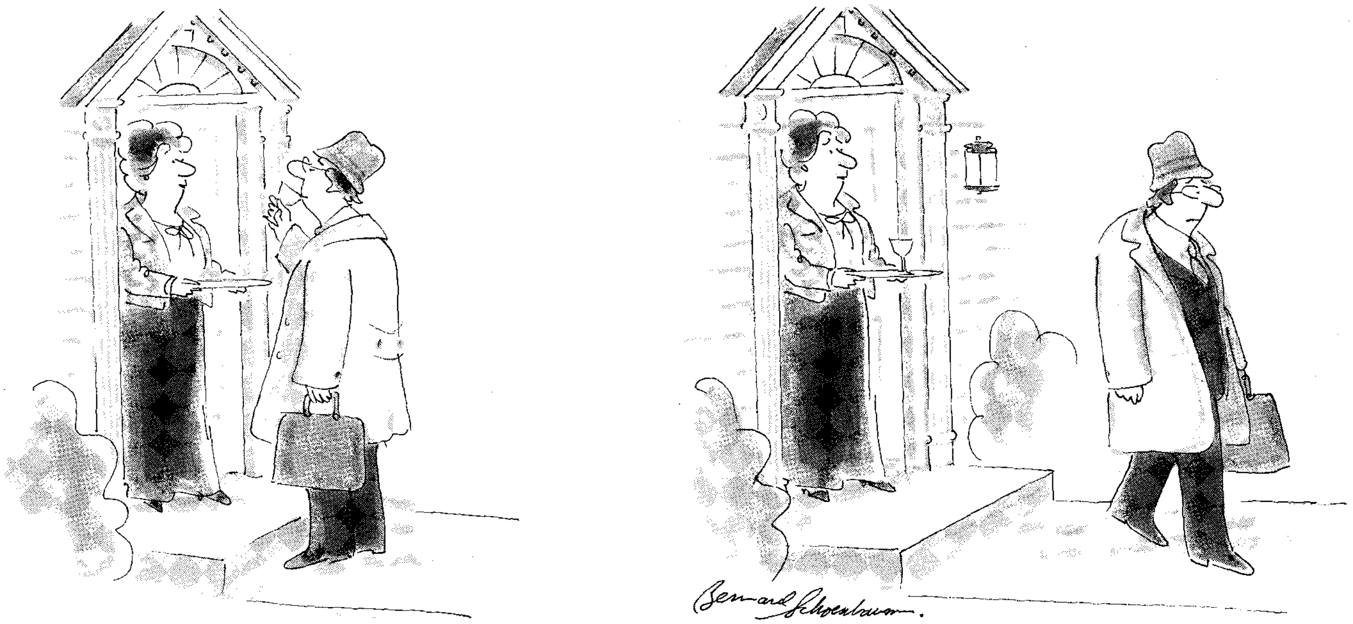
In a few minutes, my mother swam out from under the dock. She raised the mask so that it stuck out from the top of her bathing cap, and crossed her tanned arms on the dock.

"I lost my pencil," I said. "It rolled off."

My mother looked at my calculus book and said, "Can you really do that stuff?"

"Not yet," I said. "It's supposed to click and all make sense at some point."

"The only nice thing about being an old woman is that I was spared new math. I remember when I had to teach metric conversion I was a loony case. Your father had to do a guest lecture on the metric system. We made vichyssoise. All the girls fell in love



with him. They had never seen a man cook before. What ever happened to all that?"

"What?"

"The metric system. Don't you remember? We were supposed to convert. They even had commercials on TV about it: 'America Goes Metric.' What happened?"

"I don't know," I said. "I guess they gave up."

"I like inches," my mother said. "I'd miss inches. It's too bad we're not closer to New York. Daddy could help you with your calculus. He used to help Debbie."

"My teacher says it's all genetic," I said. "He thinks my math genes just have to be aroused."

"Aroused?" My mother pushed away from the dock and floated on her back. The skirt of her bathing suit fanned out around her hips. I looked up into the bright sky and closed my eyes. The first night Stephen and I slept together, he whispered numbers into my ear: long, high numbers—distances between planets, seconds in a life. He spoke as if they were poetry, and they became poetry. Later, when he fell asleep, I leaned over him and watched, trying to picture a mathematician's dreams. I concluded that Stephen must dream in abstract, cool designs like Mondrian paintings.

"Have you heard from Tim?" my mother asked.

"No," I said. I could feel the green turf pressing into my cheek and hear my mother making tiny splashing sounds, listlessly circumventing the lily pads. "We're not calling each other."

"Don't you wonder how he is?"

I opened my eyes. My mother was treading water, moving her arms very gracefully and slowly around herself, making the least possible effort to stay afloat.

"Actually," I said, "I'm seeing someone else."

"Already? Who?"

"You don't know him," I said.

"Well, I assume I don't know him. That's why I'm asking."

"The teacher," I said.

"The calculus teacher? The geneticist?"

"Yes," I said.

"Oh, honey," my mother said. She sounded sad. "Just remember you're on the rebound. Be careful. Especially with a calculus teacher."

"I'm not on the rebound."

"What do you call it, then?" My mother picked a piece of duckweed out of the water, fingered it, then tossed it a few feet away. I thought for a moment. I sat up and put my legs in the water. I was mad at my mother for bringing up Tim, as I had been doing a pretty good job of forgetting about him.

"It's not a rebound," I said. "It's a new life. It has nothing to do with Ann Arbor or Timmy or wicker."

But my mother wasn't listening. She was looking at the bottom of the lake. "Look," she said. "Your pencil." She did a quick surface dive. I watched her white legs kick down into the dark water. In a moment she popped back up and tossed my yellow pencil onto the dock.

BY the middle of the second week of calculus, Stephen and I had established a ritual. We went out for a beer together after class. Late afternoon, I discovered, was a nice time to frequent bars. I'd never much liked them at night in Ann Arbor, when they were noisy and crowded and dark and sticky. But in the afternoon no one played the jukebox, the sun came in the open door, and the people in soap operas swam through their complicated lives on the TV above the bar like fish in an aquarium.

Stephen was drawing a diagram on a soggy cocktail napkin, trying, as always, to explain something I didn't understand. I was half watching him and half watching a large white cat thread through the legs of the barstools, apparently savoring the touch of each leg against his fur.

"See?" Stephen said, pushing the napkin across the table. I looked at it but couldn't make any sense of it, so I turned it around.

"No," Stephen said. "This way." He turned it back around.

Something about the blurry diagram on the cocktail napkin depressed me. I couldn't believe it had come to be an important part of my life. It had no message for me. I leaned back against the vinyl booth. "Can we forget about it for a while?" I said.

"Sure." Stephen crumpled the napkin and punted it to the floor with his fingers. "What's the matter?" he asked.

"I've been thinking," I said. "Maybe this is a bad idea."

"What?"

"This," I said. "Us."

"Oh," said Stephen. "Why?"

"I just feel as if I should get through this myself. I mean, I think I should pass calculus by myself, and then we can decide if we want to see each other."

"But you can't pass calculus yourself. You need a tutor."

"I'll get another tutor," I said.

"It's too late to get another tutor. We just have one more week. Julie, you know, no one expects you to pass calculus yourself. It's not some big deal. I mean, this isn't the Girl Scout merit-badge contest."

"I know," I said. "I can't explain. I just think it's wrong."

Stephen drained his beer glass. "Why won't you let me help you?" he asked.

"I told you," I said. "I think it's wrong."

"But it's not wrong. There's nothing wrong about it. You just want to get rid of me."

I didn't say anything. I watched the cat. We sat there for a moment. I felt as if I was making a terrible mistake, only I wasn't sure what it was: if it had to do with love or with calculus. I felt I was probably losing on both counts.

I DON'T think I've ever worked at anything as hard as I worked at calculus over the next week. The exam was scheduled for one o'clock on the last Friday of class; we had a review session in the morning. I asked two questions. Stephen answered them.

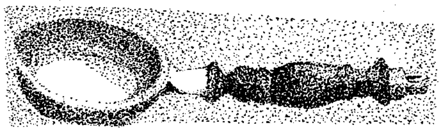
I was sitting on the front steps of the math building rereading my notes when Stephen came out. He stood beside me. "Come on," he said. "I'm taking you out to lunch."

"I can't," I said. "I have to study."

He leaned over and pulled my spiral notebook out of my hands. "If you don't know it now," he said, "you never will."

We went across the street to the bar with the slinking white cat. We had a nice lunch. We didn't mention calculus.

I finished the exam before the allotted time was up, which I thought might be a good sign. I couldn't tell. I had no idea how I did. I handed it in and took the subway home. I showered and began packing, because I was going up to the lake to see my parents for the weekend. I was just leaving when the phone rang. I debated answering it. Most of the calls were still for Alyssa, and I had turned the answering machine on. But it's hard not to answer a ringing phone.



It was Stephen, telling me I had failed the exam and, consequently, the course. For a second I was actually shocked, and then I realized how absurd the whole thing was, my ever

NORTH AFRICA: PREPARATIONS FOR AN EVENING

The light is Spanish on the Moroccan back streets,
late winter, the air begins to hold a little
of the lemon vegetation, the sound of dogs
and flutes carries up the valley, late afternoon.

It is cold enough to continue burning wood
and stay inside. Above, the clouds
promise an early evening, inflated on light,
full, but not ready to come the distance forward.

Although uninvited, I know they have begun
the preparations for the evening meal upstairs;
their cooking finds its way here to remind me
of my own meal, still uncut on the counter.

The watered plants use up the day's fluid
and darken on the terrace; the caged birds there
have shut down for the night, the pets
of a boy here. These nights can be spent

in the custodial care of the fire, the out-of-print
novel, and a little pacing between front door
and back window, where I watch the street lamps
snap on, listen to the frogs starting up

in the riverbed, where they say a beautiful woman lives
to seduce unwary men. She has the feet of a goat
and if you look at her you go crazy.
This is part of the local mythology. Late winter,

and, blowing from the east, the *levante*,
a wind that pursues the restless population.
The palms appear to change color at night in this season;
the visual rearrangements in the street alarm those

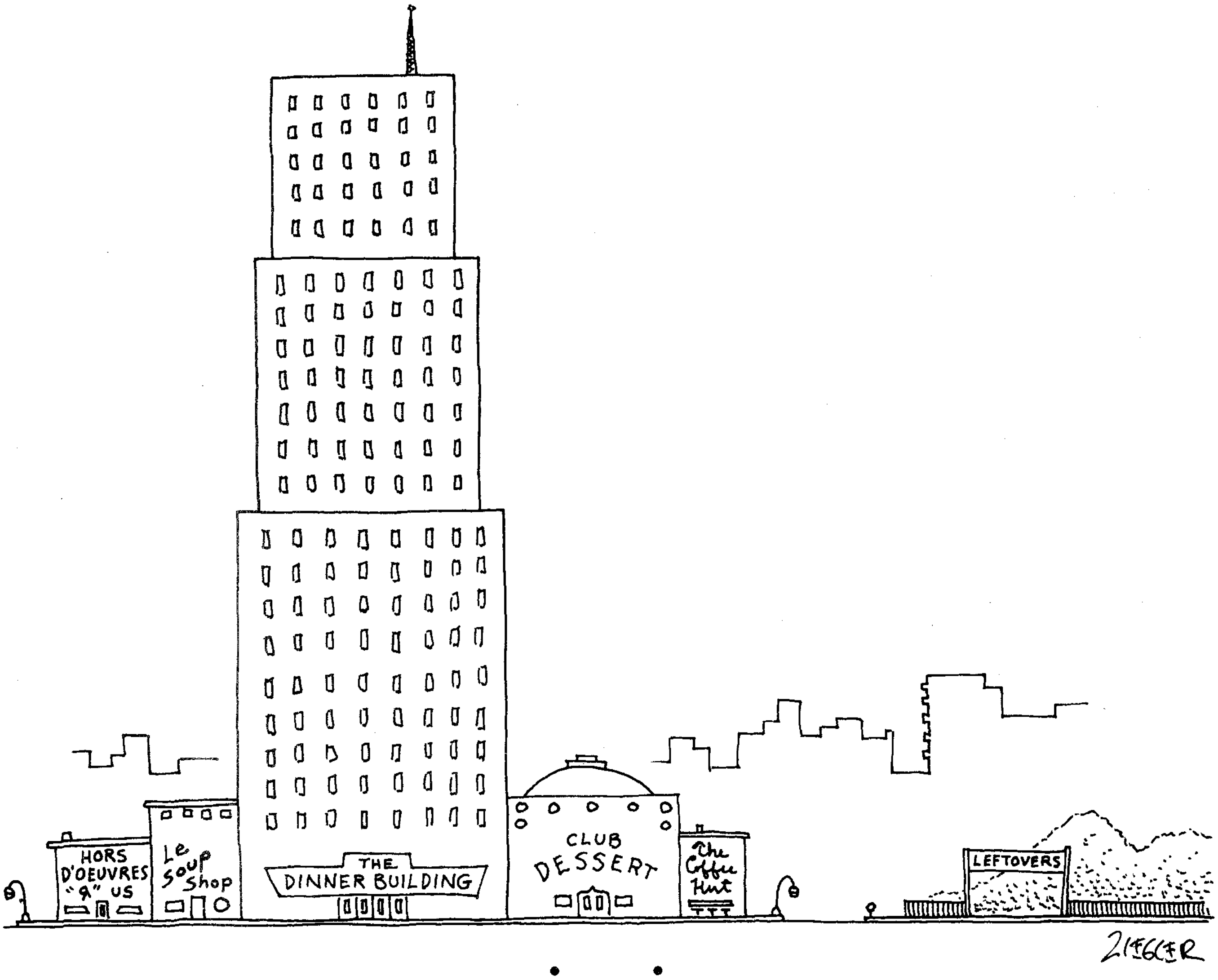
foreign to this place. Who *is* waiting for you there?
Under the street lamps the little stages
await their players. The sound of dishes upstairs,
the house lights of the valley going out,

the metal shutters slamming shut—
preparations for the end of the evening.
The fire here will always need another stick of wood,
the pot another cut of meat, another sliced vegetable.

The light from the fire plays on the neutral.
At this hour there is no sound that can be identified,
there is nothing in the river except the stones and sand
over which the opaque water continues.

—Daniel Halpern

* *



thinking I could pass calculus, get an M.B.A., live in New York. I stood for a moment looking at Alyssa's ridiculous accumulation of crystal. I couldn't speak.

"Julie?" Stephen said. "Are you listening?"

"Yes," I said.

"Listen," he said. "I explained the situation to Foster." Foster was the chairman of the math department and a dean at the business school. His eleven-year-old daughter sat next to me in class. She was taking calculus, she told me, for fun.

"You explained the situation?"

"I just told him you almost passed—you almost did—and that you need the grade to start the program."

"What program?" I asked.

"The M.B.A.," Stephen said.

"Oh," I said. "I've changed my mind about that. I'm not getting an M.B.A."

"What?" said Stephen. "Are you crazy?"

I was starting to cry, so I didn't say anything.

"Julie? What are you talking about? Why don't we go out to dinner and discuss this?"

"I can't," I said. "I'm going up to my parents'."

"Listen," said Stephen. "Are you listening?"

"I'm not deaf, Stephen."

"I'm going down to the registrar. I'm going to register you for the August session. I don't even teach it, so it will be O.K. We won't talk about it now. But think about it."

I told him I would think about it; I told him I would call him when I got back on Sunday. I hung up. I stood in Alyssa's pantry. I thought, If I were the kind of person who broke things I would break a glass, or maybe several. I thought, Maybe I should break some even though I'm not that type of person. It would be therapeutic. But I didn't break any. It wasn't worth the effort of cleaning up the mess, which I would have done immediately.

Then I started thinking about Stephen. I wished he hadn't called me. He must have started grading my exam the moment I left. Now he was going down to the registrar. He was being so nice. It made me feel guilty and selfish and mean.

I ORDERED two gin-and-tonics at once from the steward, because I wanted two drinks and was afraid he wouldn't make it up the aisle twice by the time we got to Syracuse. They tasted great, and after a while even the fields below us looked trustworthy and harmless, as though if we crashed they'd just reach up and hold us as we fell.

My father was waiting in his Army-surplus jeep at the airport. I threw my knapsack in the back and climbed in the front, and we took off. He seemed to be driving a little too quickly down the tree-lined road; the wind rushed past awfully fast. The sun was finally setting, but the light lingered all over the sky.

"I failed my exam," I shouted to my father.

"Oh, honey," he shouted back. "Can you take it again?"

"Maybe. I'll see on Monday."

We drove a little farther in silence and then turned down the dirt road that goes through the woods to the boathouse.

"Your mother's a little upset," my father said, not looking at me.

"Why? What happened?"

"We had a little argument."

Because my parents never argued in front of me, I thought they never argued. "About what?" I asked.

My father sighed and shifted gears. "Your mother wants to settle down. She wants to buy a condominium somewhere." He said "condominium" as if it were a carcinogen.

"Oh," I said.

"I like the way we live. I think it's good for us. I think eventually we should think about settling down in one place. But why now? Look at this." He motioned out at the land that fell away to the lake lying as still as a mirror between the trees. "A year ago, we didn't know this existed," he said. "I just like finding new things. Making new things."

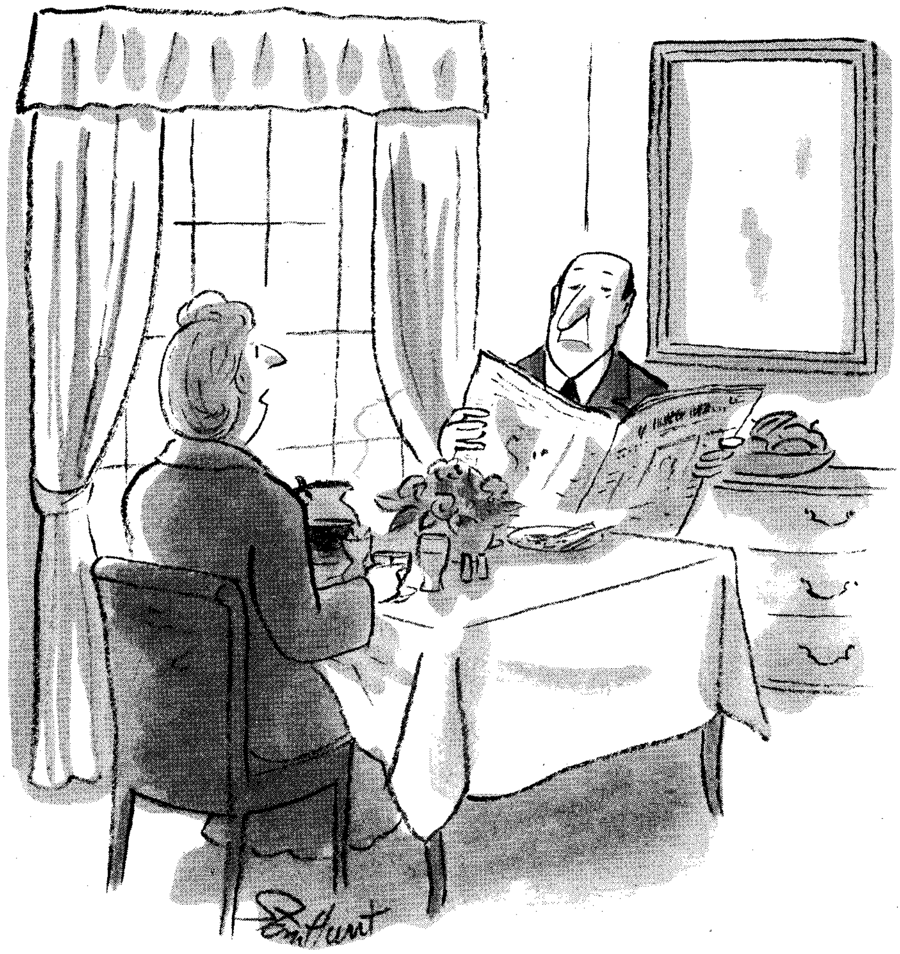
We pulled into the barn, where he parked the jeep, but neither of us made a move to get out.

"I hate to tell you this, honey," my father said, "but I just thought you should know. Mom is in bed. She got kind of upset."

"Oh," I said. My poor father. He sat in his jeep, feeling bad.

"Maybe you should go up and talk to her." For the first time he looked at me. There was just enough light left in the barn for me to see the tears, not falling from his eyes but sitting in them, glistening.

The electricity in the boathouse was confined to the kitchen, so the rest of the house was dark. I climbed the spiral staircase my father had built to the bedroom. My mother was sitting in bed with her hands folded on the quilt she made from scraps of dresses she'd sewn for me and my sister when we were little. Whenever I see the quilt, I can picture some of the dresses, although they were all alike: tiny Peter Pan collars, the fronts smocked, skirts puffed out from the waist. I don't know what happened to them. I wish I still had one or two, just to look at. I sat on the side of the bed.



"You were laughing in your sleep last night, Jarvis, and I've never known you to laugh when you're awake."

"Hi," I said. I leaned over and kissed her.

She smiled at me, knowing how silly the situation was: my mother in bed, me coming to her—it was all wrong, all reversed. "Did Daddy tell you about our disagreement?" she asked.

I said yes.

She looked out the porthole window my father had installed in the slanted ceiling, but it was too dark to see anything.

"I'm sorry now I made such a fuss," she said. "It's just that I can't keep doing this. It's not that I don't have the energy or the will. It's that I can't keep making things and leaving them behind. Does that seem wrong?"

"No," I said. "Of course not."

She looked at me. "Your father loved you kids, adored you, but he was so happy when you went away to school and he retired. We could finally take off and do things and not be tied down, and it was great for a while, but now I'm sick of it. I'm sorry, but I'm plain sick of it."

I thought, Don't tell me this, don't say any of this. I don't want to know you're unhappy. And then for the second time that day I felt mean and selfish. My mother sighed and looked back out the window.

I stood up. "Do you want anything from downstairs?" I asked.

"No, thanks." She turned away from the window, trying to smile. "How was your exam? I forgot all about it."

"O.K.," I said. "I passed."

A MONTH later, I did pass calculus. It was almost easy the second time. I didn't see Stephen very much; he wasn't teaching, so he wasn't really around. When we did see each other, we felt awkward: aside from calculus we had little to share, and, for all the hours we had spent together, we didn't seem to know one another very well.

That same week, my parents told me they were separating—at least until they could decide upon a way of life that was "mutually enjoyable." I was surprised and a little ashamed to find that I felt more relieved than upset. While I was growing up, I had always been so proud of them, and my intact home, but at some point—and I didn't know when—all that had lost its terrible importance.

They finished work on the boathouse and sold it to a movie star. Over Labor Day weekend, my father went off to Maine to look for a very dilapidated, very large farm. My mother came to see me in New York. We went out to dinner and celebrated my passing calculus. My mother waited until the bottle of champagne was empty and we were drinking brewed decaffeinated coffee before she talked about the separation.

"I feel very brave doing this," she said. "I feel foolish, too, but I do feel brave. And it's nice that it can end like this, with no hard feelings. We really do understand each other. Of course, it helps that it's a very specific problem—not something about how we feel about each other."

"But doesn't that make it harder?"

"What?"

"Still feeling the same," I said. "I mean, I'd think if you hated each other it would be easier."

My mother stroked the tablecloth, forming and then smoothing wrinkles. Her hands were covered with tiny cuts and scratches, and I noticed she was still wearing her wedding ring. "No," she said. "Although I don't know why. I guess I like to think things have changed more than failed. I don't know. Does that make any sense?"

"Yes," I said.

"Debbie doesn't understand at all. She's worried about me. She wants me to move to Allentown."

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

She opened her pocketbook and took out a brochure for condominiums on a golf course in South Carolina. There were pictures of buildings nestled in the rough along green fairways, and floor plans of different models.

"No two are alike," my mother said. "I'm going down next week to look at them."

"They look nice," I said.

"The best thing about them is that I can pick out everything myself: the carpeting, the drapes, the Congoleum, the Formica, the appliances—even the shelf paper."

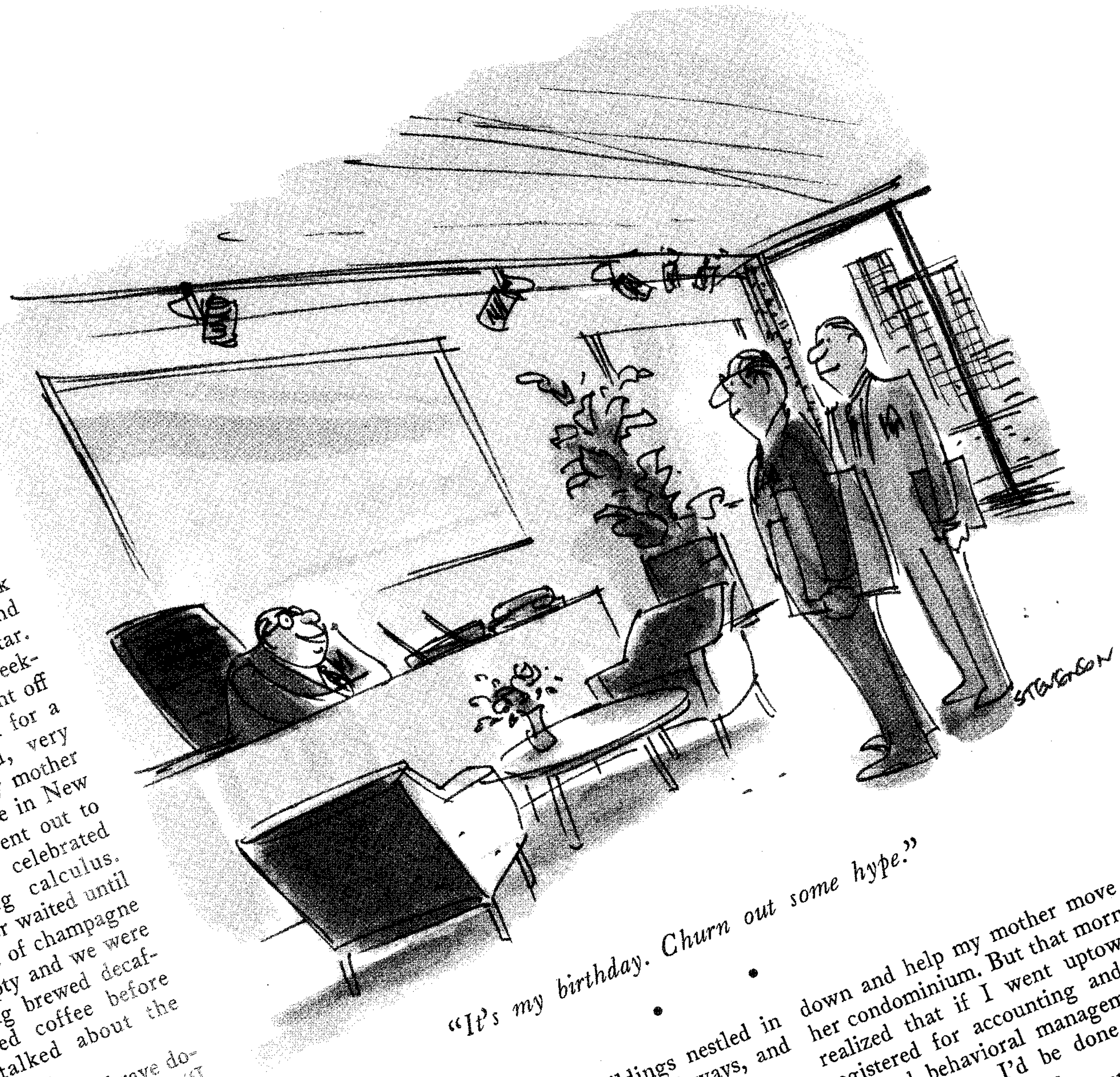
"That's great," I said. There was a moment when I thought my mother was about to start crying, so I studied the brochure. When I looked up, she seemed O.K.

"And they do all the work," she said. "Everything. They even fill the ice trays before you move in."

My mother left for South Carolina on Tuesday, and Wednesday was registration for the fall semester of business school. For a few panic-stricken moments at breakfast, I thought about not going—about getting out of New York while I was ahead. I could go down and help my mother move into her condominium. But that morning I realized that if I went uptown and registered for accounting and statistics and behavioral management and whatever else, I'd be done with all these second thoughts.

It hasn't been quite like that, of course, but it hasn't been bad. Sometimes I see Stephen around in the late afternoon, and we go across the street to our bar. Now it gets dark while we sit there, but it's still nice. Stephen always asks me if I need help. I tell him no. After the ordeal of calculus, business school is manageable.

—PETER CAMERON



"It's my birthday. Churn out some hype."

•

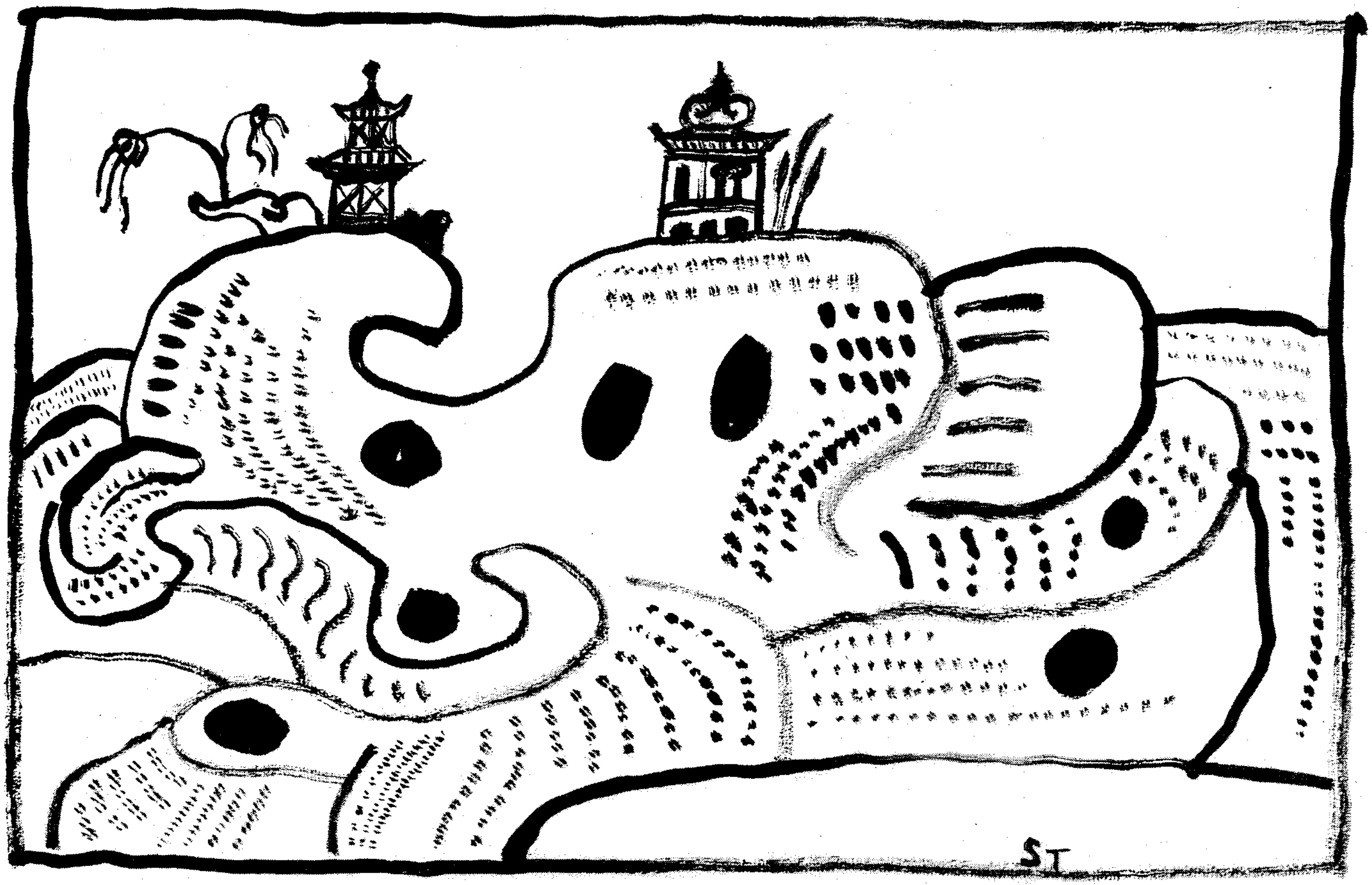
COHOES—A gallon of milk was stolen from a refrigerator in a residence on the 40 block of Olmstead Street between 11:30 a.m. and 4:40 p.m. Monday, according to police, who found signs of forced entry. The intruder also sat on the resident's bed, they said.—*Troy* (N.Y.) *Times Record*.

She found it neither too hard nor too soft but just right.

PROFILES

THE STAFFS OF LIFE

V—THE FUTURE OF THE PLANET

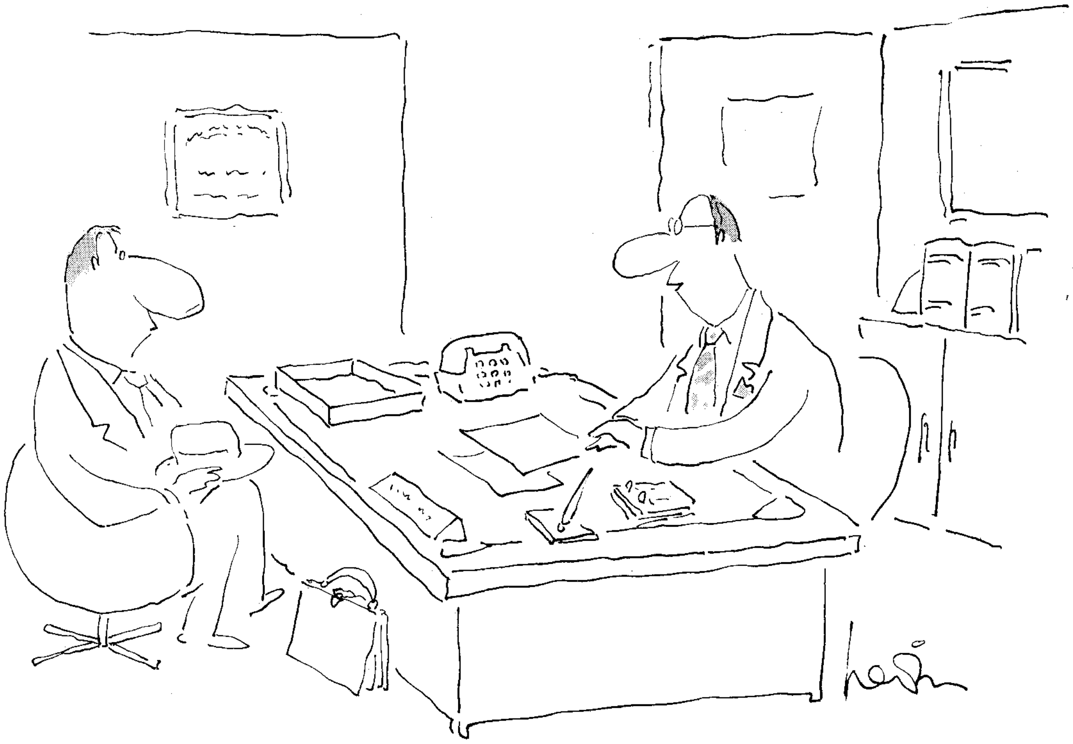


This was the goal of the leaf and the root.
For this did the blossom burn its hour.
This little grain is *the ultimate fruit.*
This is the awesome vessel of power.
—*Georgie Starbuck Galbraith.*

IN November, 1984, a week before the American harvest festival of Thanksgiving, schoolchildren in the United States were urged to give up their lunch to help some starving child elsewhere have something to eat. It was one more manifestation of the widely held concept that such admirable self-sacrifice will somehow get a peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwich into the lunchbox of a hungry youngster in, say, Ethiopia, Mali, or Mauritania. American schoolchildren might perhaps more usefully have been urged by their teachers to ponder a 1981 report of the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization titled "Agriculture: Toward 2000," which stated, "If the experience of the 1960s and 1970s drove home one lesson, it was that a sustainable and prosperous agriculture is central to the achievement of many strongly desired objectives. It is central to the elimination of hunger and poverty, to improving equity within developing countries, to boosting their economic growth and industrialization, to preserving the environment—and to helping to reduce imbalances within countries and between them. By the end of the 1970s, in the light of the history of the previous two decades, it was difficult to imagine another sector in which such a massive and needed contribution to the future was possible."

Most people on earth do not eat much peanut butter and jelly, or much beef or pork or fowl or fish, though they probably wish they could. They eat rice and wheat and corn and sorghum and millet and cassava and potatoes. These, to them, mean food—the staples without which, for more than half the world's population, life would be unsupportable. Contemporary farmers can readily produce enough grains and tubers to provide every living human being with three thousand calories a day of nourishment—well above the accepted minimum for an adequate diet. But many poor people can't get to what is available, and if they can they can't afford to buy it, even when they spend, as they often do, three-quarters of their disposable income on food. A barber in India can earn so-and-so much rice for each haircut. If the price of rice climbs more steeply than is possible for his tonsorial rates, he and his family have to eat less. There was a time in 1982 when people in one part of Zimbabwe were lining up for hours to receive a modest dole of cornmeal, while in another part of the country there was a cornmeal surplus. It took a foreign philanthropic organization to underwrite the cost of moving the meal from the one area to the other. Recently, during the Ethiopian famine, it was determined by concerned outsiders that, much as that distressed nation needed food, it was in no less urgent want of fifty trucks and a few light airplanes to deliver what supplies there were to those most desperate for them. At about the same time, representatives of international agencies who visited Chad calculated that while a hundred and sixty-nine thousand tons of emergency grain supplies were needed to relieve a famine there in the most severely affected area alone, because of poor transportation and poor storage facilities the country could handle only three and a half thousand tons a month. Chad needed a hundred and fifty trucks to carry grain to its hinterlands; it had only forty that were serviceable. Nearly a quarter of the cost of supplying grain anywhere on earth lies in transporting it from one place to another. The problem was not so grave in the past, for then people lived close to the source of their food. Now more and more of them dwell in urban settlements, where food has to be delivered to them and purchased by them. Not long ago, in an editorial entitled "Distribution: The Fragile Link," the F.A.O. magazine *Ceres* stated, "By the end of this century, perhaps as much as half of the human race will be removed from direct access to the simplest types of self-sufficient food systems. Inevitably, growing millions will need to find their sustenance at the retail end of massive metropolitan marketing systems. Whether they can afford to feed themselves adequately will depend partly, of course, on employment opportunities. But it will also depend on what sort of incentives and support are required for those who remain on the land to produce in abundant excess of their own needs, and how efficiently that surplus can be moved to those no longer able to grow any significant portion of their food supply."

IN "Coriolanus," Shakespeare had it that "the gods sent not corn for the rich men only." Still, the poor who subsist largely on plant foods often receive far too small a share of them. The French Revolution was fought in part for bread. More than fifty years after what to the commoners who rose up in revolt must have seemed a victory, the principal fare of the French peasantry, according to the journalist Peter Lund Simmonds, was a "detestable bread made from rye, barley, or peas and potatoes; and, to make the matter still worse, it is badly baked, without yeast, and being sometimes kept for weeks, it becomes covered with mould, and altogether presents an appearance enough to turn the stomach of a savage." When people in the Western, industrialized world find themselves with some cash over their norm, they allocate only five or ten per cent of it to the purchase of food; in the rest of the world the figure is likely to be fifty or sixty per cent. In Calcutta, where to most residents the very notion of having any extra money would be bizarre, four out of five people eat less than nine hundred calories' worth of food a day; the minimum adequate intake for an adult male at rest, let alone an active one, is twenty-one hundred. The director-general of the Nutrition Foundation of India told a World Bank seminar in the spring of 1983 that, of the twenty-three million children who it was expected would be born in his country that year, insufficient nourishment would cause almost three million to die before they were a year old and a million more before reaching adulthood, and that fewer than three million would ever be truly healthy. (There are, of course, ill-fed people in the Western world as well, but their plight has rarely achieved monumentality; it was not until 1983, for instance, that the United States House of Representatives, which has a committee or subcommittee to mull over practically every imaginable issue of national consequence, got around even to contemplating the establishment of a Select Committee on Hunger.) The bleak statistics abound, and proliferate. Perhaps forty million human beings die every year from lack of a proper diet. Brazil is by no means as badly off as several dozen other nations; even so, people there sell their eyes and their kidneys for food money. In Tanzania alone, fifty thousand children a year succumb to diseases exacerbated by protein deficiencies. A World Food Conference held with great fanfare in Rome in 1974 adopted a Universal Declaration on the Eradication of Hunger and Malnutrition, which piously pronounced that "every man, woman, and child has the inalienable right to be free from hunger and malnutrition;" several years later, the director-general of the F.A.O., Édouard Saouma, declared unilaterally, "The fact that everyone has a right to enough to eat is now everywhere accepted and more widely proclaimed than ever before. But alongside this goes the fact that more human beings are consistently hungry and malnourished than ever before and that the number is growing all the time." The World Bank thinks that the number has reached one billion. The F.A.O. does not see things as quite so bad; it puts the figure at between four and five



"I personally see nothing wrong with giving a sucker an even break. However, federal regulations strictly prohibit it."

"I want you to meet What's-His-Name, the much-misunderstood writer."

• •

hundred million. Its most pessimistic estimate of what the grim statistic will be at the turn of the century is six hundred and eighty-five million. Its most optimistic is that it will be only —only!—two hundred and sixty million. But to achieve the latter figure would require an additional annual investment in agriculture—above the five billion dollars currently allocated to that end—of thirteen billion dollars.

The protruding ribs of every emaciated child in the bleak Sahel region of Africa could be sheathed in flesh if anywhere near all the food that is planted reached maturity and could be swiftly and efficiently distributed. Food, of course, is perishable. The F.A.O. has a Prevention of Food Losses Program that attends to such matters as the reduction of rice losses in on-farm marketing in Liberia, rat control in Somalia, and the construction of grain warehouses in Gambia. For all that, the extent of the perishability of food is staggering—as, indeed, it has been since a despairing scribe in ancient Egypt wrote, "Worms have destroyed half the wheat, and the hippopotamuses have eaten the rest; there are swarms of rats in the fields, the grasshoppers alight there, the cattle devour, the little birds pilfer; and if the farmer loses sight for an instant of what remains on the ground, it is carried off by robbers." The amount of plant food lost nowadays on the ground or in transit or in storage could, if it survived, feed three hundred million people for a year. Ten per cent of the American corn crop is lost annually because of weeds, twelve per cent because of insects, another twelve because of diseases; the respective percentages for wheat are twelve, six, and fourteen. That translates into about seventy-one million tons of corn and twenty-six million of wheat. Because of insects alone, the potential output of more than a hundred million acres of American cropland is never realized—a deprivation of some thirty billion dollars' worth of produce every year. There is a National Potato Anti-Bruise Committee; in its gloomy opinion, bruises are responsible for an annual loss in that sturdy crop of nearly a hundred and fifty million dollars. It sometimes seems a wonder that anybody has anything to eat at all.

Even when crops manage to be healthily harvested, they face considerable perils. Some years ago, the F.A.O. estimated that ten per cent of the grain that goes into storage perishes there. The U.N. General Assembly, which loves to pass resolutions, decreed in 1975 that there should be at least a fifty per cent reduction in post-harvest losses by 1985. One could almost hear the dread flour beetle—a stunningly prolific insect—chuckling to itself. The poorest storage facilities on earth, not surprisingly, are in the Third World, which is the part of the world most heavily reliant on grains and roots and tubers. The Third World's post-harvest losses of grains alone come to seventy million tons a year. It has been estimated that in some Latin-American and African nations anywhere from a quarter to a half of harvested cereals and legumes is lost annually. When corn is stored in Zambia for as long as twelve months, moths and weevils damage from ninety to a hundred per cent of the kernels. (That situation may have brightened; Australia not long ago donated four hundred and sixteen thousand dollars for a corn-handling-improvement program in Zambia.) The People's Republic of China has, among its many exhortatory slogans, one that goes "Store Grain Everywhere," and the injunction is often qualified by "Four Withouts"—without insects, without fungi, without birds and rodents, and without accidents such as fire and flood. Merely by constructing some new godowns in Rangoon, the Burmese government not long ago averted the loss of twenty-eight thousand tons of rice a year. In India, rodents destroy twenty-five per cent of all agricultural production stored for future consumption. The United States does better: out of a total of three hundred and twenty four million tons of stored grain it loses only seven million tons a year to rats.

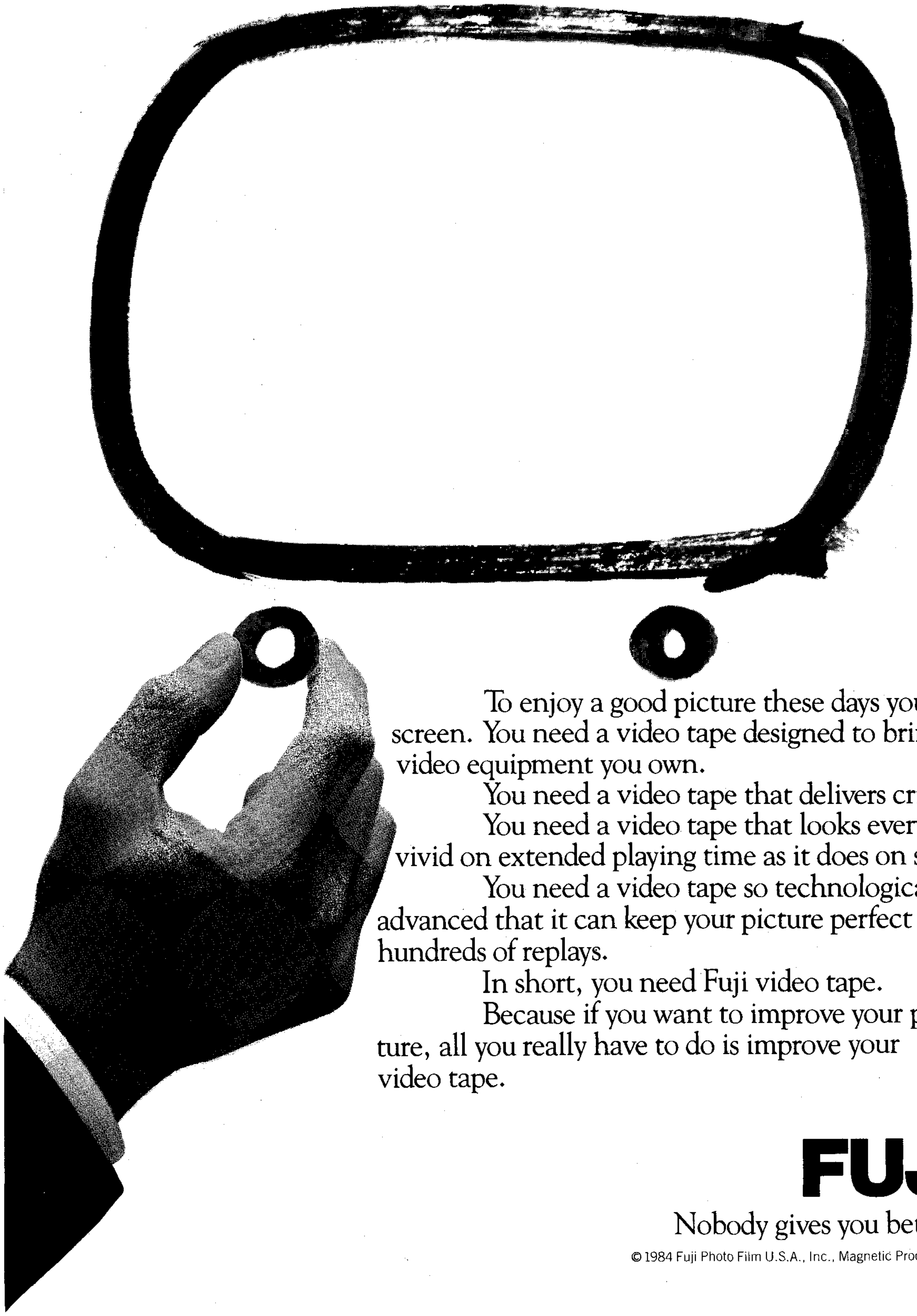
During one of Africa's fearful droughts—this one in the fall of 1983 —Director-General Saouma of the F.A.O. judged that twenty-two sub-Saharan countries urgently needed seven hundred thousand tons of food beyond what they had already been receiving to alleviate their terrible plight. Two years earlier, when on an F.A.O. map the color black was used to designate nutritional adversity, more than half that continent was

Triple Orange
Triple Orange
Grand Marnier
Liqueur
Paris France
750 ml (25.4 fl.oz) - 80° Proof

For gift delivery anywhere call 800-528-6148 (except where prohibited by law).
Product of France. Made with fine cognac brandy 80 proof. ©1985 Carillon Importers, Ltd., N.Y.

FUJI

All it takes to get a better picture is a better video tape.



To enjoy a good picture these days you need more than a good screen. You need a video tape designed to bring out the best in all the video equipment you own.

You need a video tape that delivers crisp colors and clear sounds.

You need a video tape that looks every bit as vivid on extended playing time as it does on standard.

You need a video tape so technologically advanced that it can keep your picture perfect even after hundreds of replays.

In short, you need Fuji video tape.

Because if you want to improve your picture, all you really have to do is improve your video tape.

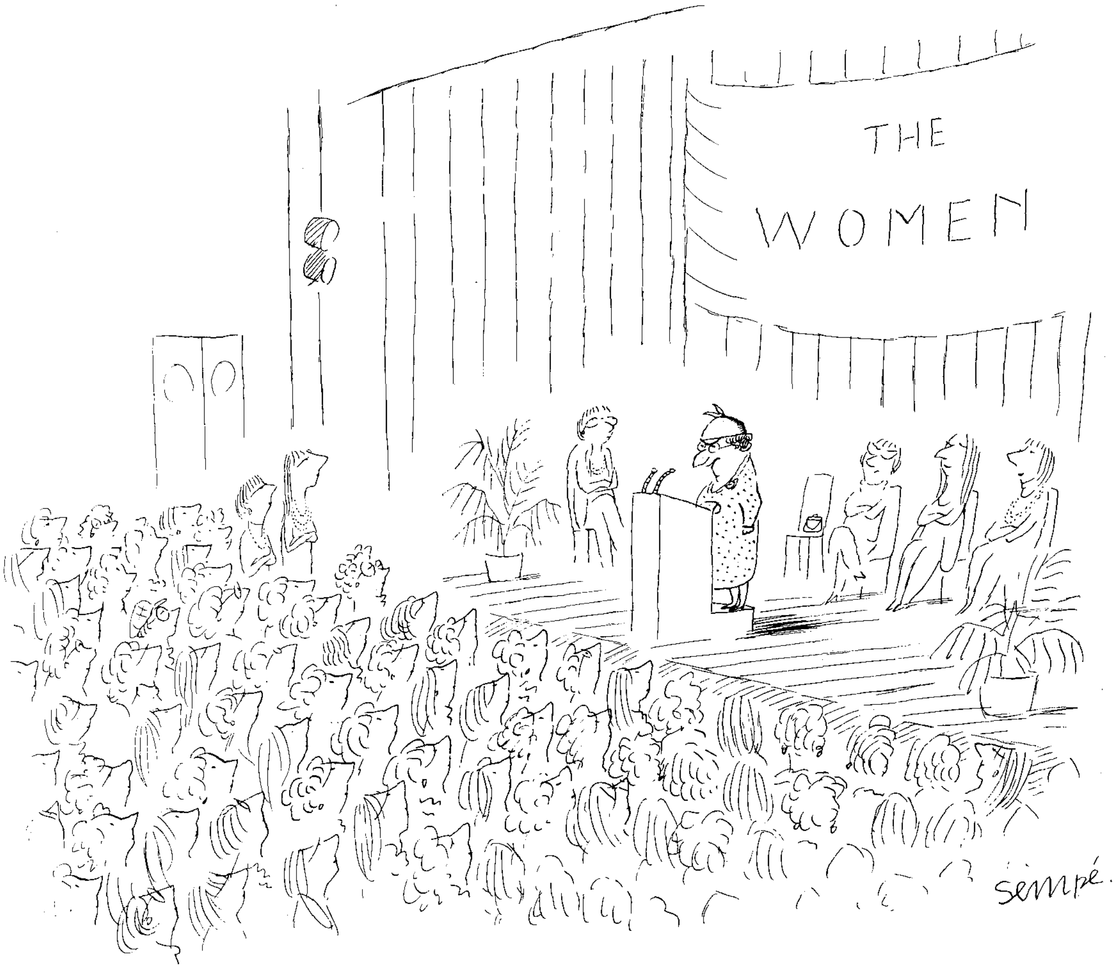
FUJI VIDEOCASSETTE
T-120
FUJI VIDEOCASSETTE
L-750
BERIDOX

FUJI.

Nobody gives you better performance.

© 1984 Fuji Photo Film U.S.A., Inc., Magnetic Products Div., 350 Fifth Avenue, NY, NY 10118

dark. (In 1983, even South Africa, normally an exporter of food to its disadvantaged neighbors, was stricken: drought reduced its production of corn from more than eight million tons to less than four million.) People who care have long argued that in order to circumvent such crises there should at all times be huge reserve stocks of food available for emergencies—at least seventeen or eighteen per cent of the world's annual consumption, according to F.A.O. calculations. The 1974 World Food Conference set ten million tons as a reasonable figure for cereals to be stored in an International Emergency Food Reserve, run by the F.A.O.; but not until 1981 was even five hundred thousand tons achieved. The grand scheme could in any event hardly have been expected to succeed without the coöperation of both the Soviet Union and the United States. The U.S.S.R. has never seen fit even to become a member of the F.A.O., and various United States Administrations have blown hot and cold about how the reserve should be operated.



"Now I would like to talk for a moment about what I have achieved by pure kindness."

• •

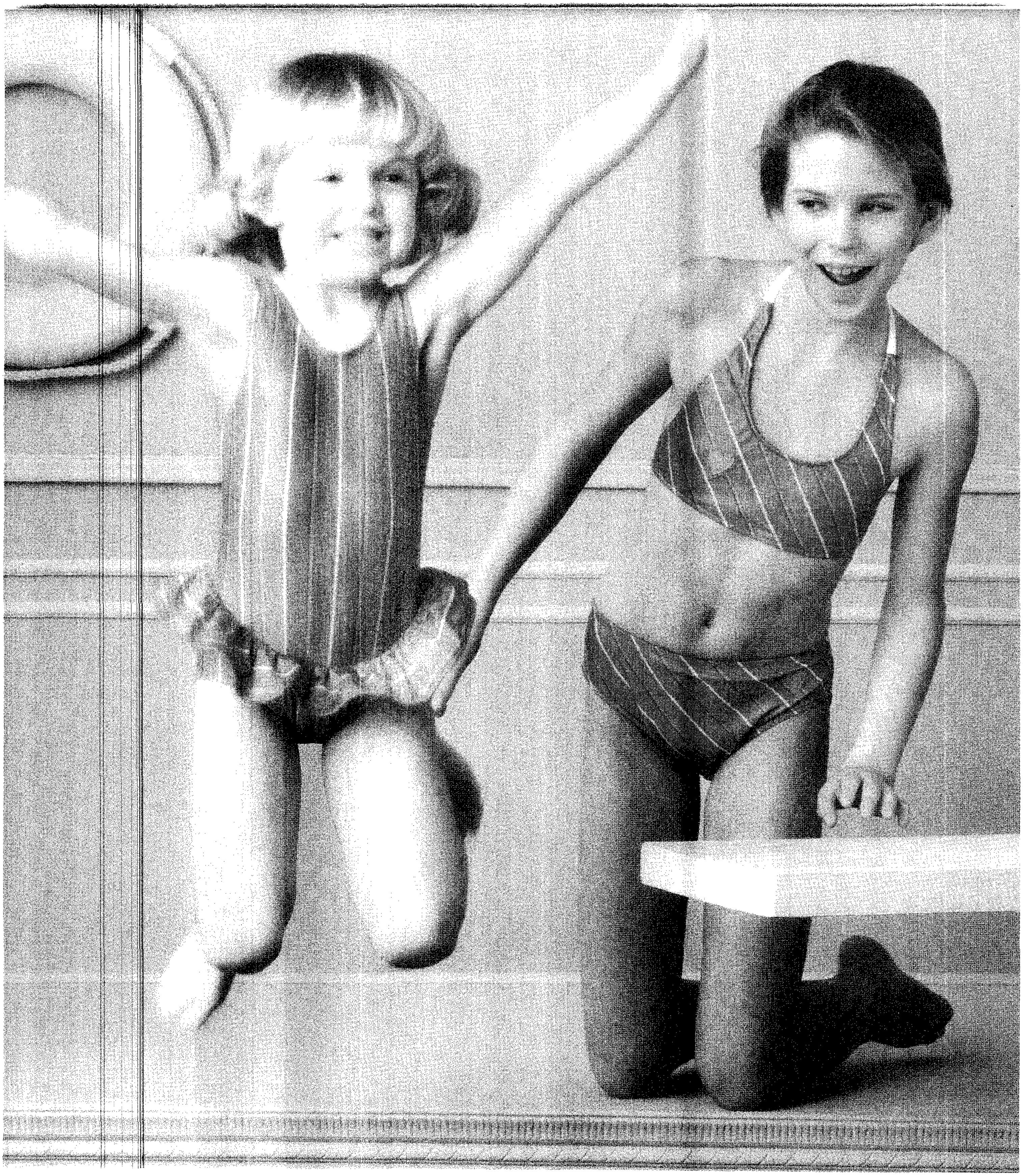
Quite apart from all that, the F.A.O. has a World Food Program, which has been functioning since 1963 and which in 1983 released a million and a half tons of food to a hundred and seventeen countries. Almost ninety per cent of that consisted of cereals, mostly from the United States, Canada, and the European Economic Community, although other countries did chip in on a modest scale—some cocoa from Ghana, tea from India, sugar from Cuba, and tinned beef from Botswana. Since 1968, the World Food Program has also sponsored a food-for-work scheme, under the terms of which more than a billion dollars' worth of edibles (a quarter of them, nowadays, from the United States) have gone to countries that allot them in lieu of wages to laborers recruited for such communal projects as building schools or public toilets. For instance, in the kingdom of Lesotho, which is entirely surrounded by South Africa, thousands of women, some with babies strapped to their backs, built six hundred miles of new roads and paths, so that goods could be moved to market without having to travel—as they had previously—into South Africa (where most of the women's husbands, as likely as not, were at work, there being no employment opportunities at home). In Bangladesh, over a recent four-year stretch, two million laborers, using hand tools, cleared nearly two thousand miles of silted-up canals and reconstructed about three thousand miles of flood-control embankments. They received six pounds of wheat for every ton of soil they displaced. They moved more earth than was excavated for the Panama Canal. The purpose of restoring the canals and embankments was to increase rice production in Bangladesh by two hundred thousand tons a year, and to that end four hundred and eighty thousand tons of wheat were dispensed as wages—a rare instance of one staff of life contributing directly to the propagation of another.

Food aid, in whatever form it is meted out, is not infrequently tied to politics. Of two hundred and fifty-two thousand eight hundred and twenty-four tons of cereals that the United States contributed to the International Emergency Food Reserve in 1982 and 1983, for example, a hundred and eighty thousand tons were rather pointedly earmarked for refugees from Afghanistan. By the same token, the trucks that Ethiopia needed the following year to transport food supplies could have been furnished by the United States but weren't, on the ground that they could also have been used to transport military supplies. Still, ever since the Second World War the United States' effort to succor the needy has been unparalleled. From 1954 to the present, much of the American food aid has been sent abroad under the terms of the Agricultural Trade Development and Assistance Act. Most of the millions of tons that have thus been shared with the rest of the world have not, to be sure, been outright gifts; rather, they have been purchased at a nominal cost by governments with which this country has deemed it prudent to maintain, or create, friendships. Indeed, the text of the act defines it as one intended "to increase the consumption of United States agricultural commodities in foreign countries, to improve the foreign relations of the United States and for other purposes." Some of the effects of this consumption on the economies of recipient nations have been questionable. Colombia produced more than a hundred and sixty thousand tons of wheat in 1954 and imported fifty thousand. Less than two decades later, with American-grown wheat readily available at relatively low, Colombian-government-subsidized prices, and thus with diminished incentive for Colombian farmers to grow much of their own, the country was producing fewer than fifty thousand tons and importing four hundred thousand. But where staple foods are involved nothing ever works perfectly—uncertainty always prevails. Somebody should have told Henry Kissinger this before he said, in 1978, that "by 1985, no child should go to bed hungry." Of course, most statesmen in well-fed nations simply don't have the time, except in severe crises, to learn much about the dietary predicaments and peculiarities of ill-fed ones. Back in 1946, for instance, the United States government, aware that its Chinese wartime allies had bare larders, bigheartedly sent over to Manchuria a hefty consignment of soybeans, which at least some Americans knew to be, next to rice, a favorite staple of the Chinese. What the donors did not realize was that at that time, although the Manchurians would have welcomed almost any other kind of food, they had such a surplus of soybeans that they were using them for fuel.

IN 1946, there were relatively few Americans outside food-relief agencies who knew much more about the soybean—termed "the miracle bean" by the ancient Chinese and also by such latter-day journals as the Sri Lankan *Soyanews*, which is published in Sinhalese, Tamil, and English, and the merely monolingual New York *Times*—than they did about Manchuria. (At Cornell University, which had long been a bastion of agricultural research, there were scholars who knew plenty; one of them, in a bulletin published the previous year, had characterized soybeans as "a tremendous reserve food supply that can save great populations from hunger and disease.") Today, the impact of the soybean on the American agricultural and economic scenes is thumping, though as a foodstuff it has not yet made much of a dent in American minds, hearts, or stomachs. On sixty-eight million acres, American farmers now annually produce almost two billion bushels—fifty-five million tons—of soybeans. The United States, which engenders eighty per cent of the world soybean trade, exports more than half that mountain of beans—an eleven-billion-dollar cash crop. Twenty years ago, the most lucrative American exports were jet airplanes. Soybeans have overtaken and passed them and left them laboring behind. Wheat is a single item on the Chicago Board of Trade, and so is corn. The soybean is traded, vigorously, as itself, as its oil, and as its meal. The University of Illinois plant geneticist Theodore Hymowitz, who has pursued soybeans all over the planet and is so obsessed with them that he once read through every one of Benjamin Franklin's extant letters hoping to find a single mention of them, has acclaimed his favorite plant as "the most important grain legume crop in the world in terms of total production and international trade." His quest was successful. In January of 1770, Franklin wrote to a friend in Philadelphia with the news that he was sending him "some Chinese caravances" and a recipe for "a cheese made of them in China." The caravances, according to Hymowitz, are soybeans, and the cheese is tofu. In 1968, the United States persuaded the Shah of Iran to switch to American soybean oil from the sunflower-seed oil that his country had been buying from the Soviet Union. A half-dozen years later, that decision was bringing in over a hundred and seven million dollars annually. Fortunes have been made and lost by trafficking in soybean futures; the price per bushel fluctuated in the nineteen-seventies from three dollars and twenty-five cents to twelve dollars and ninety cents. (Soybeans were known in American financial circles as "the Cinderella crop" in 1971 and as "the markets' miracle legume" in 1978.) In 1977, almost eight million soybean contracts, each representing five thousand bushels, were swapped at the Chicago Board of Trade, with every swing of one penny in the price per bushel representing a fifty-dollar profit or loss on every contract. That was the year in which the Hunt brothers of Texas—Nelson Bunker and W. Herbert—along with other members of their family, tried to corner the soybean market. They acquired control of some twenty-three million bushels, worth around a hundred and thirty-five million dollars (the limit for any person or group of speculators was supposed to be three million bushels), before they were forced to cut out their shenanigans and were fined five hundred thousand dollars by the Commodity Futures Trading Commission. It was in 1973, however, that soybean-futures prices peaked. A poor harvest was predicted; President Nixon's advisers were afraid that if soybeans got any more expensive at home the cost of livestock feed, of which they are a principal ingredient, might go uncomfortably high—and, with it, inevitably, the cost of meat and milk and butter and eggs and everything else. So the President briefly imposed an embargo on all soybean exports. That upset the Japanese, who had become dependent on American soybeans to the clanging tune of some seven hundred million dollars a year. The Japanese newspapers reported that many of their countrymen were suffering from a novel ailment—Nixon Soybean Shock.

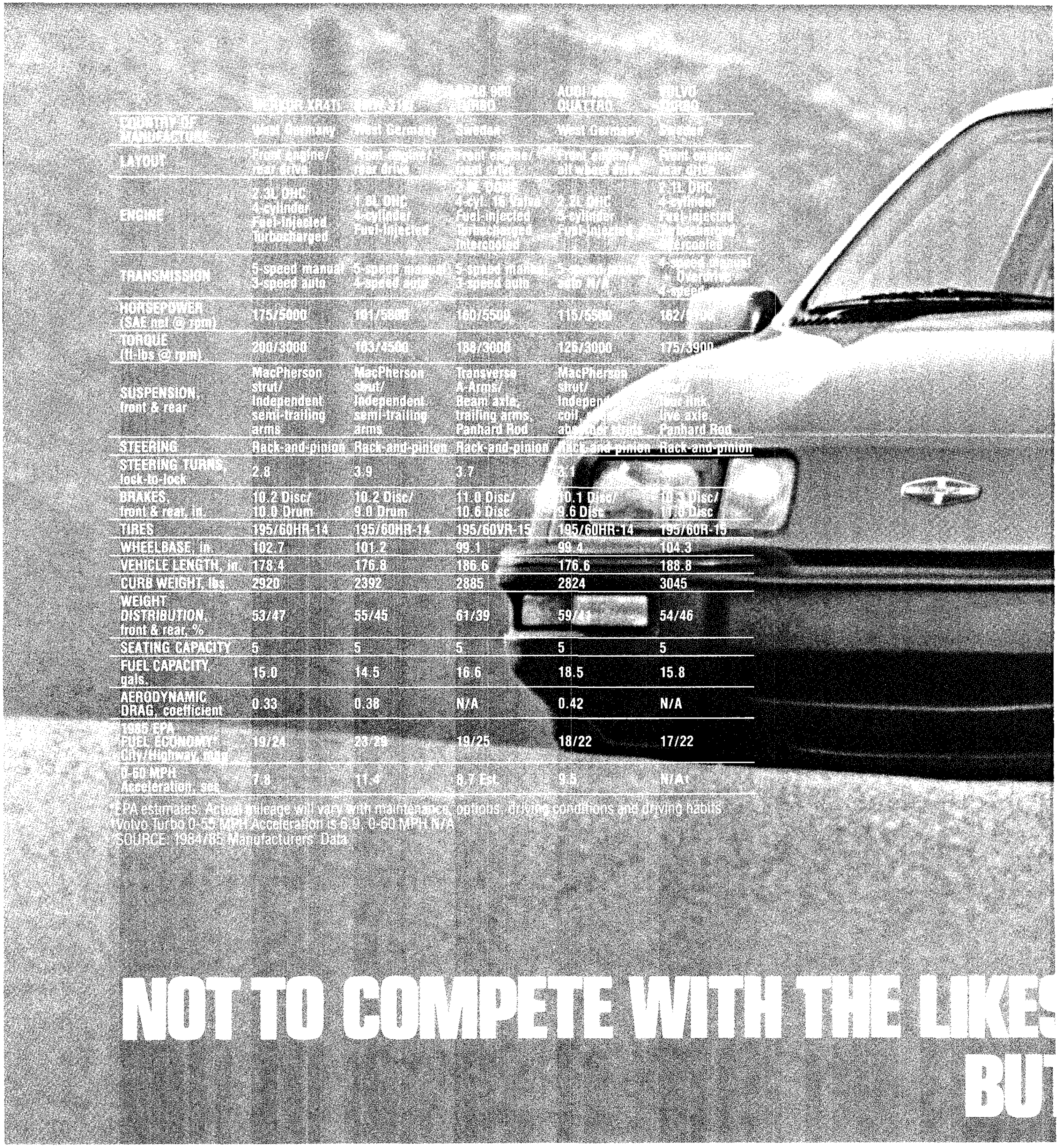
L
BAR
Y
IN PERSON
CAFE
Getz

THE soybean, *Glycine max*, is an unusual vegetable. It has two great advantages over most of the staple food plants—and, indeed, over



Girls who know how to make a splash, wear Florence Eiseman.

Florence Eiseman®



	MERKUR XR4Ti	BMW 318i	SAAB 900 TURBO	AUDI 4000S QUATTRO	VOLVO TURBO
COUNTRY OF MANUFACTURE	West Germany	West Germany	Sweden	West Germany	Sweden
LAYOUT	Front engine/ rear drive	Front engine/ rear drive	Front engine/ front drive	Front engine/ all wheel drive	Front engine/ rear drive
ENGINE	2.3L OHC 4-cylinder Fuel-Injected Turbocharged	1.8L OHC 4-cylinder Fuel-Injected	2.0L DOHC 4-cyl. 16 Valve Fuel-Injected Turbocharged Intercooled	2.2L OHC 5-cylinder Fuel-Injected	2.1L OHC 4-cylinder Fuel-Injected Turbocharged Intercooled
TRANSMISSION	5-speed manual 3-speed auto	5-speed manual 4-speed auto	5-speed manual 3-speed auto	5-speed manual auto N/A	4-speed manual + Overdrive 4-speed
HORSEPOWER (SAE net @ rpm)	175/5000	101/5800	160/5500	115/5500	162/
TORQUE (ft-lbs @ rpm)	200/3000	103/4500	188/3000	126/3000	175/3900
SUSPENSION, front & rear	MacPherson strut/ Independent semi-trailing arms	MacPherson strut/ Independent semi-trailing arms	Transverse A-Arms/ Beam axle, trailing arms, Panhard Rod	MacPherson strut/ Independent coil [illegible] absorber struts	strut/ four link, live axle, Panhard Rod
STEERING	Rack-and-pinion	Rack-and-pinion	Rack-and-pinion	Rack-and-pinion	Rack-and-pinion
STEERING TURNS, lock-to-lock	2.8	3.9	3.7	3.1	
BRAKES, front & rear, in.	10.2 Disc/ 10.0 Drum	10.2 Disc/ 9.0 Drum	11.0 Disc/ 10.6 Disc	10.1 Disc/ 9.6 Disc	10.3 Disc/ 10.6 Disc
TIRES	195/60HR-14	195/60HR-14	195/60VR-15	195/60HR-14	195/60R-15
WHEELBASE, in.	102.7	101.2	99.1	99.4	104.3
VEHICLE LENGTH, in.	178.4	176.8	186.6	176.6	188.8
CURB WEIGHT, lbs.	2920	2392	2885	2824	3045
WEIGHT DISTRIBUTION, front & rear, %	53/47	55/45	61/39	59/41	54/46
SEATING CAPACITY	5	5	5	5	5
FUEL CAPACITY, gals.	15.0	14.5	16.6	18.5	15.8
AERODYNAMIC DRAG, coefficient	0.33	0.38	N/A	0.42	N/A
1985 EPA FUEL ECONOMY* City/Highway, mpg	19/24	23/29	19/25	18/22	17/22
0-60 MPH Acceleration, sec.	7.8	11.4	8.7 Est.	9.5	N/A†

*EPA estimates. Actual mileage will vary with maintenance, options, driving conditions and driving habits.
†Volvo Turbo 0-55 MPH Acceleration is 6.9, 0-60 MPH N/A
SOURCE: 1984/85 Manufacturers' Data

NOT TO COMPETE WITH THE LIKE

BU

That's a very ambitious goal. But then, this is a very ambitious automobile.

The Merkur (pronounced mare-koor) XR4Ti is a German sports sedan designed and engineered specifically for those who appreciate the exhilaration of a finely tuned road machine.

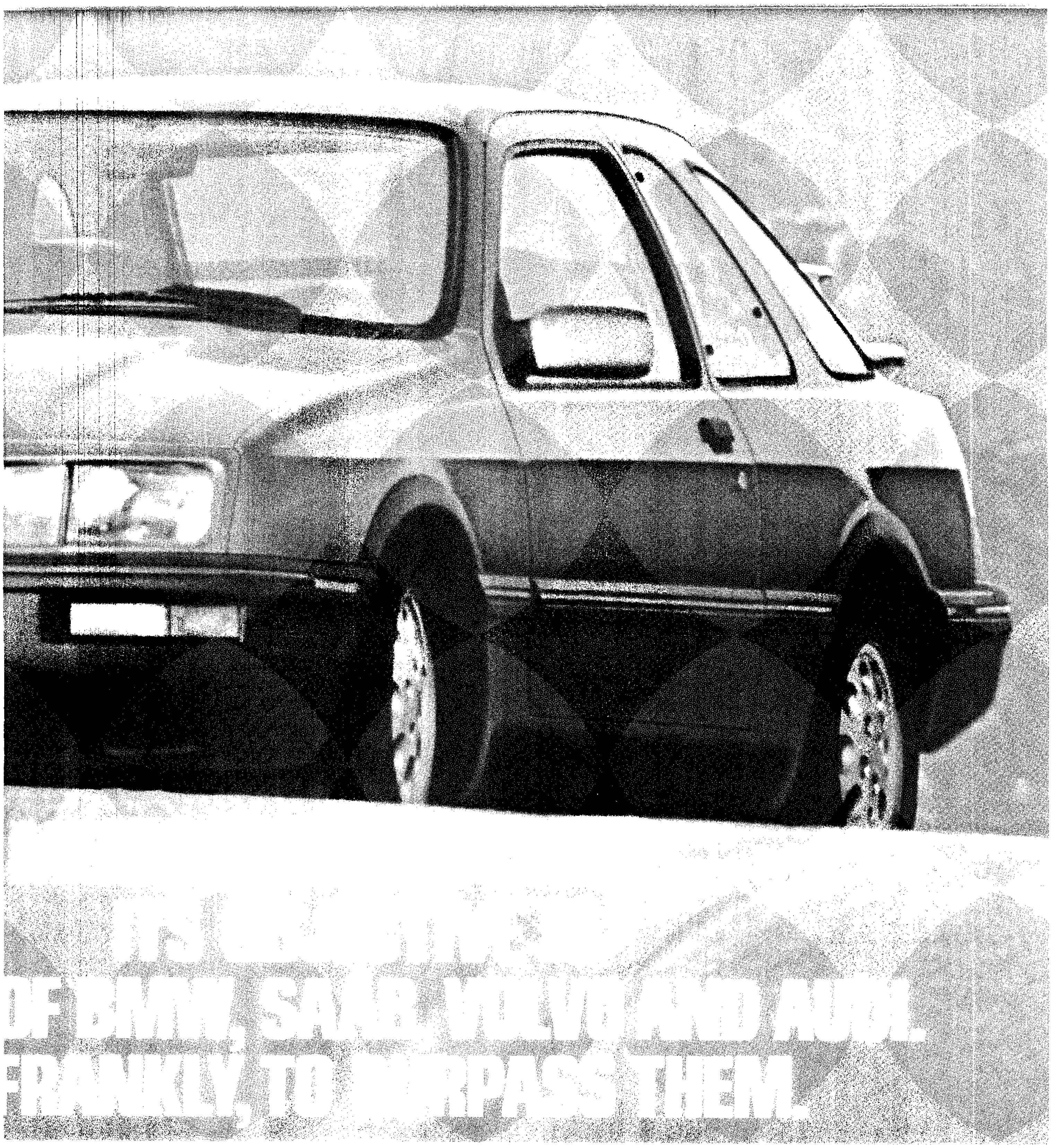
Its shape is unusual because it achieves a level of aerodynamic efficiency that is unusual. In fact, it has a drag coefficient of only 0.33 — the best of any car in its class.

The XR4Ti's 4-cylinder, 2.3-liter overhead cam engine uses a Garrett AiResearch® "blow-through" turbocharger in conjunction with electronic fuel injection to develop a healthy 175 horsepower.* The "blow-through" design delivers excellent throttle response by introducing the fuel downstream of the turbo compressor. The result is 0-60 mph acceleration in only 7.8 seconds.

Responsiveness is further enhanced by the XR4Ti's exceptionally quick steering. Only 2.8 turns lock-to-lock. Variable-ratio, power-assisted rack-and-pinion, of course.

And because all roads are neither smooth nor straight, the XR4Ti has a fully independent suspension with nitrogen-pressurized

MERKUR



struts and shocks. And for added stability during hard cornering, there are stabilizer bars front and rear.

The XR4Ti's dedication to the art of driving is apparent in the functional design of the interior. The instrument panel wraps around the driver, providing ready access to all vital controls. The instrumentation is of analog design to allow for easy reading with just a quick glance, day or night.

Its comprehensive list of standard equipment includes 5-speed manual transmission, Pirelli P6 tires, cast-aluminum alloy wheels, left- and right-side rear seat 3-point safety harnesses, air conditioning, heated electric outside mirrors, and Grundig® AM/FM stereo cassette.

The XR4Ti is the first of an entire new line of Merkur automobiles coming to America. It is assembled in Germany by the famous coach builder Karmann and available only at selected Lincoln-Mercury Dealers. Visit one bearing the Merkur sign and experience the exhilaration that is XR4Ti.

*Based on SAE Standard J1349

Ford

IMPORTED FROM GERMANY
EXCLUSIVELY FOR LINCOLN-MERCURY

MERKUR XR4Ti

most foods in any category. For one, it bulges with protein—thirty-eight per cent of its edible weight. It has about three times the protein of wheat or corn or other cereals. A pound of protein from beef costs nine dollars and ninety cents; from medium eggs, three dollars and ninety-nine cents; from milk, two dollars and sixty-one cents; from granulated soybean, eighty-two cents. Moreover, the soybean plant is blessed with nitrogen-fixing bacteria, which form nodules on its roots. American farmers first raised soybeans in part to plow under as fertilizer for crops that were deemed more valuable. Outside Manchuria, the soybean fares best in the American Midwest and in southern Brazil. (Brazil, which before 1960 grew hardly any soybeans, is second only to the United States in exporting them. By 1980, soybeans occupied nearly twenty per cent of Brazil's cropland, and it was one of the typical baffling ironies of contemporary agriculture that although countless Brazilians were seriously malnourished nearly ten million tons of soybeans and soybean meal were shipped out of the country that year.) The soybean is sensitive to day length, and different varieties are adapted to different latitudes. Because Decatur, Illinois, and Dairen, Manchuria, are on about the same latitude, the soybean germ plasm of native Manchurian varieties could be successfully transplanted to the Midwest. These transplants were then adapted to the more southerly reaches of the United States. The adapted varieties, in turn, were transplanted to the comparable latitude in Brazil. Northeastern China, just south of Manchuria, is generally conceded to be the birthplace of the soybean—or soy bean, or soya bean, as it is variously known in English. A onetime Chinese name for soy sauce was *chiang-yiu*, which the Japanese pronounced *show-yu*, and this got contracted, or so some agri-etymologists contend, to *so-ya* and, in turn, to *soya*. It was an American botanist, Elmer Drew Merrill, who coined the name *Glycine max*. In some forms, the soybean has a strong and, to Occidental palates, unappetizing taste. *Glycine* comes from a Greek word meaning "sweet." Merrill may never have chewed on what he christened.

The soybean, an important constituent of the regular diet of hundreds of millions of Chinese, Japanese, Koreans, and Indonesians, was one of five sacred plants mentioned—around 2800 B.C.—in the writings of the

© J. G. HOOK, INC. 1985

J. G. HOOK makes it look easy, and it is: separate sections of rugby stripes, long and soft and swinging free.
At fine stores nationwide.

Send for "The J. G. Hook Woman," an informative brochure.

J. G. HOOK ®

485 Seventh Avenue • New York • 10018

Chinese Emperor Shên-nung, among whose sobriquets were "the Heavenly Father" and "the Father of Chinese Agriculture." (The four other sacred plants were rice, wheat, barley, and millet.) Soybeans are thought to have been cultivated in China as far back as 1100 B.C. In that country, secret recipes for soy sauce were treasured and handed down from generation to generation like rare porcelains. Sainam, fifty miles southwest of Canton, was generally recognized as the source of the most admirable sauce, and unscrupulous Cantonese shopkeepers were not above labelling their inferior offerings "Sainam soy sauce." A Chinese legend about the origin of the soybean has it that some bygone itinerant merchants were besieged by bandits and took refuge on a hilltop, where, as they were running out of food, a servant called their attention to a vinelike plant with little round beans in its pods. That saved them, and when they introduced their discovery to their compatriots it was agreed that they had returned home with a treasure far more valuable than anything the bandits had been after. To those Chinese who wondered how the fruitful plant had got to that hilltop in the first place, the answer was sometimes given that Hou Tsi, an ancient god of agriculture, had put it there, knowing that at some time or other it would be approached and appreciated. (Another legend featured a king of Wei called Wên, who threatened to kill his brother Ts'ao Chih unless Ts'ao Chih could, while walking precisely seven steps, compose a poem acceptable to the throne. Ts'ao saved his skin by coming up with a four-liner asserting that the royal family was a beanstalk and he was a bean—perhaps a soybean—and that it would be unkind for Wên to do any harm to any part of the family tree.) The Japanese, who became acquainted with the soybean in the first century of the Christian era, soon produced their own version of its arrival on the scene. Once again, five precious plants were involved, but not exactly the same ones as in China. It seemed that when the god of gods, Izanagi, came down to earth and created the islands that became Japan he also created a pantheon of lesser gods and goddesses. The god of the sea didn't fancy being wet all the time, so he came ashore, had a disagreement with the goddess of food, and slew her. From her buried corpse five plants at once sprang up—first the soybean, then a larger, common bean, and, fol-

HONOLULU
HIDEAWAY

At the Kahala Hilton, Honolulu, you can escape the pressures of the world.
Secluded by Diamond Head, we offer tropical gardens, a private lagoon with dolphins and a quiet beach. But we're just 20 minutes from the airport, 10 minutes from Waikiki.
You'll get the personal attention large hotels can't offer. Without being in a place that feels small.
Our guest rooms are spacious and even have his and her dressing areas.
Seek us out soon. Call your travel agent, corporate travel planner or Hilton Reservation Service.

© 1985 Vista International

KAHALA HILTON HONOLULU

VISTA INTERNATIONAL HOTELS OPERATED BY HILTON INTERNATIONAL CO.:
NEW YORK. WASHINGTON, D.C. CHICAGO (THE DRAKE).
KANSAS CITY. OKLAHOMA CITY.

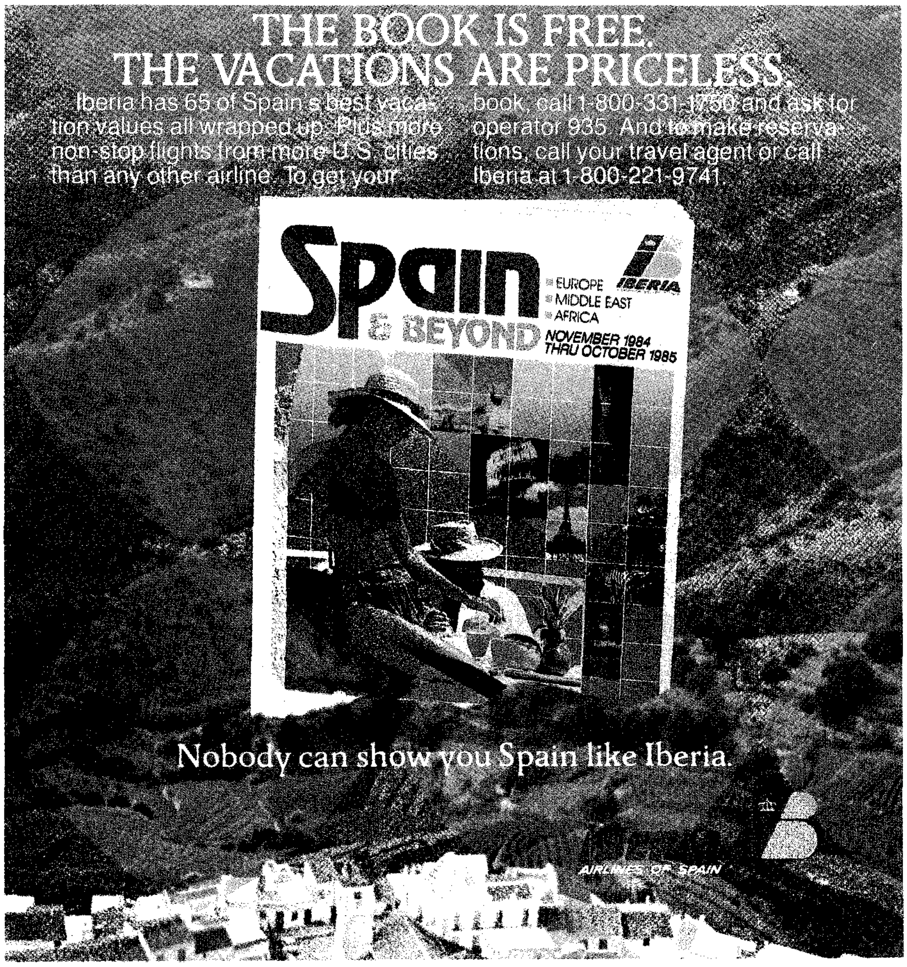
SHOWN: TERENCE CONRAN'S *STRIPED HORIZON*™

Millennium by Terence Conran is a new collection of bedding, bath linens and accessories in the confident serenity and beauty of white on white. It defines the subtle art of understatement with a calm assurance that makes your bedroom a refuge from the clamorous world.

M™

FROM THE
IMAGINATIVE
WORLD OF
DAN RIVER™

© 1985 Dan River, Inc.



THE BOOK IS FREE.
THE VACATIONS ARE PRICELESS.

Iberia has 65 of Spain's best vacation values all wrapped up. Plus more non-stop flights from more U.S. cities than any other airline. To get your book, call 1-800-331-1750 and ask for operator 935. And to make reservations, call your travel agent or call Iberia at 1-800-221-9741.

Nobody can show you Spain like Iberia.

AIRLINES OF SPAIN

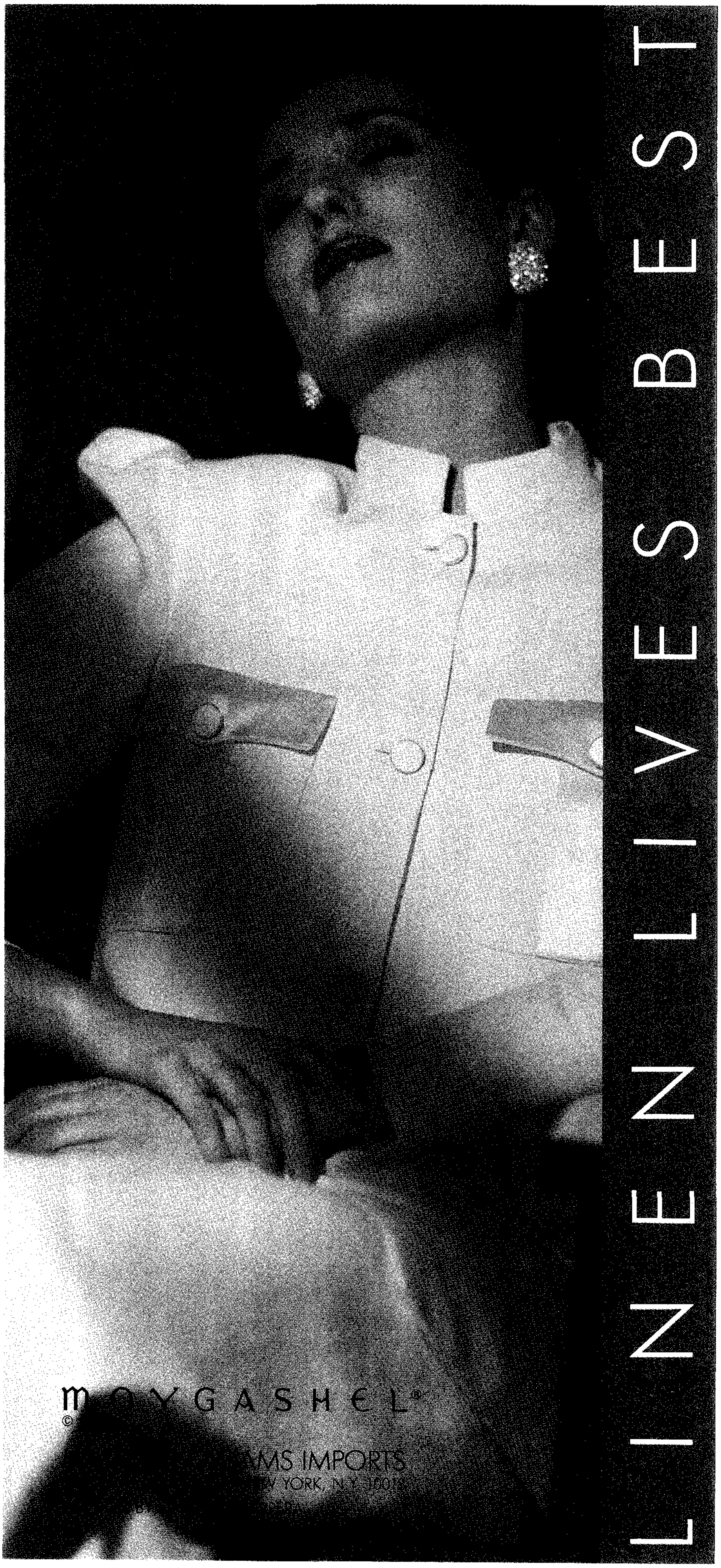
lowing them, rice, millet, and barley.

Wherever all those strange goings on may have taken place, Manchuria emerged as one of the primary sources of soybeans. The British author Elizabeth Bowdidge, in her 1935 book "The Soya Bean," rated her subject "the most remarkable of all legumes," and mused, "One wonders what the people of the Far East would do without the soya bean! . . . Manchuria has gold, iron, coal, and minerals, but surely the real prize is the soya bean." By the nineteenth century, soybeans were prized in Manchuria for all kinds of virtues; their oil, for instance, proved to be repellent to most insects that preyed on silkworms. What little of the Manchurian soybean crop the Chinese permitted to get to Japan passed through the port of Newchwang. The Japanese coveted far more of the beans than they could peacefully obtain, and in 1894 they went to war for them. After defeating the Chinese, and taking over Newchwang, the victors at first showed their contempt for the losers by using the soybeans to which they now had ample access principally as fertilizer. By 1898, the Russians, doubtless eager to get into the combative soybean act themselves, had taken over the port of Dairen. That led to another war, to another Japanese triumph, and to an increasing awareness in much of the rest of the world of the desirability of the soybean, which was then highly regarded as, for one thing, a source of cooking oil. Japan soon began shipping soybeans to Great Britain—a whopping four hundred thousand tons of them in 1909, destined mainly to be turned into cooking oil and soap. In 1910, an English customs official posted to Dairen, reporting to his superiors on the activity in soybeans over the previous three years, wrote that "their rapid emergence from obscurity has . . . been one of the most remarkable commercial events of recent times." And how they did emerge! By 1918, Manchuria was exporting six hundred and twelve thousand tons of whole beans, a hundred and fifty-one thousand three hundred and sixteen tons of soybean oil, and a million fifty-five thousand tons of soy cake.

It was chiefly in Asia that soybeans played, and still play, a conspicuous role in human diets. The Japanese quickly subdued their distaste for the soybean as losers' fare and began to eat it with gusto. Today, there are more than thirty thousand establishments in Japan that make tofu—soybean curd

—which in China is sometimes known, non-pejoratively, as "stinking curd." (The odor of soybean oil, one Occidental observer of the Oriental scene has written condescendingly, "is not very pleasant but this is of no consequence to the Chinese people.") The Japanese are no less partial to miso, a soybean paste they gobble up in soups; and the average annual per-capita consumption of soy sauce comes to more than two and a half gallons. Tempeh, a concoction made by treating soybeans with a fungus, is exceedingly popular in Indonesia, where forty-one thousand shops employ a hundred and twenty-eight thousand workers to turn out a hundred and sixty-nine thousand tons of it a year. (British soldiers in a Japanese prison camp in 1943 tried boiling some soybeans they had acquired. The boiled beans were indigestible. Dutch prisoners who had lived in Indonesia suggested trying to convert the beans into tempeh, and contrived to do so by fabricating a suitable fungus substitute out of dried hibiscus petals. According to a 1951 report published by the Medical Research Council, in London, on "Deficiency Diseases in Japanese Prison Camps," that improvised dish was "successfully used in treating protein and vitamin deficiencies.") The Chinese, and especially those in the northeast, have long consumed soybeans in so many guises, including cheese analogues, cooked sprouts, and soy milk—this is fashioned from dried beans that have been soaked, ground, and boiled—that *Glycine max*, although it has occasionally been put down as the "poor man's meat" (Buddhist vegetarians, among others, applaud it as a first-rate meat substitute), has also been exalted as the Cow of China. Soy milk has its partisans in India, where some Buddhists are of the opinion that if children drink cow's milk, which should rightfully be reserved for calves, they will grow horns. (People on kosher diets can combine soy meat substitutes with genuine cow's milk or combine soy milk with beef without violating any religious laws. In the United States today, there are such esoteric eating establishments as kosher macrobiotic vegetarian restaurants. Perhaps after patronizing one of these, an American versifier whose raptness eclipsed his rhyme was inspired to pen, "Soybeans can be the cream in your coffee, the dog in your bun, the chow for your cat, and then some.")

Soy milk has been around China for

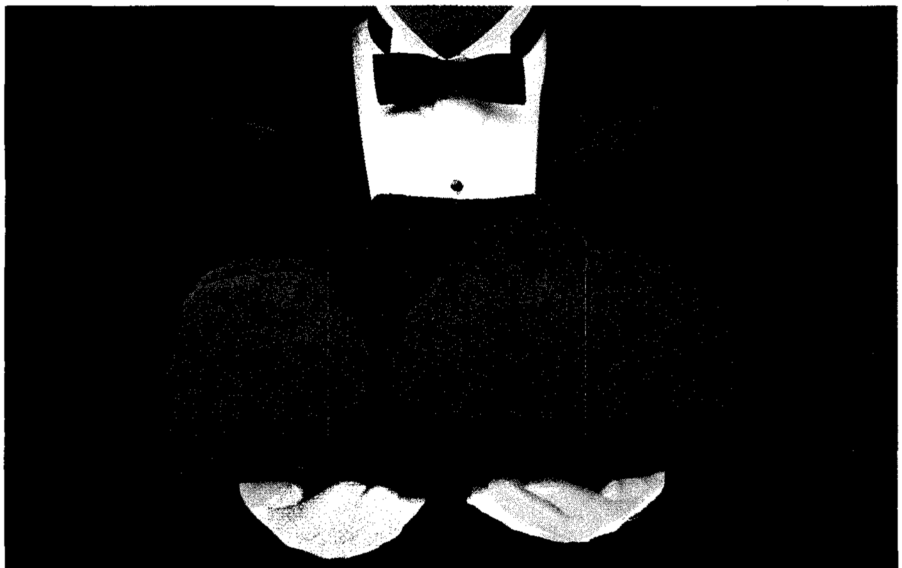


Good friends to come home to.
Black & White
Blended Scotch Whisky

Black & White®

Blended Scotch Whisky

86.8 PROOF IMPORTED BY SAZERAC CO., INC., N.O., LA.



Good things come to those who stay on The Hill.

At the new Sheraton Grand, you'll be surrounded by good things. Marble from Italy. Silk from the Orient. And original works of art. But even more will come to you—personally. A welcoming glass of champagne. A robe as soft as lamb's wool. A cordial with your turn-down service. Anything . . . from barbells to a personal computer can be yours upon request. Now, all sorts of Grand things can come of a trip to Washington. For reservations, call toll-free (800) 325-3535.

The Sheraton Grand
on Capitol Hill

525 NEW JERSEY AVE., N.W. AT CAPITOL PLACE WASH., D.C. 20001 202-628-2100
SHERATON HOTELS, INNS & RESORTS WORLDWIDE

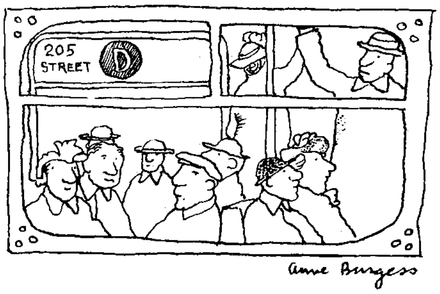
ages, but it was served mainly as a hot breakfast soup until an American medical missionary named Harry W. Miller turned up there early in the twentieth century. Dr. Miller, who lived to be ninety-seven, became known as the China Doctor. (His career was chronicled not long ago by William Shurtleff, a prominent figure in the soy-foods movement.) An Ohioan born in 1879, Miller got his professional training at the Medical Missionary College, in Battle Creek, Michigan—a Seventh-Day Adventist institution affiliated with Dr. John H. Kellogg's celebrated health-foods sanatorium. Dr. Miller made the first of several trips to China in 1903, and soon elected to live like his hosts—adopting native garb, pigtailed hair, soy milk for breakfast, and all that. He ultimately founded sanatoriums all over the world, and in 1928, to nourish some of the infant orphans who arrived on the doorstep of one in Shanghai, he began to experiment with soy milk. It had an odd flavor, which was generally described as "beany," but one day a disembodied celestial voice revealed to him—as he himself was glad to reveal—that cooking the milk longer, with steam, would enhance its palatability. The China Doctor had a soy dairy in operation by 1936, which made deliveries throughout Shanghai, including some to the Chinese Army; but then the Japanese demolished the place. Back in the United States for a time, he became an indefatigable booster of all soy foods. While continuing to practice medicine part-time—one of his specialties was goiter surgery—he set up a company in Mount Vernon, Ohio; one of many accomplishments for which he is revered in soy-foods circles is the successful perfection of the world's first meatless hot dog. More consequentially, a process he developed led to a soy-milk-based soft drink called Vitasoy, which in the nineteen-seventies became so popular in Hong Kong that it actually outsold Coca-Cola. Dr. Miller had another go at Shanghai in 1949, when he was a youthful seventy, but he had barely arrived when the Communists moved in and he had to move out. Four years after that, he went to Taiwan, where Chiang Kai-shek—who was so fond of Dr. Miller's vegetable milk that once, fearing he might run out of it, he sent a plane more than a thousand miles to replenish his supply—received him heartily and, before the venerable physician departed in 1956 to seek new converts elsewhere (at ninety-four, he travelled to India to help out with a soy-milk plant there), invested him with the Order of the Blue Star of China.

A British doctor who gave physical examinations to many of the Asians who served in France during the First World War as members of the Chinese Labor Corps was impressed by the fine condition of their teeth. He attributed the good dental health to soybeans, and later, during a visit to China, he also attributed to them the absence of rickets in Chinese children at a time when, he said, perhaps eighty per cent of the elementary-school students in London had at least a trace of it. Doctors in Moscow have prescribed soybeans as a cure for rickets. Chinese physicians, for their part, have long had a high regard for the soybean's restorative powers. They use it as a remedy for ailments of the heart, liver, stomach, lungs, kidneys, bladder, bowels, and nerves, and recommend it for improving the complexion and stimulating hair growth. Yellow soybeans are favored for overcoming underweight (to soybeans of all colors is attributed the fact that the Chinese are, on the whole, less afflicted than other races with obesity), and for cooling the blood; black soybeans were often fed to horses before a long journey, to augment endurance. In Japan, doctors have urged soy milk—which has more iron and less fat than cow's milk—upon diabetics and arteriosclerotics; and in some circles there the ingestion of at least one bowl of miso soup every day is considered a way of averting stomach cancer and ulcers.

An American businessman visited a cement factory in Ghana not long ago. Its managers said that productivity was appalling. They had a forty-per-cent turnover in their labor force and a thirty-three-per-cent absenteeism rate, and the employees seemed unable to work for more than a couple of hours at a stretch without getting perceptibly weak. The American, whose motives were not entirely selfless, because he happened to be a soybean processor, suggested that the factory hands be put on a soy-supplemented regimen. He claims that within eighteen months he was informed that productivity had tripled, that there was a negligible turnover, that the absenteeism rate had fallen to one per cent, and that the employees were tossing cement bags around all day long without flinching.

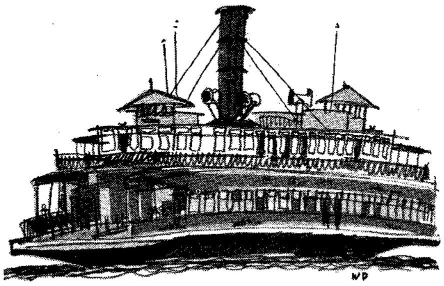
JESUIT missionaries stationed in China were probably the first voyagers to bring soybeans to Europe, in the seventeen-thirties, and there, like potatoes before them, the beans were considered a horticultural curiosity. Specimens were planted at the Jardin des Plantes, in Paris, in 1739, and in London's Kew Gardens—these probably from India—in 1790. (As early as 1712, a German botanist, Engelbert Kämpfer, who had visited Japan in the sixteen-nineties, published a recipe for soy sauce; that may have been the first time any Europeans were informed that the bean was in any respect edible.) Benjamin Franklin has been credited, perhaps apocryphally, with having espied soybeans at the Jardin des Plantes and bringing a few home. He would have been a logical courier, for he was acquainted with the head of the Jardin. In any event, there were soybeans in the United States—brought over from China by clipper ship—in 1804, at which time an admirer wrote, "The Soy-bean bears the climate of Pennsylvania very well. The bean ought therefore to be cultivated." Whether or not Pennsylvania farmers followed that advice is uncertain; it is known that a botanical garden in Cambridge, Massachusetts, had some soybeans on display—once more, merely as a rare exhibit—in 1829. They were written up in the *New England Farmer* that October. Soybeans enjoyed another brief flurry of notice in 1854, when Commodore Perry brought some back from Japan. In 1879, they were being grown at the Rutgers Agricultural College Farm, and ten years later at the Kansas Agricultural Experiment Station. They also began to be scrutinized by botanists at Cornell—among them Edward Lewis Sturtevant, later the author of "Sturtevant's Edible Plants of the World," who in 1882 appraised soybeans as "of excellent promise as a forage plant" but added, as he doubtless would not have when he got to know them better, that "the beans are not acceptable to the palate."

By 1893, soybeans had still made no more headway in the United States than to be displayed yet again as an oddity, this time at the Chicago World's Fair. A visitor to the exposition would himself have been regarded as an oddity if he had predicted, accurately, that within ninety years five hundred thousand American farmers—with Illinois farmers in the vanguard—would be growing them. (Of course, if he had predicted jet airplanes he might have been deemed even odder.) But soon afterward *Glycine max* began to attract more than sightseers' attention. In 1896, the *American Journal of Pharmacy* ran an article entitled "Recent Literature on the Soja Bean." In 1898, the Department of Agriculture began testing soybeans and distributing them to farmers. The reaction was mixed. A bulletin issued in March, 1901, by Kansas State Agricultural College quoted two hundred and ninety-two Kansans who were known to be raising soybeans. H. C. Whitford, of Garnett, in Anderson County: "Tried to cut with mower, but this broke the clods and we had to resort to hand pulling. Got badly injured in the shock. [Presumably the beans, not Whitford.] I thought them worthless and fed them to hogs; the hogs were very fond of them." William Matthias, of Huron, in Atchison County: "Pigs and poultry got a taste of the ripe beans, and they made desperate raids on the field." Joseph Shaw, of Strong, in Chase County: "Pigs were crazy for them, and ate stalks and all." John German, of Hiattville, in Bourbon County, said *his* hogs wouldn't touch the beans, although his calves and yearlings would. C. O. McLane, another Bourbon County man, from Uniontown, said concurringly that calves and also colts would climb low fences to get at some sorghum he had liberally laced with soybeans. Several respondents grumpily observed that soybeans were mighty attractive to rabbits. Not one farmer seemed even to entertain the notion that the crop might ever be food for human beings.



In 1911, a crushing plant was set up at Seattle to produce oil and meal from Manchurian soybeans. The first such plant to process homegrown soybeans was unveiled in 1912 at Elizabeth City, North Carolina, and for a decade or so thereafter that state led all the others in the Union in producing the still infant crop. The Agricultural Experiment Station at New Haven, Connecticut, where much important research had been done on corn, potatoes, and other vital food plants, looked into soybeans in 1913 but concluded that, as far as the United States was concerned, they were of little worth except as green manure and cattle feed. In 1916, on the eve of the country's entry into the First World War, barely more than three hundred thousand American acres had been allotted to soybeans. But there were intimations of change. By June, 1917, in a "Sam Jordan's Corn Talk"—Samuel M. Jordan was a popular Farmers' Institute lecturer, sponsored by the Missouri State Board of Agriculture—there were forty questions and answers about soybeans. Did they have uses beyond livestock feed? Yes, they were actually eaten by human beings in China, Japan, and parts of the Southern United States. "They are very rich in protein, and one learns to like the flavor," Jordan said. Before the war was over, American soybean imports from Dairen more than quadrupled, and the Secretary of Agriculture issued a circular entitled "Use Soy-Bean Flour to Save Wheat, Meat, and Fat," which contained patriotic recipes for Soy-Bean Meat Loaf, Soy-Bean Mush Croquettes, and Victory Bread. But the going was slow, despite such public encouragement, and despite the private efforts of citizens like Hudson Maxim, an inventor of explosives, who kept chiding his fellow-members of the Chemists Club in New York for not eating more soybeans and periodically sent them samples to remind them of their dereliction. Soybeans did not reach the Corn Belt of the Midwest, where they now proliferate, in any appreciable numbers until 1927. Then they were warmly received. European corn borers had raised havoc with the region's corn, and it turned out that corn borers didn't fancy soybeans. By 1929, United States production of soybeans had exceeded nine million bushels. Then they began to take off. By 1939, the total was ninety-one million bushels. By 1942, the United States was outproducing Manchuria.

AROUND the beginning of the century, a praiseworthy policy of the Department of Agriculture was to mount expeditions to scour the globe for new varieties of wheat or rice or corn which might benefit American farmers. (It was a time-honored practice: Queen Hatshepsut had dispatched a hunting party from Egypt three thousand five hundred years earlier to fetch her some frankincense.) Also, the Department of Commerce and Labor, in 1909, asked United States consulates everywhere to report on whatever soybean activity they observed in their bailiwicks. (The consul in Newchwang was obliged to submit a lengthy response; the consul in Calais got off easily, because nobody there had ever heard of the plant.) That year, there were fewer than two dozen varieties of *Glycine max* known in the United States. By 1947, there were several hundred, and the number has been mounting ever since; between 1972 and 1984, for instance, three hundred and four new varieties were registered with the Agriculture Department's Plant Variety Protection Office, which grants certificates that constitute the country's nearest botanical equivalent to a patent. Many of the breeds of soybean that the early safaris tracked down were bagged by the agronomist William J. Morse, who has been called the Father of Soybeans in America, and who delivered himself in 1918 of the iconoclastic opinion that the soybean was "a very desirable article of human food." Morse added, "The large yield of seed, the excellent quality of forage, the ease of growing and harvesting the crop, its freedom from insect enemies and plant diseases, and the possibilities of the seed for the production of oil and meal and as a food all tend to give this crop a high potential importance and assure its greater agricultural development in America." (Two varieties of soybean in the United States have been named the George Washington and the Morse.) Morse was born in 1884 and, like so many other agricultural giants, studied at Cornell (its graduates in the agricultural sciences are sometimes affectionately known around the world today as the Cornell mafia). On getting a bachelor-of-science degree, in 1907, Morse went to work for the Bureau of Plant Industry of the Department of Agriculture. His immediate superior was Charles V. Piper, a pro-soybean man, who soon had his apprentice cultivating soybeans on an experimental farm that Agriculture operated across the Potomac from the District of Columbia—a site that it later reluctantly yielded up so that the War Department could be pentagonally enshrined upon it. Morse became, in 1920, a co-founder of the American Soybean Association, and, in 1923, the co-author with Piper of "The Soybean," which is still regarded as a classic in its field. "There can be little doubt that the soybean is destined to become one of the major American crops," they wrote, though at the time that was largely wishful thinking. Morse kept plugging away at what to many others seemed a hopeless enterprise. "We must keep this work going," he wrote, on his own, in 1927, "and place the soybean where it belongs—in the 'King' row with King Corn and King Cotton."



In 1929, Morse set off for the Far East, along with Palemon H. Dorsett, an explorer from Agriculture's Office of Foreign Plant Introduction. They spent two years there collecting soybeans of all sizes and shapes and colors, and they brought back more than forty-five hundred samples of two thousand varieties and types of *Glycine max*, among them some that could be used, before having fully ripened, as vegetables on the order of peas. Morse had sampled these abroad and, like Dr. Harry Miller before him, had been impressed: they tasted not unlike lima beans, were cheaper to produce, and contained twice as much protein. Morse persuaded the Department of Agriculture to distribute packets of the seeds to home gardeners, and until his death, at seventy-five, in 1959, he was one of the most faithful of soybean consumers. Among his favorite dishes—an entrée that even now is not very widely served in Massachusetts—was Boston Baked Soybeans.

In 1930, of the hundred and ten thousand tons of soybean meal processed in the United States ninety-nine thousand one hundred tons had been used for animal feed, ten thousand for glue and other industrial purposes, and only nine hundred for human food. By 1936, the University of Illinois's College of Agriculture was publishing a pamphlet titled "The Soybean: A Plant Immigrant Makes Good," but, despite the proselytizing of Morse, Miller, and others, it had made good mainly because Corn Belt farmers liked to feed it to their livestock. The

hatch•back

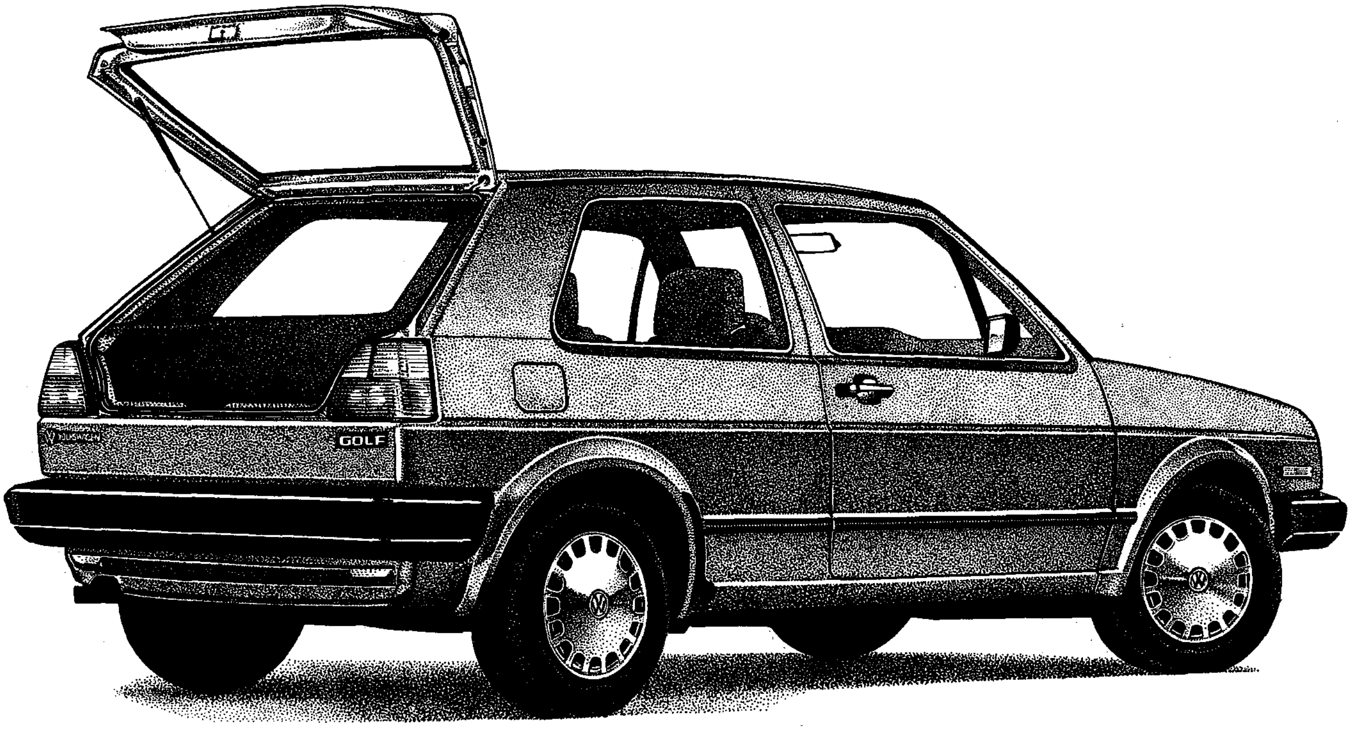
\'hach-bak\ *n* [See Volkswagen Golf]

1 : A new Volkswagen that offers extraordinary versatility. 2 : A new Volkswagen that's German engineered for outstanding performance and responsive handling. 3 : A new Volkswagen that's aerodynamically designed for a surprisingly quiet ride. 4 : A new Volkswagen that seats a family of five comfortably. 5 : A new Volkswagen that carries up to 40 cubic feet of cargo.† 6 : A new Volkswagen that's built to last, and backed by Volkswagen's new 2-year Unlimited-mileage Protection Plan.* 7 : A new Volkswagen that'll undoubtedly soon be copied.

The new Golf. $6990.**

It's not a car.
It's a Volkswagen.

†With rear seatback down. *Protection Plan: 2-year unlimited mileage, limited warranty on entire car, except tires; 3-year unlimited mileage, limited warranty on corrosion perforation. See U.S. dealer for details. **Manufacturer's suggested retail pricing, excluding tax, title, dealer prep, and transportation: $6,990 for 2-door fuel-injected gasoline model as shown (full-wheel covers optional at extra cost); $6,790 for 2-door diesel model. Seatbelts save lives. © 1984 Volkswagen of America. **For details call 1-800-85-VOLKS.**



Department of Agriculture, to be sure, was still putting out such publications as a 1938 recipe booklet called "Soybeans for the Table" (Soybean Casserole, Soybean Soufflé, Soybean Milk Soup), but most Americans were familiar with the bean, if they were aware of it at all, only because its oil was an ingredient of margarine. When it came to that, nobody seemed to have been paying much attention to a message that Rudolf P. Hommel delivered to the United States in his "China at Work," published the previous year: "The soy bean and its products supply in a measure to the Chinese diet what milk and dairy products would offer, and one could not well imagine the absence of both in our era or before without serious detriment to the welfare of the people. It was a rare instinct which led the Chinese to the utilization of the legumin or vegetable casein which the soy bean yields so abundantly. Here our food experts should take a hint and inquire why the soy bean is only used for forage in America, while in China its products come next in importance to rice."

THAT sort of no-nonsense talk must have appealed to Henry Ford, if he read it. Ford's conception of the utilization of the soybean was immense. Not only was he something of a vegetarian and health-food faddist but he was fascinated by new products, and new uses for old ones. How wonderful that his intimate friend Thomas Edison once somehow made a light bulb from bamboo and a tire from goldenrod! And had not another contemporary, the chemist Arthur D. Little, actually made a silk purse from sows' ears? In 1930, when Ford's automobile business was rattling along on all cylinders, he began to evince a particularly strong interest in agriculture. (One of his pet slogans was "The farm and the shop—each needs what the other produces.") Ford liked to have his photograph taken while he was at the helm of a tractor. He bought a rubber plantation in Brazil—it could, of course, furnish him with tires—and forthrightly christened it Fordlandia. He began eating soy foods. At Dearborn, Michigan, he kept a jug of soy milk in his refrigerator. In 1930, he began to raise some three hundred varieties of soybeans on a nine-thousand-acre tract there. Moreover, he pledged to buy just about all the soybeans that nearby farmers would bring him. When a visitor stopped by to discuss, say, the purchase of a fleet of Model A's or the acquisition of a Grosse Pointe dealership, Ford was likely to escort him on a hike around a muddy soybean field, pausing every now and then to bestow a loving pat on a plant that especially appealed to him. Ford spent a million and a quarter dollars on soybeans in 1932 and 1933. At the World's Fair in Chicago in 1934, he served some thirty apprehensive guests a sixteen-course soy dinner, from soup to nuts and a soy-based coffee substitute. And, beyond the frontiers of edibility, Ford perceived the soybean as an entity of vast industrial potential. Parts of it, indeed, have since been used in the manufacture of bottle caps, pencils, diesel fuel, dusting powder, enamel, disinfectants, paints, face cream, firefighting foam, linoleum, nitroglycerin, cement, wallboard, oilcloth, and varnish. One constituent, lecithin, is a handy emulsifier, enabling chocolate and cocoa butter to cling together inside candy bars. In addition, as it sometimes pains ardent soybean eaters to have to reflect, the whey left over when soy milk is curdled makes an excellent detergent for removing grease from pots and pans. How the soybean could figure in the manufacture of motor vehicles was one of Ford's high-priority concerns. Plastics made from soybeans, he was pleased to learn from his engineers, could be used in gearshift knobs, horn buttons, window frames, accelerator pedals, light-switch assemblies, and ignition-coil casings, and in due course they were. For a while, every Ford car had at least two pounds of soybeans somewhere in it or on it. But Ford dreamed bigger dreams than that. By the mid-thirties, he had so many soybeans lying around that he didn't know what to do with them; his apple orchard was all but smothered in soy fertilizer. To utilize his spare beans, he visualized a car upholstered in material made from soybean fibres and with a tough soybean-plastic exterior shell. He liked to challenge his house chemists, who were sometimes joined in their laboratories by George Washington Carver. Ford would wander into the labs with bags full of chicken bones, cantaloupes, or watermelons, and wonder how, aside from their conventional functions, they could be used. Eventually, he was delighted to be presented with a car sheathed in the plastic. To demonstrate its strength, he invited a cameraman to come around and photograph him pounding on the trunk door with an axe. He was supposed to have at it with the blunt end, but he used the sharp end instead and sliced clean through. Fortunately, there was a spare door available, and the second take came out satisfactorily. (During the Second World War, when all metals were precious, the State of Illinois made some license plates out of fibreboard derived from soybeans; they stood up all right in traffic, but a goat ate one.) As for the textile, it never reached the car-upholstery stage, but enough of it was woven for two men's suits, both of which were made up in Ford's size and added to his wardrobe. He liked to have his picture taken in them, but he had to be cautious, because the cloth was fragile. Years later, one of Ford's chemists, a soybean specialist named William Atkinson, was asked how Ford had looked dressed in soy. "I just didn't want him to cross his legs," Atkinson replied. Then the Second World War came along, and nobody has thought much about soybean auto parts since.

FOR
SALE
Judith Shahn

Ford, whose grandfather had left Ireland during the potato famine, had no great love for the British, but he felt that even they should not be deprived of the benefits he hoped the soybean could confer on that part of the human race which had so long neglected it. In 1932, he bought about two thousand acres of English cropland at Boreham, Essex, and dubbed it Fordson Estates. Soybeans had never done well in England. The Royal Agricultural Society had fooled around with them early in the twentieth century but had abandoned them, institutionally, in 1914. The curator of the Royal Botanic Gardens, James L. North, was not, however, so easily deterred. On his own, he obtained thirteen Chinese seeds from Germany just before the outbreak of the First World War. He planted them in 1914. Soon he had four hundred seeds; then he had four thousand, then twelve thousand. He fought his own grim war with rabbits, for whom the soybean is ambrosia everywhere. By

Fly the scenic route to Europe by way of the Emerald Isle.
Aer Lingus
Emerald Service to eleven countries by way of the Emerald Isle.

Fermoy, Cork

Under 90 minutes
Amsterdam
Birmingham
Bristol
Brussels
Edinburgh
Glasgow
Liverpool
London
Manchester

3 hrs and under
Barcelona
Copenhagen
Dusseldorf
Frankfurt
Geneva
Madrid
Milan
Munich
Paris
Rome
Zurich

Magical Ireland. A wonderful way to ease into Europe. And Aer Lingus proudly offers the most convenient and economical way for you to visit Ireland and then travel on to Europe—with fares from all over the U.S.

Our Emerald Service expresses the true spirit of Irish hospitality. It touches every aspect of your Aer Lingus experience. It's the perfect way to prepare for the unexpected pleasures of Ireland. And after you've savoured the beauty of Ireland—it's just a short hop by Aer Lingus to any of the major capitals of Europe. Or, if you prefer, Aer Lingus and Ireland can give you one beautiful stop on your way home.

Your travel agent can show you how to include Ireland on your European itinerary. Send or call toll free for the 32 page brochure on Ireland and our Emerald Service today.

Aer Lingus

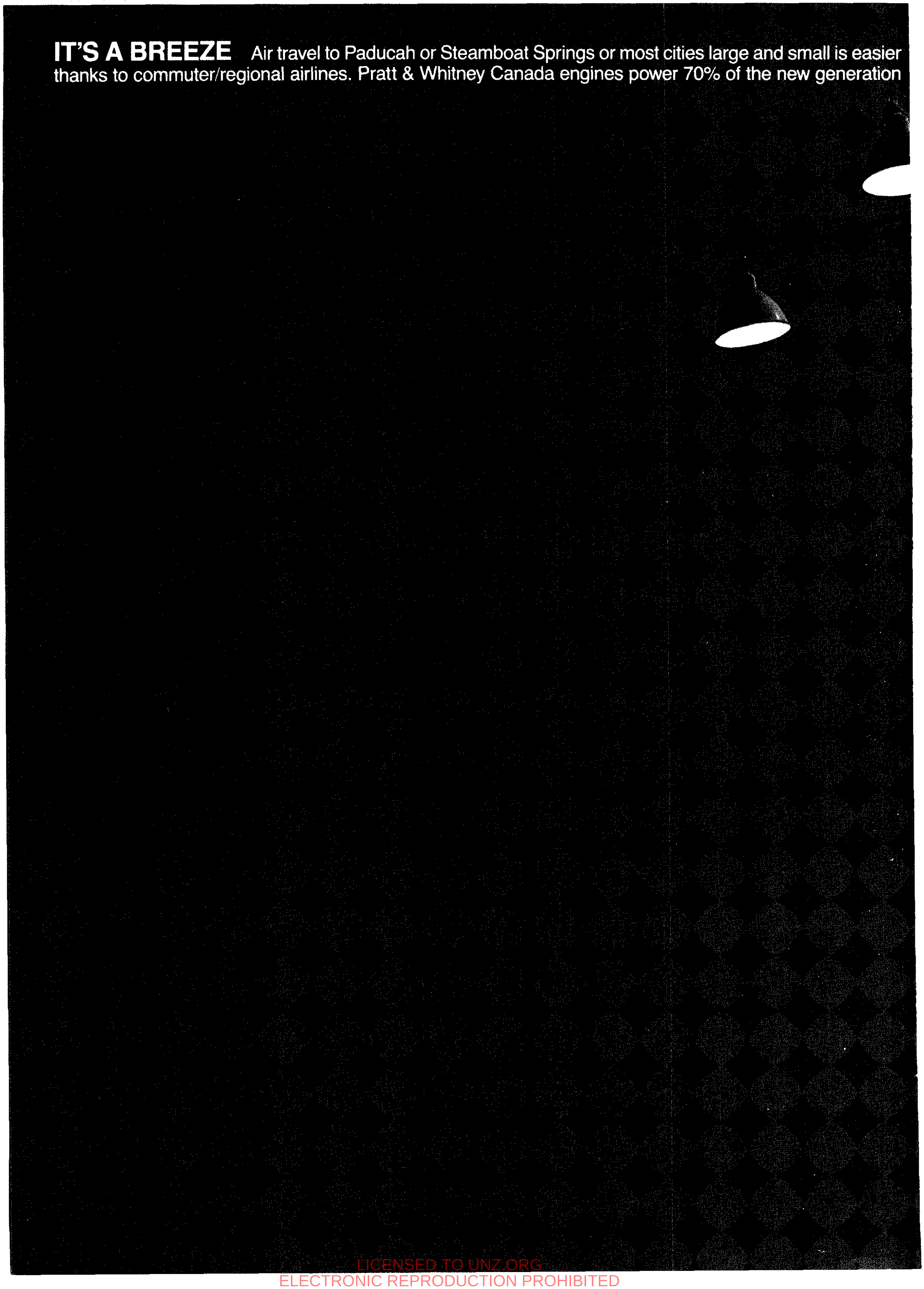
Please send me your free book on
Ireland and Aer Lingus' Emerald Service.

Name ______________________________

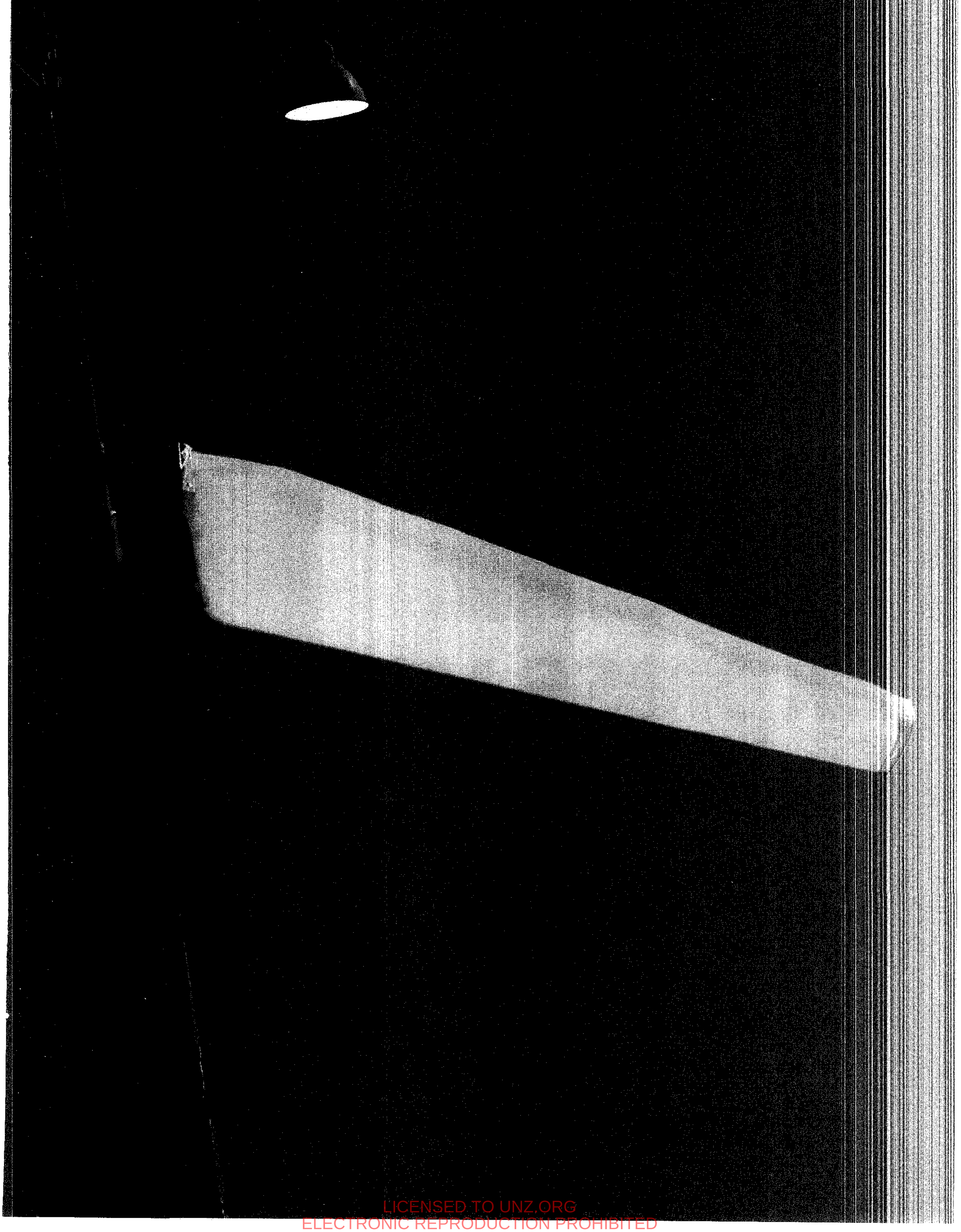
Address ______________________________

City ______________ State __________ Zip ____________

Aer Lingus, P.O. BOX 922, Bellmore N.Y., 11710
or call 1-800-228-5200 NY-3115



IT'S A BREEZE Air travel to Paducah or Steamboat Springs or most cities large and small is easier thanks to commuter/regional airlines. Pratt & Whitney Canada engines power 70% of the new generation of commuter aircraft. Pratt & Whitney Canada is part of United Technologies. So are Otis, Carrier, Sikorsky and Hamilton Standard. Their names are on the map, too. United Technologies, Hartford, CT 06101.



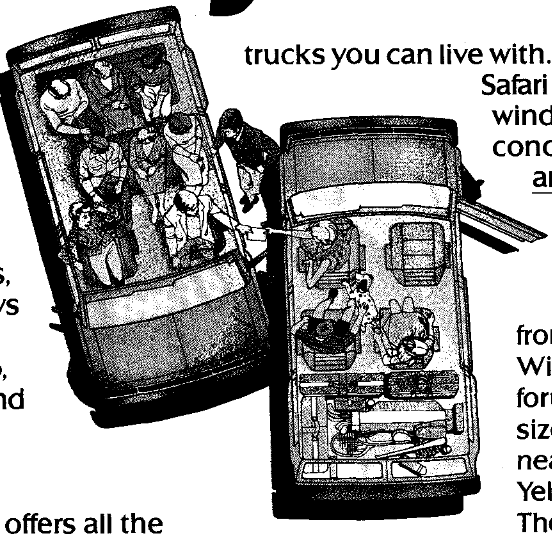
"This GMC is me."

"This GMC is me."

"This GMC is we."

"This GMC is me."

Express yourself.



Introducing Safari from GMC. It's the van that's new-size outside, you-size inside. Its personality is your personality!

Safari's roomy interior lets you carry eight passengers (with optional seating) or up to 151.8 cu ft of cargo. Even tow up to 5,000 lbs, properly equipped. So Safari's always ready to go fish with you. Antique with you. Whatever you want to do, our new van will eagerly do, too. And Safari's sleek new size lets you slip easily through traffic or slide into a parking space, garage or car wash.

And because Safari's a GMC, it offers all the luxurious options you expect from the folks who specialize in trucks you can live with. So you can dress up your Safari with plush interiors. Power windows and door locks. Air conditioning units for front and rear passengers. Add the powerful Vortec engine, the biggest V-6 available in a van.

Express yourself in a Safari from GMC. It's new. It's you. With more uses, more comfort, more fun than any new-size van yet. Look up your nearest GMC dealer in the Yellow Pages, under "Trucks." Then buckle up and head for a look at Safari. See how fast you'll say, "This GMC is me!"

Vans shown with customized paint and wheels not available from GMC.

GMC

A truck you can live with.

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

1932, he had come up with four varieties that seemed able, like Hyde Park nannies, to cope with the English weather. Sir John T. Davies, a director of the Ford Motor Company, Ltd., who believed that "the soya bean could be made the mainstay for feeding a country in time of war," knew about North's accomplishments and recruited him to supervise Fordson Estates. Ford had forty-three soybean varieties shipped over from Michigan which he thought might do well abroad. They were duly planted, along with North's four. Only the latter got by. The ungrateful English populace didn't seem to care much one way or the other. Elizabeth Bowdidge lamented, "It is unfortunate that the inherent conservatism of English people to anything new has been the cause of past failures to popularize soya bean food products for consumption in this country. . . . With memories of the convoyed food ships of war-time; of the appalling losses due to enemy submarines, and the anxiety for the safe arrival in our ports of those ships which had escaped the danger, it would be comforting to know that in the soya bean, which provides a green vegetable, flour for bread, and a substitute for meat and milk, we should have an assurance against starvation." If her fellow-countrymen did not enthusiastically concur, the Nazis did. Three or four years before the start of the Second World War, they began hoarding soybeans (along with other staples), and in time they had a two-million-ton cache. It spilled over the floors of schoolrooms and ballrooms commandeered for storage. Still more of it was hurriedly grown by I. G. Farben in Austria, Rumania, and the Balkan States. During the war, the Nazis produced nearly thirty thousand tons of edible soybean products a year. In a 1942 book called "Soybeans: Gold from the Soil," Edward Jerome Dies wrote that "some commentators have ascribed almost as much significance to the German supply of soybeans as to her supply of airplanes."

NEARLY half a century after he stopped worrying about the fragility of Henry Ford's trousers, William Atkinson, by then retired from more than forty years of probing the promise of *Glycine max*, told an acquaintance, "The true destiny of the soybean is in food for human beings." It is a destiny as yet—in the Western world, at least—emphatically unfulfilled. Only two per cent of the soybeans produced in the United States are used for that purpose. Americans' paltry annual per-capita consumption of soybean products averages nine pounds—the equivalent of a couple of small sacks of potatoes. Relatively few as they may be, those Americans who have embraced the soybean as a fundamental part of their diet are an articulate lot, and are touchingly unflagging in their zealotry. Sometimes they get a boost from an unexpected source, as when Mimi Sheraton, the *Times* restaurant critic, gave a four-star rating—it was surely coincidental that this was one of her last public judgments before she resigned from that job—to a Japanese restaurant whose *carte* included a "sunny and fragrant" soybean soup and also squid tentacles broiled with miso paste, iced bean-curd squares, raw fish with a paste made of aged soybeans, and dumplings of bean-curd sheet wrapped around meat. Another writer, Richard Leviton, who is the former editor of the magazine *Soyfoods*—it has a circulation of seven thousand and runs features like "Taking the Soy Venture Seriously"—frequently shared with his readers some of the tribulations they had resignedly accepted as their lot. Leviton attended a World Conference and Exposition on Soya Processing and Utilization held at Acapulco in November, 1980. It was sponsored by the American Oil Chemists Society and the American Soybean Association, and it lasted a whole week. Afterward, he reported glumly that during fifty-four morning plenary lectures only eight minutes was devoted to tofu and eight to soy sauce, and that of sixty-eight afternoon roundtable papers only eight dealt with direct human food use. All told, tofu, which he identified as the "bellwether of American soyfoods," was allocated only four-tenths of one per cent of the audience's attention. And, to make matters worse, at two banquets where the assemblage gorged itself on (ugh!) meat and potatoes, only two dishes were to his taste: shredded cooked soybeans in a vegetable taco, and white rice with a few green soybeans and carrots. "I detected a core lack of commitment to soyfoods," he reported. Leviton felt a little better when he visited the simple village of Los Organos, a dozen miles from glittery Acapulco, and was draped with a garland of marigolds and invited to a feast on a schoolhouse porch featuring *picados con soya*,

A new arrival from Waterford

The beautifully handcrafted
full lead crystal baby bottle.
Another Waterford masterpiece
finished with a silver nipple
and collar for engraving
the name or initials of your
very special new arrival.
Order yours today from L.S. Ayres.
55.00. With engraving, 60.00.

L.S. Ayres & co.

24 Hour, 7 Day, Toll-Free Order Line.
Indiana 1-800-572-9737.
Outside Indiana 1-800-772-9737.
Indianapolis 262-9737.

TASTE HOW THE IRISH SMOKE A SALMON.

For generations the Irish have pulled salmon from the icy North Atlantic, then smoked it slow and cool for a rich taste and fine texture. We'll send a 2 lb. pre-sliced side of Smoked Irish Salmon, shipped UPS, for only $39.95. Satisfaction guaranteed. American Express card holders call 1-718-706-5969, or send check/money order (N.Y.S. residents please add appl. sales tax) to:

ST. JAMES IMPORTING
14 St. James Place, Brooklyn, NY 11205

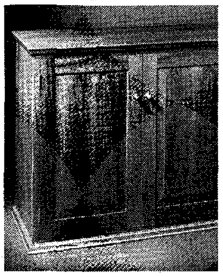
WATERFORD®
An Irish Art.

A remarkable art book, ❧ illustrated in full color. The first definitive history of Waterford crystal. ❧ At your Waterford gallery or send $50. check to Waterford Crystal Inc. 225 Fifth Ave. New York, NY 10010. ❧

You'll look good, too.

At exclusive and historic Bishop's Lodge, the fascinating secluded high-country setting, the glorious sunshine, the crisp clean air, and the carefree mood make you feel absolutely marvelous. *Mobil Four-star Rated* with first-class amenities, you'll enjoy fine cuisine, a world of activities including pool, sauna, horses, tennis, and nearby golf. Plus, only five minutes from Old Santa Fe and museums, opera, sightseeing. For a vacation that'll give you that top-of-the-world feeling, simply call 505-983-6377 or write: PO Box 2367K, Santa Fe, NM 87501.

THE BISHOP'S LODGE
SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO



Attention to detail, workmanship and fine design is well illustrated in our new 50 page catalog. $3.00

THOS. MOSER
CABINETMAKERS
415A Cumberland Avenue
Portland, Maine 04101
(207) 774-3791

•••WANTED•••
(Still alive)

Your vintage **Florence Eiseman** dress, boy's suit or swim suit, for exhibition in museum retrospective covering forty years of **Florence Eiseman.**

If you are willing to lend garments in good condition, please send to the attention of:

Judy Eiseman
c/o **Florence Eiseman, Inc.**
301 N. Water St.
Milwaukee, WI 53202

(We will reimburse all mailing expenses whether or not we can use your garments in the show.)

quesadillas de soya, agua de soya, tamales con soya, and *arroz con soya.* While the director of the Mexico City branch of the American Soybean Association was to be commended for presenting a report titled "What's Holding Up the Introduction of Soya Into the Human Diet in Latin America?," Leviton went on, the sort of thing that appeared to be grievously holding it up was the hidebound nutritional habits of the Latin Americans, as illustrated by the experience of one philanthropist there who distributed free milk to farm workers in the hope that they would give it to their children; they gave it to their hogs instead, and the children drank bottled soda pop. Leviton, who, like many of his readers, did without meat, had to admit, after another professional journey, to an occasional hankering for what he had forbidden himself. He once visited a soy delicatessen in Ann Arbor, Michigan, and was served a stack of barbecued tempeh strips. "Chewing a strip with my eyes closed," he confessed, "I experience a far-off memory galloping wildly into my present consciousness—spareribs with steak sauce."

Among *Soyfoods'* star contributors have been the husband-and-wife team of William Shurtleff and Akiko Aoyagi, who run a Soyfoods Center in Lafayette, California, and are the authors of, among other thick volumes, "The Book of Tofu," "The Book of Tempeh," and "The Book of Miso." They have also published a list of suggestions for those who want to get involved in soy foods, purveying advice like "Do your own thing related to Soyfoods" and "In this area, your imagination is the limit." When Shurtleff led four soy-milk seminars in China in 1983, he was the first Westerner since 1949 to attend any such assemblage. A biographical note that appears in their books celebrates the Shurtleffs thus: "By constantly addressing the larger problems of world hunger, human suffering, and liberation, they hope to make their work relevant to people everywhere and a force for planetary renaissance." The Shurtleffs, however, sometimes contend modestly that they hope to do no more for the soybean than George Washington Carver did for the peanut or Johnny Appleseed for the apple.

Many of the American devotees of tofu, tempeh, miso, and the like are patrons of health-food stores and restaurants (or are the proprietors of mom-and-pop businesses that cater to such establishments), whose menus

The Tale of Our Once in a Lifetime Bear

Our Steiff Limited Edition **Klein Archie** made exclusively for us, tends his flock of Steiff spring lambs. 14½" of soft mohair with felt and leatherette paws, he has a "growler" voice. Klein Archie, with the traditional Button in Ear, comes with a personalized Steiff name tag and numbered signed certificate. Staff not included. A very important shep-beard for Easter fun for keeping. **$95.00** ppd.

Cosy Lambies, 8½", are as soft as clouds and very squeezable. **$41.40** ppd.

Phone Orders:
(802) 362-3030

the enchanted doll house
Dept. NY5
Rt. 7, Manchester Center, VT 05255

Julie Wilson
SINGS STEPHEN SONDHEIM

"It is a brilliant tour de force... a triumph for Miss Wilson that sets a standard for contemporary cabaret performance."
John S. Wilson, The New York Times

Shows 9:15 and 11:15 P.M. Tues. thru Sat.
Dining Reservations from 7:45 P.M. $10 music charge per show, $15 food/beverage minimum.

THE Algonquin
59 W. 44th St., New York · 840-6800

The Bed and Breakfast Inn

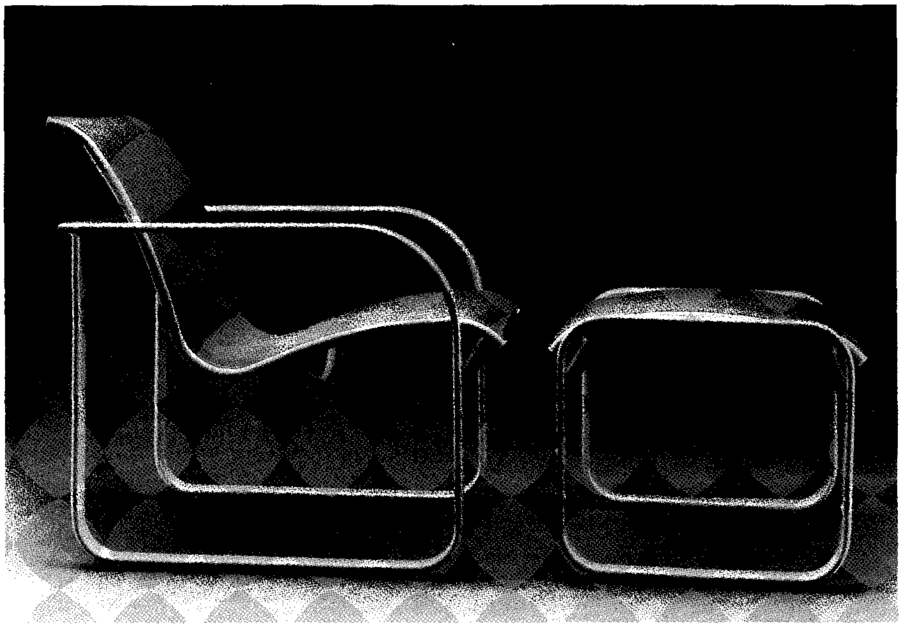
An English Inn
elegant • unique
only 10 rooms
on a mews off
Union Street
(415) 921-9784
Four Charlton Court • San Francisco 94123

UNITED NATIONS
DECADE FOR WOMEN
FORUM IN NAIROBI JULY '85
2 & 3 week package tours to this important meeting
Schilling Travel
722 Second Ave. S.
Minneapolis, Minn. 55402
612-332-1100

feature delicacies with names like Tempeh Sloppy Joes, Strawberry Tofu Cheesecake, Ice Bean Sandwich, Soysage, and Soylami. More often nowadays, when the soybean is eaten by people it is not so boldly labelled. If all the cans and cartons that contain soybeans were removed from supermarkets, the shelves would look looted. (Dog foods would have to go; many of them are approximately ten per cent soybean.) The presence of soybeans in, for instance, Franco-American Beef Ravioli, Quaker Instant Grits, Lipton's Lite-Lunch, Kroger Easy Dinner, Carnation Instant Breakfast, Franco-American Beef Ravioli, Duncan Hines Pudding Recipe Devil's Food Cake Mix, Pillsbury Streusel Swirl Dessert Cake Mix, and Chef Boyardee Lasagna Dinner is rarely advertised—indeed, is referred to chiefly in the seldom scanned small type that is employed to identify ingredients. Soybean boosters can be very defensive. "There's something about the soybean that just seems to put a lot of people off," one of them said not long ago. "You know, if soybeans are in storage along with cereals rats will always eat the soybeans last. Even the rats don't like us." Some of the human beings in whose diet soybeans do figure prominently are people who have no choice about what they eat—prisoners, soldiers, children at school. The Department of Defense now permits hamburgers served to the armed forces to have a twenty-per-cent soybean content. Federal regulations governing twenty-four million school lunches served daily in the United States are even more lenient: the school meat patties may be thirty per cent soybean. (Ray Kroc, the founder of the McDonald's chain, went to his death, in January, 1984, stubbornly refusing to permit a trace of soybean in any of *his* burgers.) The soybean has made similar, anonymous inroads in the schools of other countries: soy-fortified cornmeal in Burkina Faso (formerly Upper Volta), soy-fortified wheat in Bhutan, soy-fortified milk in Trinidad. The Chinese dispense with disguise: children there skip off to school carrying paper bags with cooked whole soybeans in them, and when they feel like a snack they nip open the pods and lick off the beans inside.

IT has been argued that one reason the soybean hasn't yet caught on with many people outside Asia is that it has no effective lobby working for it. There is the American Soybean Asso-

BROWN JORDAN

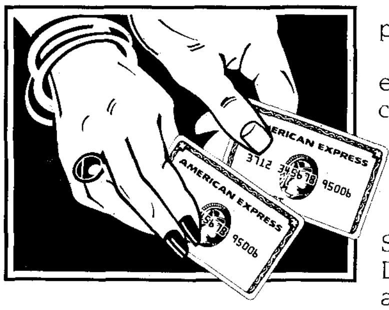


Casual elegance. Unmistakably Brown Jordan.

Quantum...a luxurious new design for indoors or outdoors. Superb comfort with cushion, mesh or vinyl strap seating. Handcrafted extra-wide oval aluminum frame, protected with our exclusive UltraFuse® finish. To be admired...and used. For years.

At leading stores and interior designers. Write for free brochure, or send $4 for 76-page catalog and address of your nearest dealer. Brown Jordan, Dept. GA031, P.O. Box 5688, El Monte, CA 91734.

AMERICAN EXPRESS AT THE FAIRMONT HOTEL. WHERE THE BEST GO HAND IN HAND.



People who stay at the Fairmont have come to expect the best.

Gracious accommodations, comfortable beds with feather down pillows and twice daily maid service.

Great food. 24 hours a day in your room or at a fine restaurant. A lively showroom, with great entertainment.

And, the feeling of ultimate personal service.

You can experience these special comforts when you bring the American Express® Card to the Fairmont in San Francisco, Dallas, Denver and New Orleans.

The Card will assure your room reservation. Help you cash a personal check. And end your stay with a smile and express check-out.

Fairmont

THE FAIRMONT HOTELS
SAN FRANCISCO DALLAS DENVER NEW ORLEANS

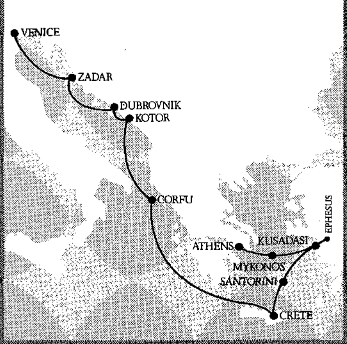
THE AMERICAN EXPRESS® CARD. DON'T LEAVE HOME WITHOUT IT.®

If you don't have The American Express® Card, pick up an application in the lobby. Or call (800) 528-8000. In Alaska and Hawaii, (800) 528-3680.

THE NEW GREEK ISLAND CRUISE
Including Venice and Yugoslavia

See the legendary Greek isles of Crete, Mykonos and Santorini. The spectacular scenery of Yugoslavia's Dalmatian Coast. The magical floating city of Venice. All in one fabulous 7-day cruise.

Aboard the yacht-like Ocean Islander, you'll weave between the sparkling Kornati Islands. Sail into the dramatic fjord of Kotor. Visit ancient Ephesus, medieval Dubrovnik and the sun-drenched resort of Corfu.



The elegant Ocean Islander offers the intimate atmosphere of a private yacht, plus all the facilities of a luxury liner. With everything from piano bar to casino, sauna to disco. Gracious European service, and the finest continental and American cuisine.

Weekly sailings from Venice or Athens begin April 27. Details are in our colorful, 36-page brochure. See your travel agent or call.

OCEAN CRUISE LINES
Two Executive Drive
Fort Lee, NJ 07024
(201) 585-0350 or toll free
(800) 524-0095

ciation, to be sure, with headquarters in St. Louis, but it is not an especially pushy group, and one reason for that is that although there are a half-million farmers growing *Glycine max* in the United States (few of them could tell tempeh from tofu), there are few *soybean* farmers; the half-million also raise corn or wheat or cattle or hogs, and those are their primary preoccupation. However, a research center under the aegis of the World Bank's Consultative Group on International Agricultural Research (CGIAR) is devoted in part to soybean improvement. Soybean studies are also a major concern of an independent establishment on Taiwan, the Asian Vegetable Research and Development Center; and, across the Formosa Strait, the People's Republic of China has at least two soybean-research sites, one at Ch'ang-ch'un and one at Harbin. Moreover, Sri Lanka, to which the Dutch brought soybeans from Southeast Asia in the seventeenth century, has had its own Soyabean Foods Research Center since 1975. Prison officials there have been taking soybean-cooking lessons, so that they can pass on what they learn to inmates, and the Prisons Department runs a salesroom where the general public can buy prison-baked loaves of bread fashioned from what Sri Lanka's *Soyanews*—which sometimes seems to feel that tempeh and tofu are about the only worthwhile viands extant—refers to as the "meat of the fields."

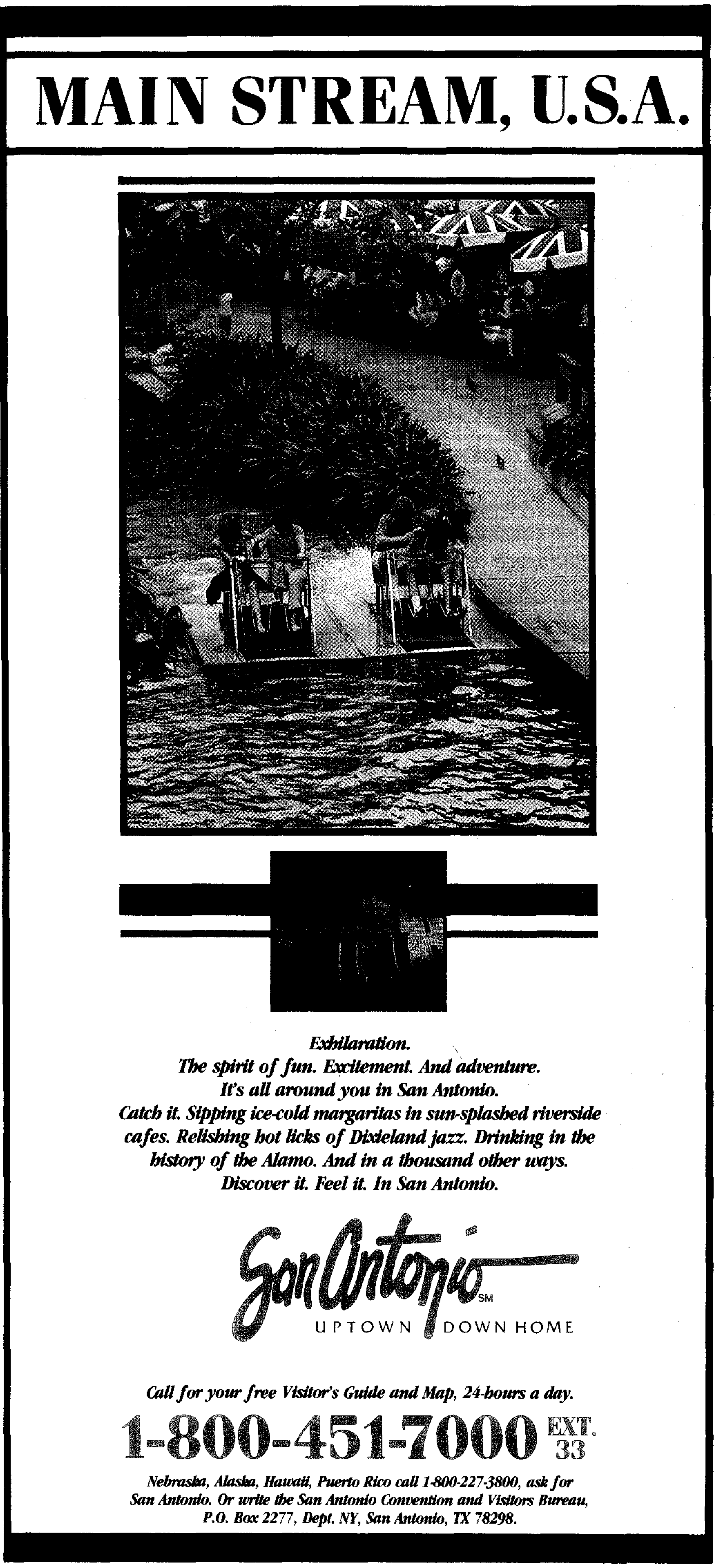
One of the principal soybean-research institutions in the United States is the International Soybean Program—known as INTSOY—at the Urbana-Champaign campus of the University of Illinois's College of Agriculture, where, in addition, the Department of Agriculture maintains a large soybean-germ-plasm collection. Urbana was the venue of a soybean conference in 1921. Illinois has been the national leader in soybean production almost without interruption ever since. Until recently, more soybeans were processed at Decatur, in the center of the state—five thousand tons of them every working day—than anywhere else on earth. Decatur, accordingly, calls itself the Soybean Capital of the World, and its precincts harbor the Soy Capital Bank & Trust Company, the Soy City Motel, the Soy City Towing Company, Soy City Electric Supply, and Soy City Tire & Tread. A national softball championship was held at Decatur in the fall of 1983. There were hot-dog and hamburger stands to accommodate the spectators; there was also a stand that sold sloppy joes and tacos made of soybeans. It was presided over by the proprietor of a local breakfast-and-lunch emporium called Just Around the Corner. His sponsor and supplier was Decatur's biggest business—Archer Daniels Midland, a global corporation with sales in 1984 of nearly five billion dollars. Of its income from soybeans, which amounts to more than two billion dollars, ninety-seven per cent comes from oils and meal. A.D.M., which is how the company is usually referred to, has soybean-oil production lines that turn out twenty-nine different grades of oil under four hundred and seventy-eight labels belonging to its customers. It also has a roomful of traders in soybeans and soybean futures, chained to phones day in and day out, and they deal in such huge quantities of commodities that a price change of a quarter of a cent a bushel can mean hundreds of thousands of dollars gained or lost. To insure a steady flow of its soybeans—not to mention the corn, wheat, and other commodities it handles—A.D.M. has a private fleet of seven hundred barges, nearly three hundred and fifty tank and trailer trucks, and eight thousand railroad cars.

The sloppy joes and tacos at the softball championship were made of a soybean extract called Textured Vegetable Protein, or T.V.P. William Atkinson, who helped produce Henry Ford's soybean outfits, was also instrumental in developing T.V.P., which has approximately the chewability—or, as A.D.M. executives like to put it, "mouthfeel"—of meat. Apart from flavorings, T.V.P. is the sole ingredient of A.D.M.'s eight varieties of "bacon bits." Dog-food trailer trucks can frequently be found in A.D.M. parking lots, waiting to be loaded up with T.V.P., one of the ingredients in Alpo beef and Alpo chicken and Alpo lamb

d. ehrenberg

and Alpo rib of veal, chopped and diced into different textures to achieve different canine mouthfeels. The sloppy joes and tacos did so well that Dwayne Andreas, the urbane chairman of the board of A.D.M., who sometimes functions as a one-man soy-beans-for-people lobby, offered to provide Just Around the Corner with all the raw materials it needed if it would stay open for dinner for a six-month test and serve soybean-derived equivalents of chicken à la king, chop suey, lasagna, and other dishes. All hands involved in the enterprise were aware of the widespread misgivings about eating soy foods; the word "soy" appeared nowhere on the menu. Andreas, who now and then drops in at the Kremlin in his capacity as co-chairman of the U.S.-U.S.S.R. Trade and Economic Council, dropped in at Just Around the Corner shortly after it embarked on its soybean venture, and said he liked the mouthfeel of all its offerings except the lasagna. That surprised the proprietor, because the lasagna was one of the more popular dishes with the general public. As Henry Ford treated World's Fair visitors to a soybean feast in 1934, so do A.D.M. executives regale visitors to their corporate headquarters. Among the items derived in whole or in part from soybeans on the menu at a lunch over which Andreas presided in Decatur in 1983 were a chocolate beverage, taco dip, salami rolls, spareribs with barbecue sauce, stir-fried chicken, beef and snow peas, bread, margarine, and an all-vegetable frozen dessert. That was shortly before Tofutti, the mock-ice-cream soybean hit of the eighties, made its imitative presence widely known.

Dwayne Andreas was born in 1918 to a Mennonite farm family in Iowa, got involved with soybeans in 1938, joined A.D.M. in 1965, and became its chief executive in 1971. He maintains a year-round apartment at the Waldorf Towers, in New York, and when he entertains there he is apt to supplement what room service proffers with items from his own kitchenette—soy-milk drinks of various flavors and such A.D.M. promotional soybean products as Uncle Archie's Vegetable Protein Entrées, which may be Chicken Almondine Style, Pepper Steak Style, or Sweet-n-Sour Pork Style. Uncle Archie's Uncle Dwayne will tell a guest heading toward a Waldorf elevator—often as burdened as if he had just left a supermarket—that his Chicken Almondine is all but


MAIN STREAM, U.S.A.

Exhilaration.
The spirit of fun. Excitement. And adventure.
It's all around you in San Antonio.
Catch it. Sipping ice-cold margaritas in sun-splashed riverside cafes. Relishing hot licks of Dixieland jazz. Drinking in the history of the Alamo. And in a thousand other ways.
Discover it. Feel it. In San Antonio.

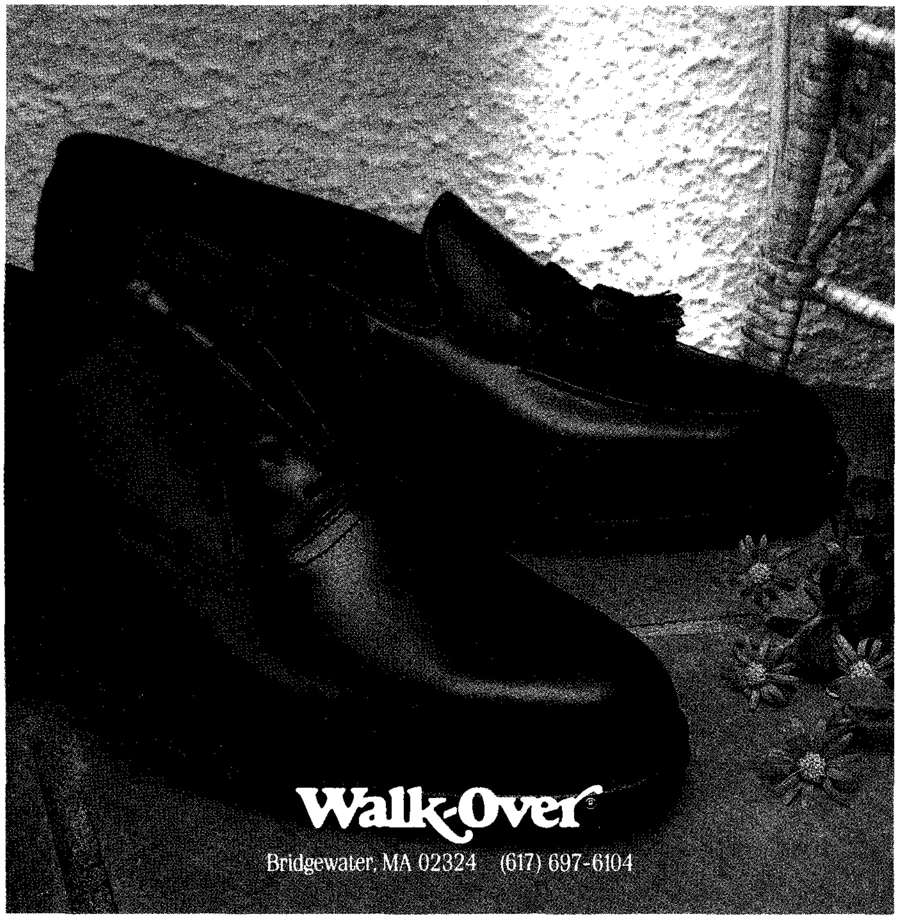
San Antonio℠
UPTOWN DOWN HOME

Call for your free Visitor's Guide and Map, 24-hours a day.
1-800-451-7000 EXT. 33
Nebraska, Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico call 1-800-227-3800, ask for San Antonio. Or write the San Antonio Convention and Visitors Bureau, P.O. Box 2277, Dept. NY, San Antonio, TX 78298.

indistinguishable in taste from, and incomparably superior in nutrition to, Chicken Almondine made from real chicken. Andreas can afford to eat whatever he likes—he and his family own a substantial chunk of A.D.M. stock, and his salary was three-quarters of a million dollars last year—but he is partial to statements like "Did you know that filet mignon is thirty per cent tallow and the curse of the rich?" In making converts to soybeans, he has so far done better among the poor than among the rich. His daughter Sandra, who met Mother Teresa in India a few years back and became one of her followers, is now a volunteer at the nun's soup kitchen in Washington, D.C. Andreas himself provides the soybean meat substitutes that the soup kitchen dispenses. After Sandra reported back to him that her clientele, although ignorant of what they were ingesting, really seemed to enjoy the fare, her father began happily furnishing soy foods to soup kitchens in Des Moines and Minneapolis. "You could feed the whole world with soy if people would just learn to eat it," he says.

In one of its television commercials, A.D.M. declares, "The newest development in nutrition is actually one of the oldest foods known to man." (The text of that message also includes the phrase "That's using the old bean.") A.D.M. marketing executives are glad that their livelihood does not have to depend on instant public response to such statements. "Edible soy is a very hard sell," one of them says. "One problem is that when our people go out they keep being told, 'What is this that you are proposing we eat—dog food?' "

Andreas does not consider that an unreasonable question. "My dog eats better than I do," he says. He believes, further, that the most practical way of insinuating soy directly into human stomachs, instead of passing it first through cows or pigs or hens, is by means of bread, the universal food, but, in his view, the big bakeries lack proper motivation. "They want to make bread cheaper, not better," he says. Making bread both better and cheaper—the soybean's abundant proteins are rich in lysine, a highly nutritious amino acid, and soybeans are relatively inexpensive—has long been a noble humanitarian concern. Making bread out of substances other than or supplementary to wheat has been a longtime practice. Yet until recently few bakers turned to the soybean.



Finally. Shoes that walk as good as they look.

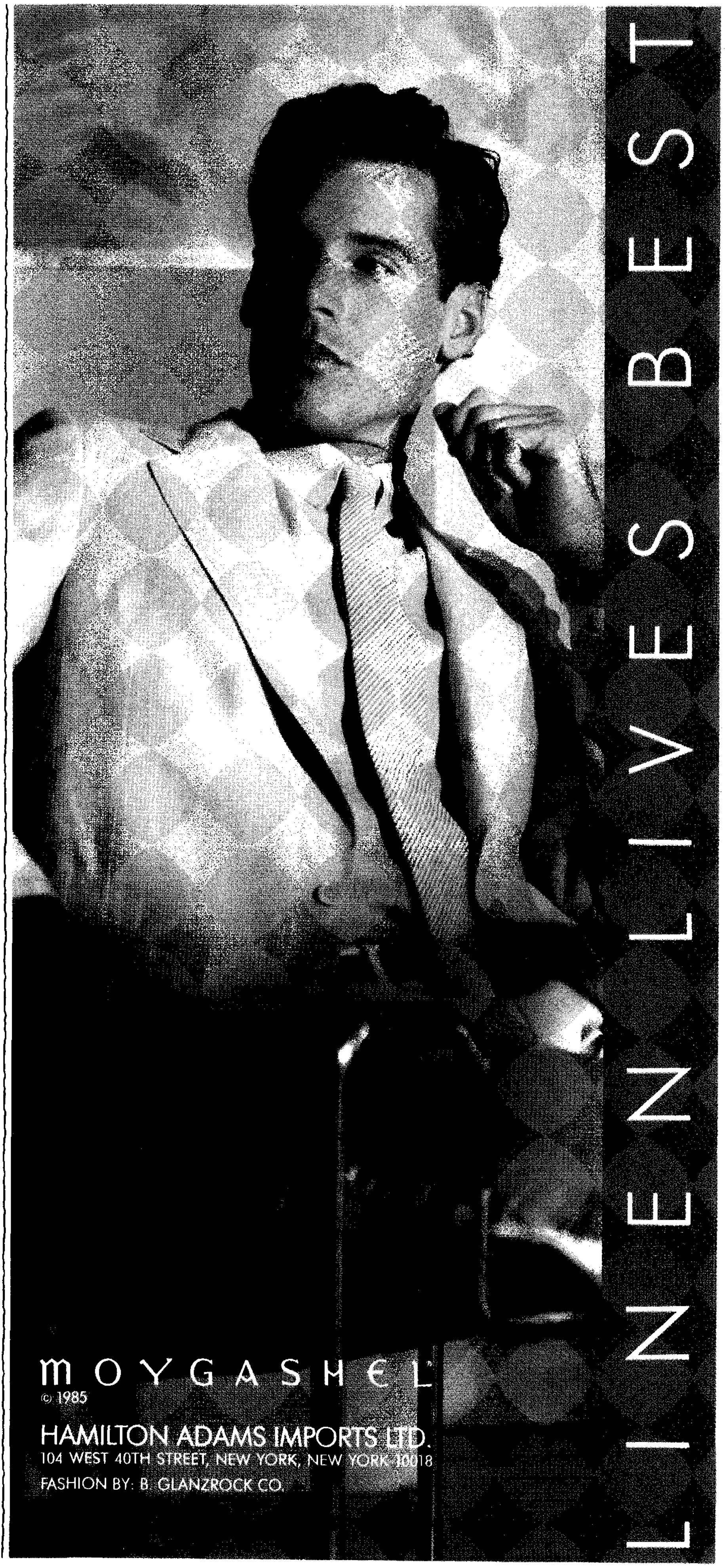
©1985 Arvida Corporation

Boca West Resort & Club. For the luxury vacation you so richly deserve.
Boca West is perhaps the finest South Florida resort community Arvida—or any other company—has yet created. Indeed, many people who come here to vacation come back here to vacation again. And again. ✿ That's partly because this Gold Coast retreat includes four 18-hole golf courses, 34 Har-Tru tennis courts, 100 acres of lakes and an award-winning clubhouse. ✿ Most of all, though, it's because Boca West includes a certain quality that makes it everything people like you could ask for. In some ways, this quality's hard to describe. But in every way, it's hard to miss. So don't. Come to Boca West. And get what you so richly deserve. ✿ Call 1 800 327-0137, in Florida 1 800 432-0184.

BocaWest
BY ARVIDA

Venetians blended rice with wheat for their bread in 1589. England had a wheat-and-potato bread in 1832. Some French bread baked during the First World War resembled a tossed, or shipwrecked, salad—containing, as it did, peanuts, chestnuts, broad beans, chick-peas, potatoes, rice, sorghum, barley, and cotton. The Cuban government decreed in 1932 that all wheat flour there had to contain an eighteen-per-cent admixture of cassava. Brazilian and Paraguayan bakers are currently required to put a cassava content of at least five per cent in their bread. Pakistan insists on a ten-per-cent sorghum content, and Senegal on a fifteen-per-cent millet-flour content. Since 1964, the F.A.O. has had a small-scale composite-flour program in operation. Its research has been conducted by the Institute for Cereals, Flour, and Bread, at Wageningen, in the Netherlands; by the Department of Grain Science and Industry of Kansas State University; and by the Institut de Technologie Alimentaire, in Dakar. No leavened bread can be made of natural substances without gluten, of course, and until scientists can insert the DNA for gluten into other plants—as they may well find a way to do someday—wheat's exclusive possession of gluten will enable it to reign over all other breadstuffs. However, glycerol monostearate, or GMS—a chemical compound produced by a catalyzed reaction of glycerol with lard or with a hardened vegetable oil (such as soybean oil)—can make dough rise. In one laboratory experiment not long ago, GMS-made bread composed of eighty parts cassava starch and twenty parts soy flour—plus a pinch of salt, a bit of sugar, and some compressed yeast—was adjudged to be more nutritious to rats than plain, old-fashioned white bread.

"There is no question in my mind but that the soybean is the fundamental future of the planet," Dwayne Andreas says. That may be, but this future will probably not arrive, if it ever does, without difficulty. "The aesthetic and nutritional qualities of a foodstuff are all important," the potato historian Redcliffe Salaman wrote in 1943, "and the failure to meet the requirements of social man in either respect would damn the future of any newcomer." (The Jerusalem artichoke might readily have become to Ireland what the potato became, and it might have survived the blight that undid the potato there, but it simply had too strong a taste for people to be willing


LINEN LIVES BEST
MOYGASHEL
© 1985
HAMILTON ADAMS IMPORTS LTD.
104 WEST 40TH STREET, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10018
FASHION BY: B. GLANZROCK CO.

to eat it at every meal every day.) It could be quite some time before the proponents of soybeans cease having to put up with slights like the closing statement of Mark Nathan Cohen's 1977 book "The Food Crisis in Prehistory": "Perhaps it will aid us in our economic transition to realize that human populations once faced the notion of eating oysters and later the prospect of eating wheat with much the same enthusiasm that we now face the prospect of eating seaweed, soy protein, and artificial organic molecules." Moderate as the enthusiasm may be for such foods of the future, there are others the mere mention of which almost makes saliva stop flowing. Some scientists have cheerfully discussed an edible protein-rich powder that there is present reason to believe can be fashioned from bacteria, yeast, phosphate compounds, nitrogen, water, and crude oil. Others are busy coaxing food out of a mixture of wood pulp, cattle manure, and—Henry Ford would not have been surprised—automobile tires.

AMONG six thousand-odd plants that have been identified as having edible parts there are others that, like the soybean, might help succor future inhabitants of the planet. Some that once did so and still exist have been largely forgotten—varieties of *Amaranthus*, for one, which is richer in protein than most cereals. The Aztecs grew amaranth in abundance: each year a royal tribute of twenty thousand tons was handed over to Montezuma. Unfortunately, for their religious rites they mixed its nourishing grains with human blood. That did not please Hernán Cortés when he came along and invaded Mexico in 1519. He forbade them to practice their traditional religious rituals and, while he was at it, forbade all further cultivation of amaranth. The F.A.O. has been fostering its resurrection since 1967, but amaranth has been making a very slow comeback. Then, there is quinoa, whose grain is also rich in protein. The Incas grew that, and some people in the highlands of Bolivia, Chile, Ecuador, and Peru still do; they grind its seeds for bread and for cake flour, also for breakfast cereals and beer. Grain amaranth and quinoa were among thirty-six neglected plants cited in a 1975 publication, "Underexploited Tropical Plants with Promising Economic Value," of the National Academy of Sciences. Others were a wild Australian cereal grass

BAIRD
IRISH HANDKERCHIEF LINEN
FASHIONS FOR ALAN PAINE
BY FRANK L. SAVAGE, INC.
LINEN LIVES BEST
HAMILTON ADAMS IMPORTS LTD. 104 WEST 40 ST., N.Y. 10018 © 1985

THE VIEW FROM THE TOP.

The Plaza . . . an elegant condominium in the shadow of Palm Beach.

Interiors by Angelo Donghia. Personal services in the tradition of the great residential hotels of the world. Appointments you would expect . . . in the Palm Beach style. Pools, tennis and private clubs. Occupancy this season.

THE PLAZA

525 South Flagler Drive
West Palm Beach, FL 33401
(305) 655-2555

Exclusive sales agents
Martha A. Gottfried, Inc.
Licensed Real Estate Broker

The Plaza . . .
your view from
the top.

Models open
daily until 5:30.

Void where prohibited by law.

called *Echinochloa turnerana; Zostera marina*, a grain-producing plant that grows in tropical seas; and *Arracacia xanthorrhiza*, alias the Peruvian parsnip. ("Food from the Veld," a 1982 volume sponsored by the South African Institute for Medical Research, itemized and described scores of edible wild plants in that part of the world alone.) The National Academy has been especially sanguine about the prospects of *Psophocarpus tetragonolobus*, a distant relative of the soybean known as the winged bean, to which it devoted an entire euphoric publication in 1975, with a second edition in 1981. A vinelike vegetable that reaches a height of more than thirteen feet, the winged bean has flowers that, when cooked, have the texture and appearance of mushrooms; spinachlike leaves; tubers (in some varieties) with anywhere from two to eight times more protein than cassava and potatoes; and pods and beans that at different stages of their development can be consumed in all sorts of fetching ways. Like the soybean, the winged bean lends itself to oil-processing and to conversion into tofu, tempeh, and a milk substitute. Its admirers have called it a supermarket on a stalk. While the soybean does not grow well in humid climates, the winged bean thrives in sultry places like Papua New Guinea, and so has been considered as a possible soybean for the tropics; it has been subjected to much intense scrutiny by botanists in the Philippines, Indonesia, and Sri Lanka, where an International Winged Bean Center has been established. Beans of any sort are not to be belittled; eleven million tons of common beans are consumed annually—nearly half that total in Latin America. A great deal of bean research is carried on at the Centro Internacional de Agricultura Tropical—CIAT, for short—in Cali, Colombia. Since 1977, the director of its bean program has been a Dutchman named Aart van Schoonhoven, who has a Ph.D. from Kansas State. In his own view, van Schoonhoven does not have an easy row to hoe. "Beans have no literature to speak of, and you never hear of any fellowships in beans," he told a recent visitor to Cali. "Maybe that's because beans are just there, like motherhood, and there are no political problems associated with them." (Nicaragua, however, has adopted a CIAT-bred bean that it has christened Revolución 1979.) He added, "The only people who seem genuinely fond

In Philadelphia

At The Palace of Philadelphia, you enjoy a park-like setting that may well remind you of Paris. The Palace is a luxury hotel that blends a uniquely intimate, residential atmosphere with a rich and historic decor of American reproduction antiques. Rooms are mostly suites with terraces and wet bars. Concierge service and the Cafe Royal provide a continental touch.

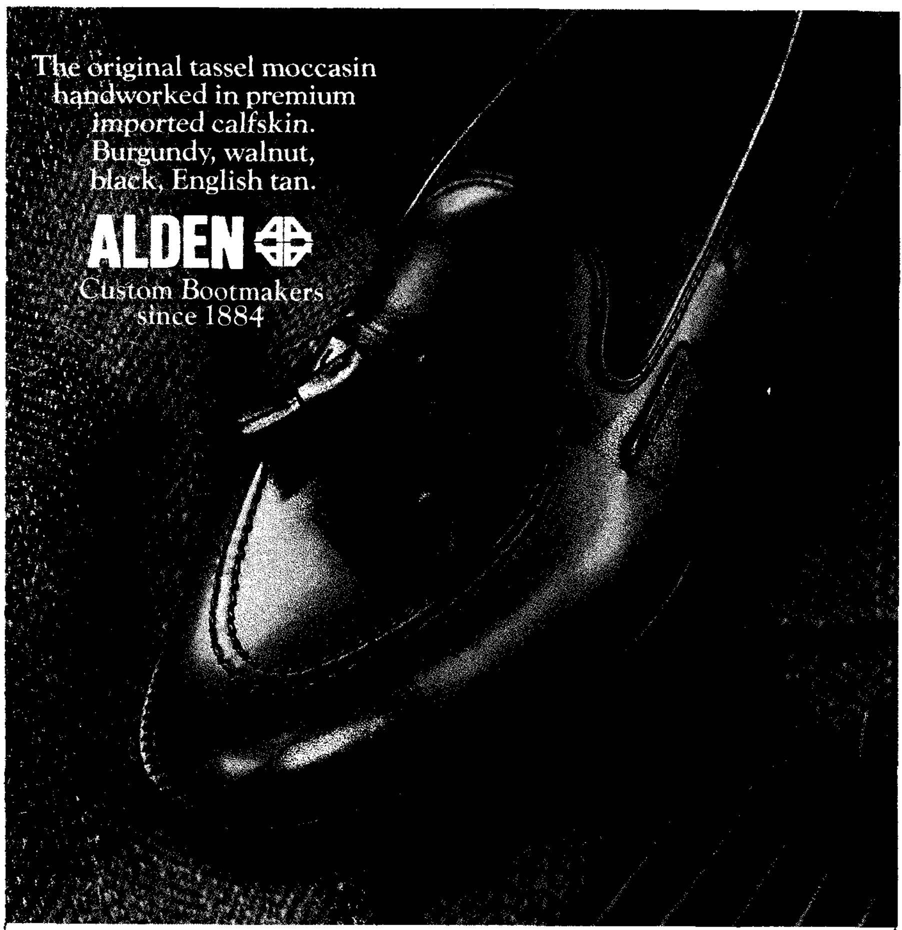
Trusthouse Forte Hotels thf

For reservations, see your travel agent or call toll-free: 800-223-5672 nationwide; 212-541-4400 in New York City; 1-800-268-9761 in Canada; 416-363-6033 in Toronto.

Classic Examples.

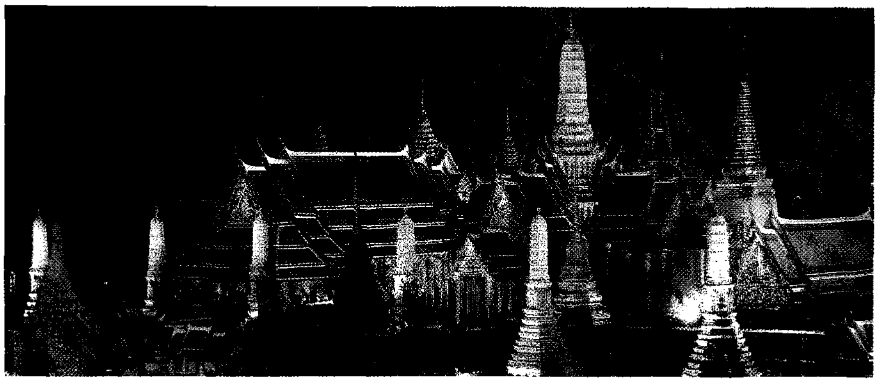
Boccaccio. Tropitone's admired fusion of classical proportion and personal comfort. Available in a spectacular array of 25 original frame colors and 40 exclusive outdoor fabrics. Write for our complete 76 page color catalog. Only $1. Tropitone Furniture Company, P.O. Box 3197, Sarasota, FL 33578 ▪ 5 Marconi, Irvine, CA 92718.

tropitone
Probably the finest.



For store listings and illustrated brochure write Alden Shoe Co., Dept. 3N, Middleborough, MA 02346.

EXPERIENCE THE MOST EXOTIC COUNTRY IN ASIA.



THE GRAND PALACE

Thailand. From its fabulous temples to its ancient cities; from its lush, tropical greenery to its golden beaches, this exotic land is unique amongst oriental destinations.

And a warm welcome awaits you from the smiling people of this gentle land.

You can begin your holiday with a tour of the floating markets, as saffron-robed monks pass silently by.

In the evening, enjoy spicy Thai food as you watch elegant Thai dancers, before returning to your hotel.

A trip to the centuries-old northern city of Chiang Mai, home of craftsmen in silver, teak and gorgeous Thai silk, is a must.

And you won't want to miss the ancient city of Ayutthaya, or a journey to the golden beaches of Pattaya or Phuket.

Come to Thailand soon, for an exotic experience you'll long remember.

To: Tourism Authority of Thailand, 5 World Trade Center Suite 2449, New York, N.Y. 10048, & 3440 Wilshire Blvd. Suite 1101, Los Angeles, California 90010, U.S.A. Please send me free literature on Thailand
Name
Address
City
State, Zip

Thailand
THE MOST EXOTIC COUNTRY IN ASIA
Beaufort 84-0082

of beans, aside from a few specialists like me, are entomologists, because beans get so beautifully riddled with insects." Van Schoonhoven, who is by most accounts one of the half-dozen or so most knowledgeable bean men on earth, thinks that the winged bean has been overrated and oversold. He has a one-acre garden at home, in which he has lovingly nurtured pineapples, mangoes, plantains, bananas, and passion fruits. When the National Academy of Sciences began touting winged beans, he cultivated some of them. He was not impressed. "A stupid plant," he said. "I practically had to force my children to eat it. Its seeds are rock-hard, its pods can be eaten only when they're small and fresh, and nobody knows what insects and pests and fungi might do to it if it ever becomes widespread." There is no united front in beanland.

ON the subject of what rural families in India would do if they could somehow obtain enough fertilizers and improved seeds to increase their income from agricultural pursuits by twenty-five per cent, Leslie Swindale, the director-general of the International Crops Research Institute for the Semi-Arid Tropics, which is in Andhra Pradesh, India, said in 1981, "What evidence is available . . . suggests that they would consume more food: more calories and more protein, more sugar and less starch, more protective foods such as milk, vegetables, and fruits. If they could obtain more fuel they would have more cooked meals and fewer intestinal parasites. No doubt they would put more into important social obligations. If their incomes increased sufficiently they would buy more radios, thereby increasing their access to technological information, and bicycles, thereby increasing their access to the market. They might elect to keep their children in school for one more year or improve their homes and household sanitation. Surely rural people can hope for—even expect—such modest improvements in the quality of their lives. . . . Finally, if the farmer cannot find anything else to do with the grain he produces, he and his family can always eat it. The rural people of this country have nutritional deficiencies, the most important in calories. They simply do not get enough to eat." Indians and others in a similar bleak fix could increase their produce by far more than twenty-five per cent if only the yields of crops as they exist today could somehow come close to their potential. Agricultural practices in the United States are far more sophisticated and efficient than those in India and the rest of the less developed world; yet there is also an enormous gap between average American yields and what world-record yields suggest could be produced under ideal conditions. For corn, the figures are 2.4 and 9.44 tons per acre; for wheat, .92 and 6.46; for soybeans, .83 and 3.29; for potatoes, 11.86 and 41.93.

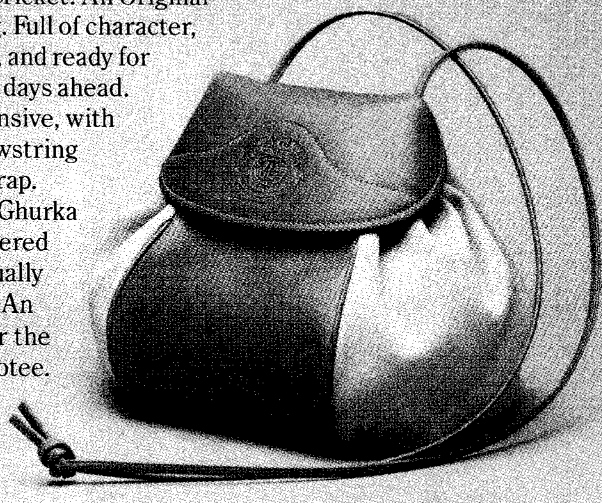
At least, the danger has abated that many of the varieties of food plants crucial to human survival will simply become extinct. Of the more than forty-five hundred soybean specimens that William Morse and Palemon Dorsett painstakingly brought back to the United States in 1931 after their two-year hunt in Asia, more than three-quarters were either thrown away or lost, partly because the facilities for preserving them were inadequate. In 1974, CGIAR established, at its seat of operations at F.A.O. headquarters, in Rome, an International Board for Plant Genetic Resources, and for a decade now the I.B.P.G.R. has been exhorting geneticists the world over to collect and secure representative specimens of plant germ plasm. "Genes should be available like books in a library," the head of the I.B.P.G.R., J. Trevor Williams, said recently. Williams does not object to concerned citizens' mounting drives to save the whale, the California condor, or the giant panda, but he sometimes wishes that he could muster equal support for such I.B.P.G.R. endeavors as its 1981 expeditions to collect eggplants and citrus in Thailand, rare corn lines in South Korea, and some of the more inaccessible sorghums and millets of Burkina Faso. By 1983, more than eighty plant-gene banks were scattered around the globe. One of the largest is at Colorado State University, in Fort Collins, Colorado—the National Seed Storage Laboratory, where nearly a quarter of a million specimens have been assembled and stored since it opened for business, in 1958. Some of its seeds are in cryogenic storage—cooled by liquid nitrogen to temperatures approaching minus 321 degrees Fahrenheit. The enormous variety of genes kept there and in other vaults constitutes—according to a 1981 report of the General Accounting Office—"the basis for future intentional or evolutionary crop improvement and development, and the fundamental defense against natu-

In New Orleans

The Hotel Iberville begins where most others end. On the 11th floor, where its handsome lobby, Restaurant Le Jardin and Cafe Portofino offer comfort and style to its guests. And some magnificent views. And from there on up, 450 luxurious guestrooms and suites soar up from a great beginning.

Trusthouse Forte Hotels thf

For reservations, see your travel agent or call toll-free: 800-223-5672 nationwide; 212-541-4400 in New York City; 1-800-268-9761 in Canada; 416-363-6033 in Toronto.



Spirit Abounds.

The Cricket. An Original Ghurka Bag. Full of character, high spirits, and ready for those great days ahead. Softly expansive, with leather drawstring shoulder strap. The No. 73 Ghurka Bag. Registered and individually numbered. An essential for the Ghurka devotee.

GHURKA. A Lasting Tradition.

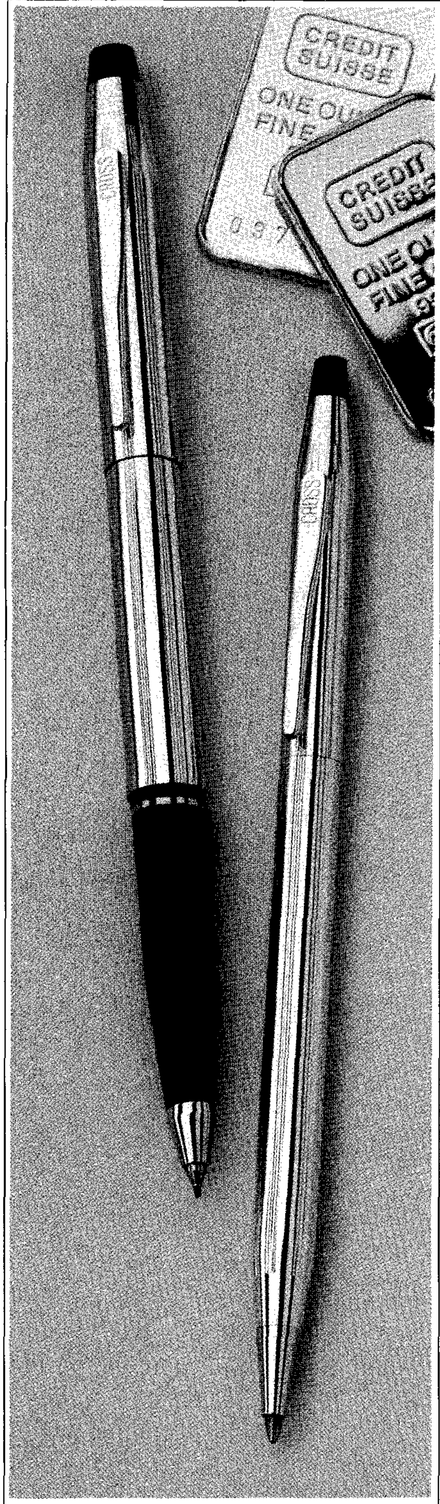
© 1985 GHURKA COLLECTION

GHURKA ORIGINAL COLLECTION MARLEY HODGSON MH

The Ghurka Collection, P.O. Box 524, Norwalk CT 06856, (800) 243-4368. Catalogue $3.00.

ral and man-made threats to crop survival." Jack R. Harlan, a professor emeritus of plant genetics at the University of Illinois, has put it even more strongly: "These resources stand between us and catastrophic starvation on a scale we cannot imagine. In a very real sense, the future of the human race rides on these materials." Some agronomists fear that the survival of the Seed Storage Laboratory itself may be threatened by a couple of man-made neighbors: it is flanked by a munitions factory and a nuclear reactor.

Food scientists who have seen the Green Revolution come and go have been talking lately about a Gene Revolution. What if—to cite just one of many breathtaking examples—nitrogen-fixing genes like those of the soybean could be introduced into corn? That would reduce by billions of dollars the sums now spent on chemical fertilizers. Great strides have already been made in tissue culture—breeding plant varieties from clumps of cells in a laboratory test tube. One variety that microbiologists have come up with is a rice comparatively rich in lysine; with the added protein, that kind of rice should be more nutritious than traditional rice. (One problem is that as protein increases, yields usually decrease; scientists are working now to try to uncouple that negative correlation.) To try to protect crops against the brutal onslaughts of insects, entomologists are studying ways of changing insects' biological rhythms—addling their tiny brains, so that they will mature in the winter, when their customary food supplies are scarce. Four-fifths of all the fresh water in the world is now used, in one way or another, to grow food, and water tables are dropping everywhere—on the North China plain, in Arizona, around the Aral sea. If more plants could be bred that would grow in salt water, or if desalination could be cheaply realized on a large scale, the effects would obviously be consequential. Considerable headway has been made in the breeding of plants that can make a go of it in heavily acidic soil, and in Brazil alone there are six hundred million acres of such land that have so far been of little agricultural value. And someday geneticists, who have already produced the grain called triticale by crossbreeding wheat and rye, may conceivably mate such different species as wheat and corn. (China is rumored to have crossbred rice and sorghum, but no persuasive evidence of

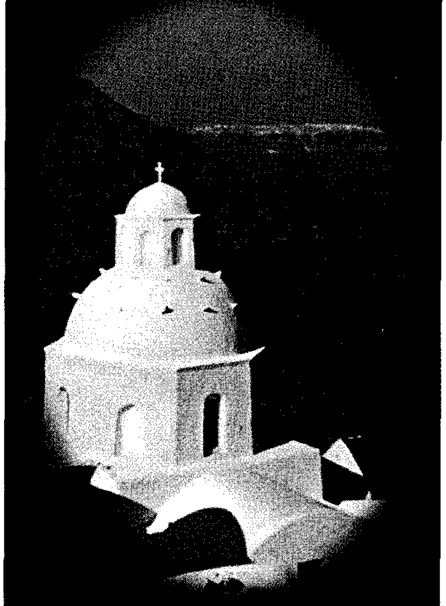


THIS LOOKS LIKE
A GOOD YEAR TO INVEST
IN GOLD.

CROSS®
SINCE 1846

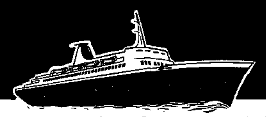
A golden gift opportunity in 10 karat and
14 karat gold filled. Selectip™ Pen and ball pen.
Lifetime mechanical guarantee. Suggested
prices from $25 to $87.50.

Perfect!
Sun Line to the
Greek Islands,
Egypt, Israel,
Turkey.



3, 4, 7 Day
Greek Islands/Turkey
Cruises
&
7, 14 Day
Egypt/Israel
Greek Islands/Turkey
Cruises

Sailing April through October
from Athens (Piraeus).



Launch your cruise plans now. Ask your travel agent about our 1985 Cruise Program and our Sun Line 11-14 day Cruise/Tour Vacations. Or call Sun Line 800-468-6400. In New York City: 212-397-6400. Or send for our brochure.

Sun Line, One Rockefeller Plaza,
NY, NY 10020. Luxury ships of Grecian registry.

Name__________
Address__________ Phone__________
City__________ State__________ Zip__________
My travel agent is__________
N311

Sun Line Cruises
Sail the Legend
Stella Solaris / Stella Oceanis / Stella Maris

that accomplishment has yet crossed its borders.) Science has done much for agriculture and will certainly do much more, but there is a quantum leap from the laboratory to the field, as even the most successful and most highly respected researchers are aware. The plant breeder Norman Borlaug, who is a Nobel laureate, said not long ago, "Don't look for a genetic solution to our problems."

For the immediate future, most of the human race must expect to be fed, as it is today, by the handful of familiar, reliable, indispensable old plants that have sustained it from time immemorial. But, just as these food plants will no doubt change in the next hundred years, so have they already, for better or worse, been profoundly altered. "In the process of domestication, food plants have quite literally crossed a threshold," the geneticist Garrison Wilkes has written. "Their survival is keyed to human beings preparing the ground for them; to human beings guaranteeing them decreased competition with other plants; to human sowing of their seed in the proper season; to human protection during their growth period; and, finally, to human beings collecting their seed. The process of domestication has made these plants our captives." It has been a two-way evolutionary process, for we have become their captives, too. In the succinct words of Monkombu Sambasivan Swaminathan, the director-general of the International Rice Research Institute, in the Philippines, "we live in this world as guests of green plants."

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

(*This is the last of a series of five articles.*)

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Bridgehampton* (*N.Y.*) *Dan's Papers*]

Police report that a white cat walked into a local car showroom Monday morning. Representatives from the showroom called the police to tell them the cat had entered their facility and that they would keep him until someone claimed him, even though he did not look like an ordinary cat.

•

"Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man."
—Ibid.
—*Wheeling* (*W. Va.*) *News-Register.*

That Ibid had a wonderful way with words.

IMPORTED
OLD BUSHMILLS
IRISH WHISKEY
A Blend 100% Irish Whiskies
ORIGINAL GRANT 1608 TO DISTIL
The Old Bushmills Distillery Co. LIMITED
BUSHMILLS IRELAND

80 proof. The Jos. Garneau Co., Louisville, Ky. © 1985.

Why it's almost blasphemous to drink anything but Bushmills on St. Patrick's Day.

To a Bushmills drinker, the facts of the matter are undeniable.

First fact: St. Patrick himself lived "a mere stone's throw away" from our distillery (the oldest in the world).

Second fact: *Someone* spread the word about our uncommonly smooth whiskey (it's triple-distilled).

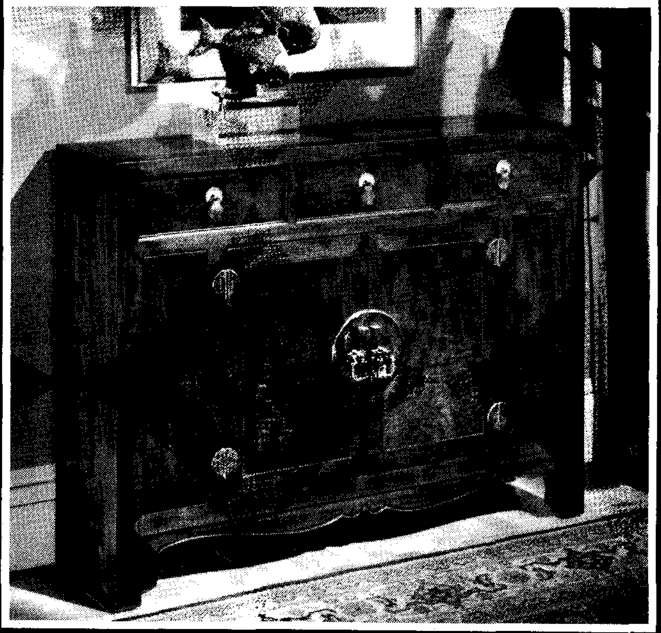
Hint: Bushmills became popular in the very towns visited by St. Patrick.

Now. Knowing all this, how could *anyone* conceivably drink anything but Bushmills on St. Patrick's Day?

BUSHMILLS

THE OLD BUSHMILLS DISTILLERY CO. LTD. 1608

Console from the Folio 16 collection of Chinese furniture measures 42" W 12" D 32" H. To see other Oriental designs for living, dining and bedrooms, we invite you to send $3.00 for the Folio 16 catalog. Henredon, Dept. N25, Morganton, NC 28655.



For those who value excellence

Henredon.

REFLECTIONS

REVOLUTION

II—THE DEAD FLAME

THE revolution put an end to the Shah's rule. It destroyed the palace and buried the monarchy. It all began with an apparently small mistake on the part of the imperial authority. With that one false step, the monarchy signed its own death warrant.

THE causes of a revolution are usually sought in objective conditions—general poverty, oppression, scandalous abuses. But this view, while correct, is one-sided. After all, such conditions exist in a hundred countries, but revolutions erupt rarely. What is needed is the consciousness of poverty and the consciousness of oppression, and the conviction that poverty and oppression are not the natural order of this world. It is curious that in this case experience alone, no matter how painful, does not suffice. The indispensable catalyst is the word—the explanatory idea. More than petards or stilettos, therefore, words—uncontrolled words, circulating freely, underground, rebelliously uncertified, not got up in dress uniforms—frighten tyrants. But sometimes it is the official, certified, uniformed words that bring about the revolution.

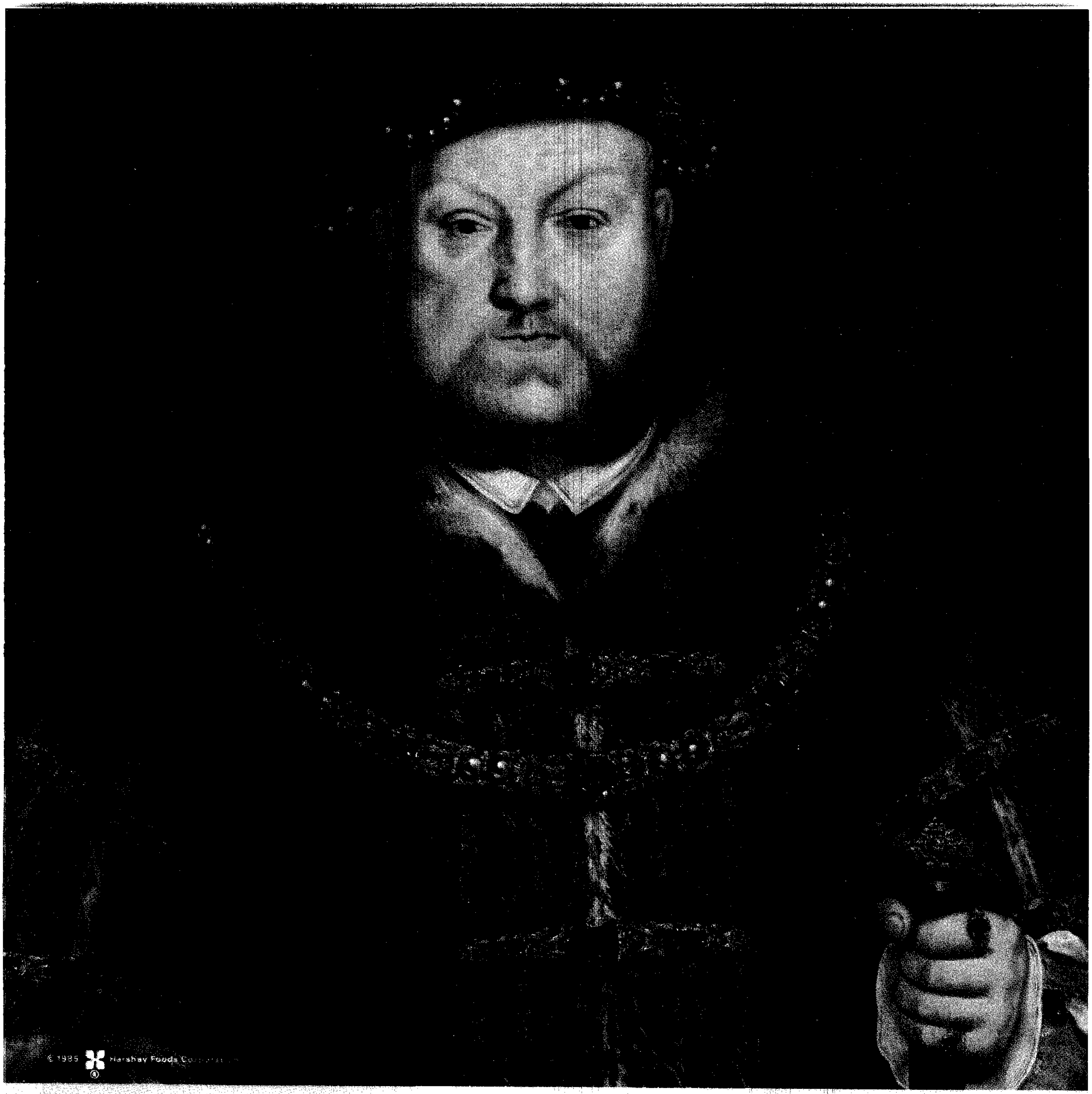
REVOLUTION must be distinguished from revolt, coup d'état, palace takeover. A coup or a palace takeover may be planned, but a revolution—never. Its outbreak, the hour of that outbreak, takes everyone, even those who have been striving for it, unawares. Everyone stands amazed at the spontaneity that appears suddenly and destroys everything in its path. It demolishes so ruthlessly that in the end it may annihilate the ideals that called it into being.

IT is a mistaken assumption that nations wronged by history (and they are in the majority) live with the constant thought of revolution—that they see it as the simplest solution. Every revolution is a drama, and humanity instinctively avoids dramatic situations. If we do find ourselves in such a situation, we look feverishly for a way out, we seek calm and, most often, the commonplace. That is why revolutions never last long. They are a last resort, and if people turn to revolution it is only because long experience has taught them there is no other solution. All other attempts, all other means have failed.

EVERY revolution is preceded by a state of general exhaustion and takes place against a background of unleashed aggressiveness. Authority cannot put up with a nation that gets on its nerves; the nation cannot tolerate an authority it has come to hate. Authority has squandered all its credibility and has empty hands; the nation has lost the final scrap of patience and makes a fist. A climate of tension and increasing oppressiveness prevails. We start to fall into a psychosis of terror. The discharge is coming. We feel it.

AS for the technique of the struggle, history knows two types of revolution. The first is revolution by assault, the second revolution by siege. All the future fortune—the success—of a revolution by assault is decided by the reach of the first blow. Strike and seize as much territory as possible! This is important because such a revolution, while the most violent, is also the most superficial. The adversary has been defeated, but in retreating he has preserved a part of his forces. He will counterattack and force the victor to withdraw. Thus, the more far-reaching the first blow, the greater the area that can be saved in spite of later concessions. In a revolution by assault, the first phase is the most radical. The subsequent phases are a slow but incessant withdrawal to the point at which the two sides, the rebels and the rebelled against, reach the final compromise. A revolution by siege is different. Here the first strike is usually weak, and it's hard to guess that it forebodes a cataclysm. But events soon gather speed and become dramatic. More and more people take part. The walls behind which authority has been

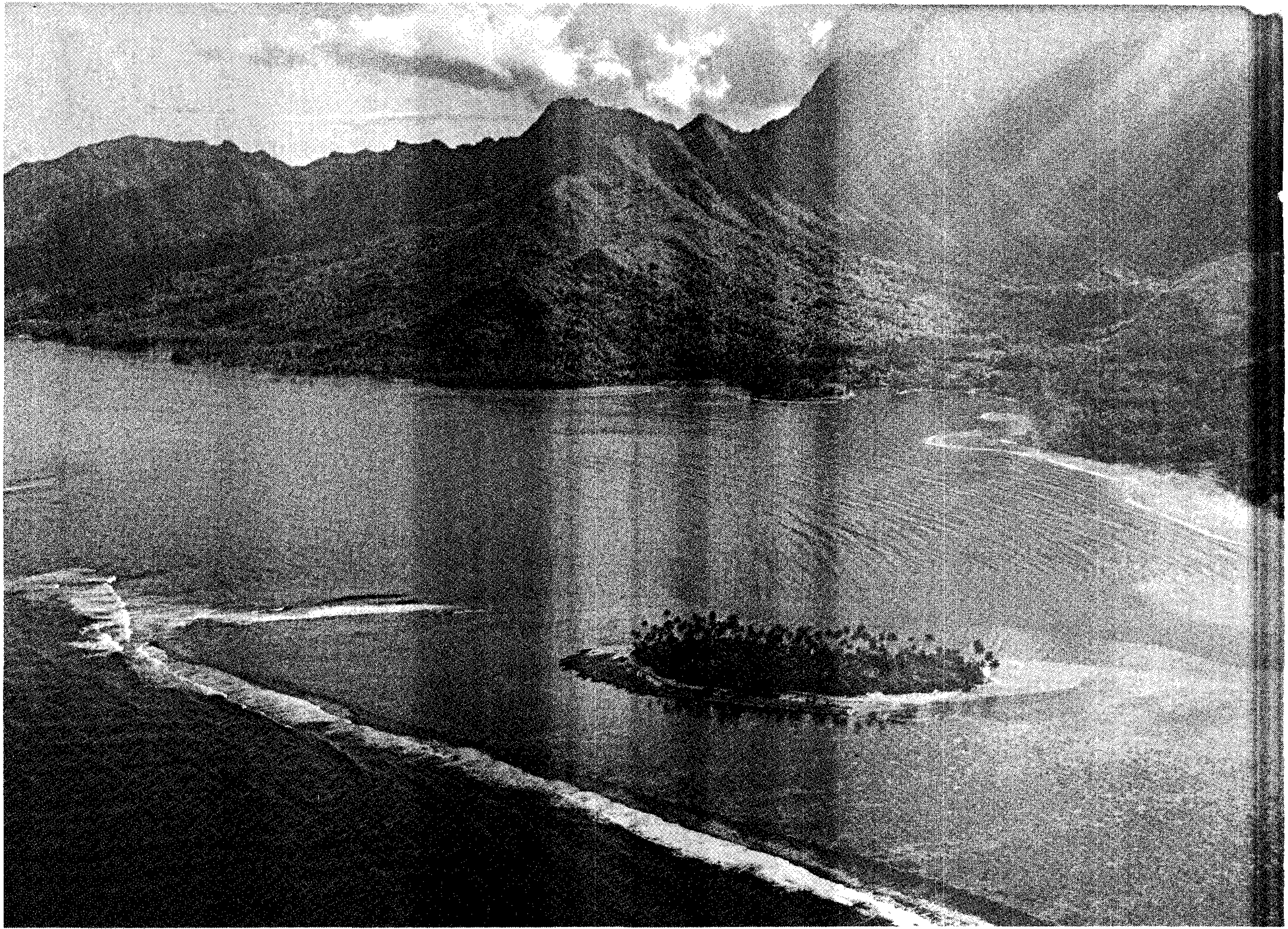
"I don't like the commercials, either, but you don't see me going berserk."


© 1985 Hershey Foods Corporation

Guess what candy bar he would eat if he were around today.

SKOR
Milk Chocolate Covered Crisp Butter Toffee

Rich, delicious Skor. Truly a total indulgence.



A CLUB MED VACATION MUST BE TERRIFIC. TAHITIANS HAVE BEEN ON ONE FOR 10,000 YEARS.

Tahiti is a place sheltered from the hustle and bustle of civilization. One where the natives are relaxed, friendly and carefree. And where the most difficult decision one has to make is whether to sail, windsurf or just bask in the sun on the white-sand beach.

Club Med is also such a place. And the similarities between the two are purely deliberate. Because in the 1950's, on the theory that the Tahitians' way of life is the best way to relax, Club Med designed a vacation the rest of the world could take advantage of.

We even went so far as to put the first Club Med village offered to America in Tahiti itself: Club Med Moorea.

It's a magical realm that fills your senses with the exquisite scent of Tiare gardenias and frangipani flowers, with the soothing rhythm of the surf on a pink coral reef. And with the soft caress of the island Trade Winds. As well as filling your days with leisurely activities, exotic meals, nightly entertainment—everything just a barefoot stroll from your thatched-roof beachfront cottage.

And virtually everything is included in one reasonable, prepaid price. The Tahitians taught us that hassling with money is no way to live, let alone a way to vacation. Tipping is out of the question, too—it's simply bad manners in Tahiti, or Club Med.

If all this seems appealing to you, there's a good reason. After all, it's taken the people of Tahiti since the Bronze Age just to perfect a vacation such as this.

So join us in Tahiti at Club Med Moorea. The village has just been completely refurbished, and is reopening in its full splendor in March 1985. For reservations or more information about Club Med, call your travel agent or Club Med at 1-800-CLUB MED and ask to speak to Ms. Moffett.

CLUB MED.®
The antidote for civilization.℠

© 1984 Club Med Sales, Inc., 40 W 57th St., NY, NY 10019.

sheltering crack and then burst. The success of a revolution by siege depends on the determination of the rebels, on their will power and endurance. One more day! One more push! In the end, the gates yield, the crowd breaks in and celebrates its triumph.

IT is authority that provokes revolution. Certainly it does not do so consciously. Yet its style of life and way of ruling finally become a provocation. This occurs when a feeling of impunity takes root among the élite: We are allowed anything, we can do anything. This is a delusion, but it rests on a certain rational foundation. For a while, it does indeed look as if the élite could do whatever it wants. Scandal after scandal and illegality after illegality go unpunished. The people remain silent, patient, wary. They are afraid and do not yet feel their own strength. At the same time, they keep a detailed account of their wrongs, which at one particular moment are to be added up. The choice of that moment is the greatest riddle known to history. Why did it happen on that day, and not on another? Why did this event, and not some other, bring it about? After all, the government was indulging in even worse excesses only yesterday, and there was no reaction at all. "What have I done?" asks the ruler, at a loss. "What has possessed them all of a sudden?" This is what he has done: he has abused the patience of the people. But where is the limit of that patience? How can it be defined? If the answer can be determined at all, it will be different in each case. The only certain thing is that rulers who know that such a limit exists and know how to respect it can count on holding power for a long time. But there are few such rulers.

HOW did the Shah violate this limit and pass sentence on himself? Through a newspaper article. Authority ought to know that a careless word can bring down the greatest empire. It seems to know this, seems to be vigilant, and yet at a certain moment the instinct for self-preservation fails, and, self-assured and overweening, it commits the mistake of arrogance and perishes. On January 7, 1978, an article attacking Ayatollah Khomeini appeared in the Teheran newspaper *Eta'alaat*. At the time, Khomeini was fighting the Shah from abroad, where he lived as an émigré. Persecuted by the despot, expelled from the country, Khomeini was the idol and the conscience of the people. To destroy the myth of Khomeini was to destroy something holy, to shatter the hopes of the wronged and the humiliated. Such exactly was the intention of the article.

What should one write to ruin an adversary? The best thing is to prove he is not one of us—is a stranger, alien, foreigner. Now, look at Khomeini. There's a stranger for you. His grandfather came from India, so let's ask ourselves: Whose interest is this foreigner's grandson serving? That was the first part of the article. The second part had to do with health. What a great thing it is that we're healthy! For our true family is also a healthy family. Of sound body and mind. To whom do we owe this health? To our authorities, who have assured us a good, happy life and are therefore the best authorities under the sun. And who could oppose such authorities? Only someone devoid of common sense. Since ours are the best authorities, it would take a madman to fight against them. A sound community must identify such fools and send them away, into isolation. Thus, it's a good thing the Shah expelled Khomeini from the country. Otherwise, he would have had to be locked up in a lunatic asylum.

When this newspaper article reached Qom, the country's religious center, it made the people indignant. They congregated in the streets and the squares. Those who could read, read it aloud to the others. The commotion drew people into larger and larger groups, shouting and debating. (Interminable debating is a passion with the Iranians, anywhere, at any time of day or night.) The groups most agitated by this incessant talk were like magnets; they kept attracting new listeners, until in the end a huge crowd had assembled in the main square. And that is exactly the thing that the police most dislike. Who gave permission for this great mass? Nobody. No permission has been given. And who gave them permission to shout? To wave their hands around? The police know in advance that these are rhetorical questions and that it is time to get down to business.

NOW, the most important moment —the moment that will determine the fate of the country, the Shah, and the revolution—is the moment when one policeman walks from his post toward one man on the edge of the crowd, raises his voice, and orders the man to go home. The policeman and the man on the edge of the crowd are ordinary, anonymous people, but their meeting has historic significance. They are both adults, they have both lived through certain events, they have both had their individual experiences. The policeman's experience: If I shout at someone and raise my truncheon, he will first go numb with terror and then take to his heels. The experience of the man at the edge of the crowd: At the sight of an approaching policeman, I am seized by fear and start running. On the basis of these experiences, we can elaborate a scenario: The policeman shouts, the man runs, others take flight, the square empties. But this time everything turns out differently. The policeman shouts, but the man doesn't run. He just stands there, looking at the policeman. It's a cautious look, still tinged with fear, but at the same time tough and insolent. So that's the way it is! The man on the edge of the crowd is looking insolently at uniformed authority. He doesn't budge. He glances around and sees the same look on other faces. Like his, their faces are watchful, still a bit fearful, but already firm and unrelenting. Nobody runs, though the policeman has gone on shouting. At last, he stops. There is a moment of silence. We don't know whether the policeman and the man on the edge of the crowd already realize what has happened. The man has stopped being afraid—and this is precisely the beginning of the revolution. Here it starts.

ALL books about all revolutions begin with a chapter that describes the decay of tottering authority or the misery and sufferings of the people. They should begin with a psychological chapter—one that shows how a harassed, terrified man suddenly breaks his terror, stops being afraid. This unusual process—sometimes accomplished in an instant, like a shock—demands to be illuminated. Man gets rid of fear and feels free. Without that, there would be no revolution.

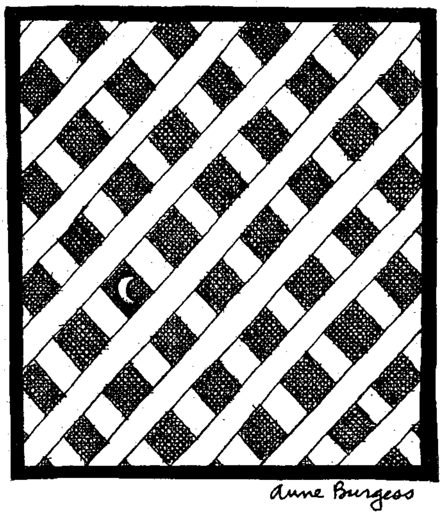
THE policeman returns to his post and reports to the commander. The commander sends in the riflemen, ordering them to take up positions on the roofs of the houses around the square. He himself drives to the center of town and uses loudspeakers to call on the crowd to disperse. But no one wants to listen. So he withdraws to a safe place and gives the order to open fire. Automatic-weapons fire cascades onto the heads of the people. Panic breaks out, there is tumult, those who can escape do escape. Then the shooting stops. The dead remain in the square.

It is not known whether the Shah was shown the photographs of this square which were taken by the police after the massacre. Let's say that he was. Let's say that he wasn't. The Shah worked a great deal, and he may not have had time to look at them. His working day began at seven in the morning and ended at midnight. He actually rested only in winter, when he went to Saint-Moritz to ski. Even there, he allowed himself only two or three runs before returning to his residence and going back to work. Recalling these occasions, Mme. L. states that the Empress behaved very democratically at Saint-Moritz. As evidence, she produces a photograph showing the Empress waiting in line for the ski lift. Yes, just like that—standing there, leaning on her skis, a smart, pleasant woman. And yet, says Mme. L., they had so much money that she could have ordered a ski lift built just for her!

THE dead are wrapped in white sheets and laid on wooden biers. The pallbearers, when they have shouldered a bier, walk briskly, breaking into a trot at times, creating an impression of great haste. The whole procession hurries, there are cries and lamentations, the mourners are restless and uneasy. It is as if the dead man's very presence exasperated them, as if they wanted to commit him to the earth immediately. Afterward, they lay out food on the grave, and the funeral banquet takes place. Whoever passes by is invited to join in and is given food. Those who are not hungry can have just fruit—an apple or an orange—but everyone must eat something.

On the following day, the period of commemoration begins. People ponder the dead man's life, his kind heart and upright character. This period lasts forty days. On the fortieth day, family, friends, and acquaintances gather in the home of the deceased. Neighbors collect around the house—the whole street, the whole village, a crowd of people. It is a crowd of commemoration, a lamenting crowd. Pain and grief reach their piercing apogee, the desperate crescendo. If the death was natural, congruent with the usual human lot, this gathering—which can go on around the clock—consists of some hours of ecstatic, pathetic discharge, followed by a mood of dulled and humble resignation. But if the death was a violent one, inflicted by somebody, a spirit of retaliation and a thirst for revenge seize the people. In an atmosphere of unfettered wrath and aggravated hatred, they pronounce the name of the killer, the author of their sorrow. And it is believed that, even if he is far away, he will shudder at that moment: yes, his days are numbered.

A NATION trampled by despotism, degraded, forced into the role of an object, seeks shelter, seeks a place where it can dig itself in, wall itself off, be itself. This is indispensable if it is to preserve its individuality, its identity, even its ordinariness. But a whole nation cannot emigrate, so it undertakes a migration in time rather than in space. In the face of the encircling afflictions and threats of reality, it goes back to a past that seems a lost paradise. It regains its security in customs so old, and therefore so sacred, that authority fears to combat them. This is why a gradual rebirth of old customs, beliefs, and symbols occurs under the lid of every dictatorship—in opposition to, against the will of, the dictatorship. The old acquires a new sense, a new and provocative meaning. This happens hesitantly and often secretly at first, but as the dictatorship grows increasingly unbearable and oppressive the strength and scope of the return to the old increase. Some voices call this a regressive return to the Middle Ages. So it may be. But more often this is the way the people vent their opposition. Since authority claims to represent progress and modernity, we will show that our values are different. This is more a matter of political spite than a desire to recapture the forgotten world of the ancestors. Only let life get better, and the old customs lose their emotional coloration to become again what they were—a ritual form.



SUCH a ritual, suddenly transformed into a political act under the influence of the growing opposition spirit, was the commemoration of the dead forty days after their death in Qom. What had been a ceremony of family and neighbors turned into a protest meeting. Forty days after the Qom events, people gathered in the mosques of many Iranian towns to commemorate the victims of the massacre. In Tabriz, the tension grew so high that an insurrection broke out. A crowd marched through the streets shouting, "Death to the Shah!" The Army rolled in and drowned the city in blood. Hundreds were killed, thousands were wounded. After forty days, the towns went into mourning. It was time to commemorate the Tabriz massacre. In one town—Isfahan—a despairing, angry crowd welled into the streets. The Army surrounded the demonstrators and opened fire; more people died. Another forty days pass, and mourning crowds now assemble in dozens of towns to commemorate those who fell in Isfahan. There are more demonstrations and massacres. Forty days later, the same thing repeats itself in Meshed. Next, it happens in Teheran, and then in Teheran again. In the end, it is happening in nearly every city and town.

Thus, the Iranian revolution develops in a rhythm of explosions succeeding each other at forty-day intervals. Every forty days, there is an explosion of despair, anger, blood. Each time, the explosion is more horrible—bigger and bigger crowds, more and more victims. The mechanism of terror begins to run in reverse. Terror is ordinarily used in order to terrify, but now the terror that the authorities apply serves to excite the nation to new struggles and new assaults.

THE Shah's reflex was typical of all despots: Strike first and suppress, then think it over. First, display muscle, make a show of strength, and later, perhaps, demonstrate that you also have a brain. Despotic authority attaches great importance to being considered strong, and much less to being admired for its wisdom. Besides, what does wisdom mean to a despot? It means skill in the use of power. The wise despot knows when and how to strike. This continual display of power is necessary because, at root, any dictatorship appeals to the lowest instincts of the governed: fear, aggressiveness toward one's neighbors, bootlicking. Terror most effectively excites such instincts, and fear of strength is the wellspring of terror.

A DESPOT believes that man is an abject creature. Abject people fill his court and populate his environment. A terrorized society will behave like an unthinking, submissive mob for a long time. Feeding it is enough to make it obey. Provided with amusements, it's happy. The rather small arsenal of political tricks has not changed in millennia. This is why we have all the amateurs in politics, all the ones convinced they would know how to govern if only they had the authority. Yet, surprisingly, things can happen. Here is a well-fed and well-entertained crowd that stops obeying. It begins to demand something more than entertainment. It wants freedom, it demands justice. The despot is stunned. He doesn't know how to see a man in all his fullness and glory. In the end, such a man threatens dictatorship, he is its enemy. So it gathers its strength to destroy him.

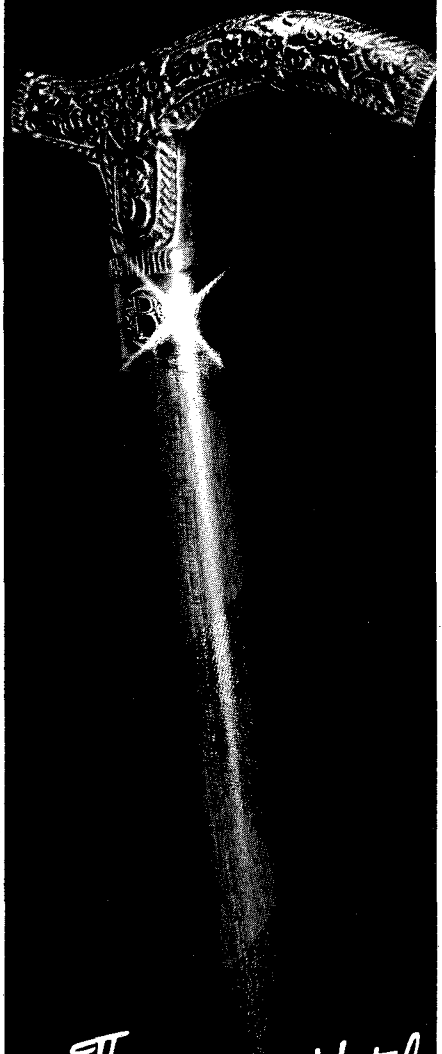
ALTHOUGH dictatorship despises the people, it takes pains to win their recognition. In spite of being lawless—or, rather, because it is lawless—it strives for the appearance of legality. On this point, it is exceedingly touchy, morbidly oversensitive. Moreover, it suffers from a feeling (however deeply hidden) of inferiority. So it spares no pains to demonstrate to itself and others the popular approval it enjoys. Even if this support is a mere charade, it feels satisfying. So what if it's only an appearance? The world of dictatorship is full of appearances.

THE Shah, too, felt the need of approval. Accordingly, when the last victims of the Tabriz massacre had been buried a demonstration of support for the monarchy was organized in that city. Activists of the Shah's party, Rastakhiz, were assembled on the great town commons. They carried portraits of their leader with suns painted above his monarchical head. The whole government appeared on the reviewing stand. When the demonstration ended, the participants sneaked home. Most were carried by buses to the nearby towns from which they had been imported to Tabriz for the occasion.

AFTER this demonstration, the Shah felt better. He seemed to be getting back on his feet. Until then, he had been playing with cards marked with blood. Now he made up his mind to play with a clean deck. To gain popular sympathy, he dismissed a few of the officers who had been in charge of the units that opened fire on the inhabitants of Tabriz. Among the generals, this move caused murmurs of discontent. To appease the generals, he ordered that the inhabitants of Isfahan be fired on. The people responded with an outburst of anger and hatred. He wanted to appease the people, so he dismissed the head of SAVAK, the secret police. SAVAK was appalled. To appease SAVAK, the Shah allowed it to arrest whomever it wished. And so, by reversals, detours, meanderings, and zigzags, step by step, he drew nearer to the precipice.

THE Shah was reproached for being irresolute. Politicians, it is said, ought to be resolute. But resolute about what? The Shah was resolute about retaining his throne, and to this end he explored every possibility. He tried shooting and he tried democratizing, he locked people up and he released them, he fired some and promoted others, he threatened and then he commended. All in vain. People simply did not want a Shah anymore; they did not want that kind of authority.

THE Shah's vanity did him in. He thought of himself as the father of his country, but the country rose against him. He took it to heart and felt it keenly. At any price (unfortunately, even blood), he wanted to re-



MEMBER
Preferred Hotels
WorldWide

The Grand Little Hotel of Chicago.

It's
the quiet
little things
that make for
a grand hotel.
For those who
require elegance,
in a discreet
atmosphere of
privacy and grace,
there is The
Barclay of Chicago.

B
THE BARCLAY CHICAGO
Just off Michigan Ave. on Superior St.
(800) 621-8004, (312) 787-6000

store the former image, cherished for years, of a happy people prostrate in gratitude before their benefactor. But he forgot that we are living in times when people demand rights, not grace.

He also may have perished because he took himself too literally, too seriously. He certainly believed that the people worshipped him—that they thought of him as the best and worthiest part of themselves, the highest good. The sight of their revolt was inconceivable, shocking, too much for his nerves. He reckoned he had to react immediately. This led him to violent, hysterical, mad decisions. He lacked a certain dose of cynicism. He could have said, "They're demonstrating? So let them demonstrate. Half a year? A year? I can wait it out. In any case, I won't budge from the palace." And the people, disenchanted and embittered, willy-nilly, would have gone home in the end, because it's unreasonable to expect people to spend their whole lives marching in demonstrations. But the Shah didn't want to wait. And in politics you have to know how to wait.

He also perished because he did not know his own country. He spent his whole life in the palace. Whenever he left the palace, he did it like someone sticking his head out the door of a warm room into the freezing cold. Look around a minute and duck back in! Yet the same structure of destructive and deforming laws operates in the life of all palaces. So it has been from time immemorial, so it is and shall be. You can build ten new palaces, but as soon as they are finished they become subject to the same laws that existed in the palaces built five thousand years ago. The only solution is to treat the palace as a temporary abode, the same way you treat a streetcar or a bus. You get on, ride awhile, and then get off. And it's very good to remember to get off at the right stop, and not ride too far.

The most difficult thing to do while living in a palace is to imagine a different life—for instance, your own life but outside of and minus the palace. Toward the end, the ruler finds people willing to help him out. Many lives, regrettably, can be lost at such moments. There is the problem of honor in politics. Take de Gaulle—a man of honor. He lost a referendum, tidied up his desk, and left the palace, never to return. He wanted to govern only under the condition that the majority accept him. The moment the majority refused him their trust, he left. But how many are like him? The others will cry, but they won't move; they'll torment the nation, but they won't budge. Thrown out one door, they sneak in through another; kicked down the stairs, they begin to crawl back up. They will excuse themselves, bow and scrape, lie and simper, provided they can stay—or provided they can return. They will hold out their hands: Look, no blood on them. But the very fact of having to show those hands covers them with the deepest shame. They will turn their pockets inside out: Look, there's not much there. But the very fact of exposing their pockets—how humiliating! The Shah, when he left the palace, was crying. At the airport, he was crying again. Later, he explained in interviews how much money he had, and that it was less than people thought.

Long afterward, dozens of films about the revolution were shown on television. In many ways, they were all alike. The same pictures and situations recurred. Scenes of an enormous procession always made up Act I. It's difficult to convey the dimensions of such a procession. It is a human river, broad and boiling, flowing endlessly, rolling through the main street from dawn till dusk. A flood, a violent flood that in a moment will engulf and drown everything. A forest of upraised, rhythmically menacing fists—a portentous forest. A clamoring throng chanting "Death to the Shah!" Very few closeups of faces. The cameramen are fascinated by the sight of this incipient avalanche; they are stricken by the dimensions of what they see, as if they found themselves at the foot of Everest. Over the last months of the revolution, these surging millions marched through the streets of every city. They carried no weapons; their strength lay in their numbers and their ardent, unshakable determination.

Act II is the most dramatic. The cameramen stand on the roofs of buildings filming the unfolding scene from above, a bird's-eye view. First, they show us what's happening in the street. Two tanks and two armored cars are parked there. Soldiers in helmets and bulletproof vests have already taken up firing positions on the sidewalks and the road. They wait. Now the cameramen show the approaching demonstration. It appears first in the distant perspective of the street, but soon we'll see it close up. Yes, there's the head of the procession. Men are marching, and women and children, too. They're wearing white, symbolizing readiness to die. The cameramen show us their faces, still alive. Their eyes. The children, already tired, but calm, want to see what's going to happen. The crowd, marching directly toward the tanks, never slowing down or stopping—a hypnotized crowd? spellbound? moonstruck?—marches as if it saw nothing, as if it were wandering across an uninhabited earth: a crowd that at this moment has already begun to enter Heaven. Now the picture trembles, because the hands of the cameraman are trembling. A thump. Shooting. The whiz of bullets. Screams coming from the television. Closeups of soldiers changing clips. Closeup of a tank turret pivoting from left to right. Closeup of an officer: comic relief—his helmet has fallen over his eyes. Closeup of the pavement, and then the image flies violently up the wall of the house across the street, over the roof and the chimney into blank space, with only the edge of a cloud visible, and then an empty frame and blackness. The inscription on the screen says that this was the last footage shot by the cameraman, but others survived to retrieve and preserve the testimony.

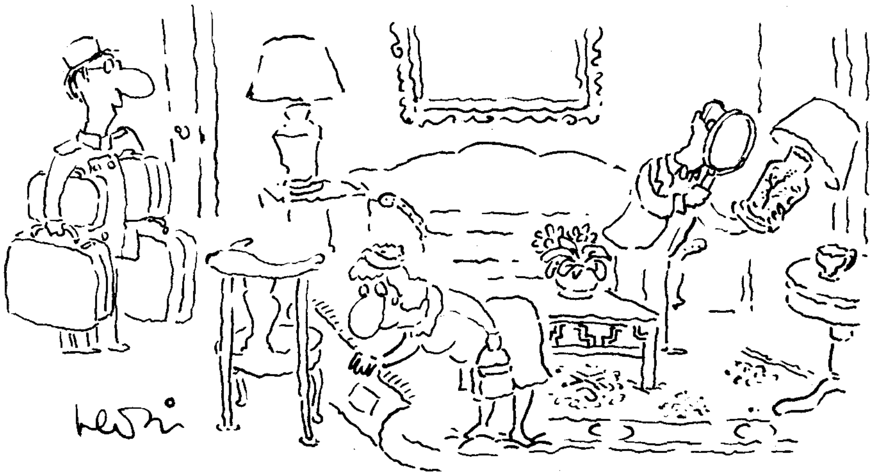
MENU
d.ehrenberg

The last act is the post mortem. The dead are lying here and there. A wounded man is dragging himself toward a gate. Ambulances speed past. People are running. A woman is crying, holding out her hands. A thickset, sweaty man is trying to lift someone's body. The crowd has retreated, dispersed, ebbed in chaos down small side streets. A helicopter skims low over the roofs. The usual traffic has already begun a few blocks away, the everyday life of the city.

I remember one such scene: Demonstrators are marching. As they pass a hospital, they fall silent. The marchers do not want to disturb the patients. And another sight: Boys trail at the end of the procession, picking up litter and throwing it into trash cans. The road that the demonstrators have walked on must be clean. A fragment of a film: Children are returning home from school. They hear shooting and run toward the bullets, to where soldiers are firing on demonstrators. The children tear sheets from their notebooks and dip them in the fresh blood on the sidewalks and then, holding the bloody pages aloft, run through the streets displaying them to passersby, as a warning: Watch out! There's shooting over there!

The film from Isfahan was shown several times. A demonstration, a sea of heads, is crossing a vast square. Suddenly the Army opens fire from all sides. The crowd rushes to escape—cries, tumult, disorderly flight—and in the end the square empties. Just at the moment when the last survivors flee out of sight, revealing the naked surface of the enormous square, we notice that a legless invalid in a wheelchair has been left at the very center. He, too, wants to get away, but one wheel is stuck. (The film does not show why.) He instinctively hides his head between his arms as bullets are flying all around. Then he desperately works the wheel, but instead of moving he turns around and around in one spot. It's such a shocking spectacle that the soldiers stop firing for a moment, as if awaiting special orders. Silence. We see a broad, empty vista, deep in the center of which, barely perceptible from this distance, looking like a maimed, dying insect, the crooked figure of a solitary human being is still struggling as the net tightens and closes. They shoot again, with only one target left. Soon motionless for good, he remained (according to the film's narrator) at the center of the square for an hour or two, like a public monument.

The cameramen overuse the long shot. As a result, they lose sight of details. And yet it is through details that everything can be shown. I miss closeups of the people who march in the demonstrations. I miss the conversations. That man marching in the demonstration—how full of hopes he is! He is marching because he is counting on something. He is marching because he believes he can get something done. He is sure that he will be better off. He is marching, thinking, So if we win nobody's going to treat me like a dog anymore. He's thinking of shoes. He'll buy decent shoes for the whole family. He's thinking of a home. If we win, I'll start living like a human being. A new world: He,



"YES, THEY'RE REAL ANTIQUES."

Thomas Chippendale, George Hepplewhite, the Adam brothers and Thomas Sheraton are among the permanent residents of our famous Henry Stern suite, where you can enjoy 20th-century amenities while relaxing amid 18th-century splendor. Real antiques, real Creole cooking in the Caribbean Room, real service and real value make the Pontchartrain the surpassing experience of New Orleans.

the Pontchartrain

2031 St. Charles Avenue
The Pontchartrain Hotel
New Orleans, LA 70140
800/952-8092

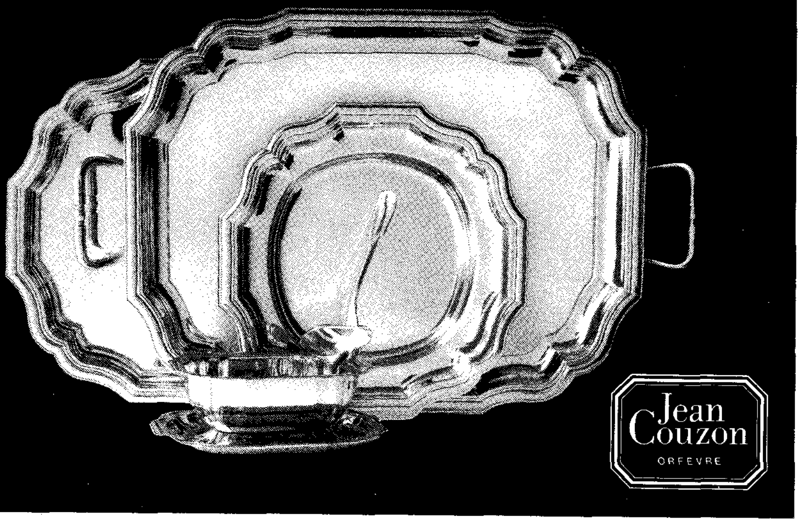
MEMBER Preferred Hotels

Owned and managed by three generations of the Aschaffenburg family

Sterling* without tears

Made in France, the rich warmth of sterling serving pieces with a design elegance that, at once, reaches back into three centuries of French history and is comfortable with the most contemporary.
*And yet it isn't sterling. The museum-quality collection is wholly stainless steel, brought to a finish that retains everything you want in the silver look, forever, without polishing, with dishwasher and oven qualities. Write for illustrative folio and where to find
JEAN COUZON 509 Madison Avenue, NY NY 10022.
In Canada 68 Carnforth Road, Toronto, Ontario M4A 2K7.

Now at J. E. Caldwell Co, C. D. Peacock, Shreve & Co



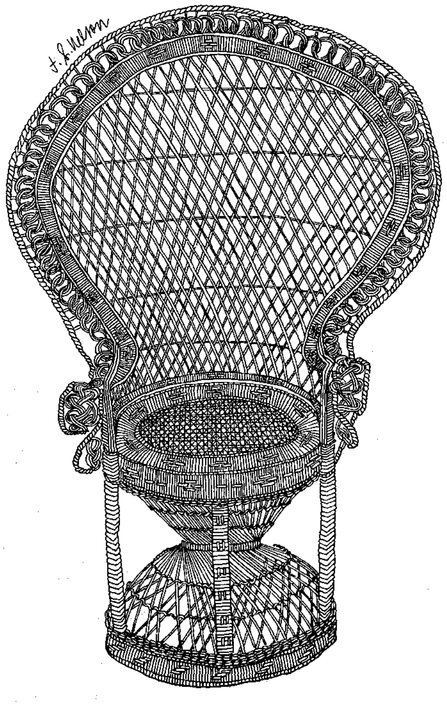
Jean Couzon
ORFEVRE

an ordinary man, is going to know a Minister personally and get everything taken care of. But why a Minister? We'll form a committee ourselves to run things! He has other ideas and plans, none too precise or distinct, but they're all good, they're all the kind that cheer you up, because they possess the best of attributes: they'll be carried out. He feels high, he feels the power mounting in him, for as he marches he is participating, taking his destiny into his hands for the first time, taking part for the first time, exerting influence, deciding about something—he *is*.

I once saw a spontaneous march come about. A man was walking down the street leading to the airport; he was singing. It was a song about Allah—"*Allahu akbar!*" He had a fine, carrying voice of splendid, moving tone. He was paying attention to nothing and nobody as he walked. I followed him, because I wanted to hear him singing. In a moment, a handful of children playing in the street joined him and began to sing. Then there was a group of men and, emerging bashfully from the sides, some women. When there were about a hundred marchers, the crowd began to multiply quickly—at a geometric rate, in fact. A crowd draws a crowd, as Canetti remarked. Here people like to be in a crowd. A crowd strengthens them and adds to their importance. They express themselves through the crowd; they seek the crowd, and in a crowd they obviously get rid of something they carry inside themselves when they are alone—something that makes them feel bad.

IN every revolution, a movement grapples with a structure, trying to destroy it, while the structure defends itself and tries to extinguish the movement. The two forces, equally powerful, have different properties. The properties of a movement are spontaneity, impulsiveness, dynamic expansiveness, and a short life. The properties of a structure are inertia, resilience, and an amazing, almost instinctive ability to survive. A structure is rather easy to create and incomparably more difficult to destroy. It can long outlast all the reasons that justified its establishment. Many weak, or even fictitious, states have been called into being. But states are structures, and none of them will be crossed off the map. There exists a sort of world of structures, all holding one another up. Threaten one, and the others, its kindred, rush to its assistance. The elasticity that helps it to survive means that, backed into a corner, under pressure, it can suck in its belly, contract, and wait for the moment when it can start expanding again. Interestingly, such renewed expansion always takes place exactly where there had been a contraction. Structures tend toward a return to the status quo, which they regard as the best of states, the ideal. This trait belies the inertia of the structure. The structure is capable of reacting only according to the first program fed into it. Enter a new program—nothing happens, it doesn't react. It will wait for the previous program. A structure can also act like a roly-poly toy: just when it seems to have been knocked over, it pops back up. A movement unaware of this property of the structure will wrestle with it for a long time, then grow weak, and, in the end, suffer defeat.

THE picture was clipped from a newspaper so carelessly that the caption is missing. It shows a bronze statue of a man on a horse, atop a tall granite pedestal. The rider, a figure of herculean build, is seated comfortably in the saddle, his left hand resting on its horn, his right pointing to something ahead (probably the future). A rope has been tied around the neck of the rider, and a similar rope around that of his mount. In the square at the base of the monument stand groups of men pulling on the two lines. All this is taking place in a thronged plaza, with the crowd watching as the men tug on the ropes and strain against the resistance of the massive bronze statue. The photograph captures the very moment when the ropes are stretched as tight as piano wire and the rider and his mount are just tilting to the side—an instant before they crash to earth. We can't help wondering if these men pulling on the ropes with so much effort and self-denial will be able to jump out of the way—especially since the gawkers crowded into the plaza have left them little room. This photograph shows the pulling down of a monument to one of the Shahs (father or son) in Teheran or some other Iranian city. It is hard to be sure about the year the photograph was taken, because the monuments of both Pahlavis were pulled down several times, whenever an occasion presented itself to the people.



The Shah had created a system that was supposedly capable of defending itself, but it was incapable of satisfying the people. This was its greatest weakness and the true cause of its ultimate defeat. The psychological foundation of such a system is the ruler's scorn for his people—his conviction that the ignorant nation can be deceived by continual promises. But, as an Iranian proverb says, promises have value only for those who believe in them.

KHOMEINI returned from exile and stayed briefly in Teheran before leaving for Qom. Everyone wanted to see him. Several million people were waiting to greet him. Crowds besieged the school building where he was staying. Everyone felt entitled to a meeting with the Ayatollah. After all, they had fought for his return. They had shed their blood. Elation and euphoria were in the air. People walked around slapping each other on the back, as if to say, "See! We can do anything!"

Seldom does a people live through such moments. But just then the sense of victory seemed natural and justified. The Shah's Great Civilization lay in ruins. What had it been, in essence? A rejected transplant. It had been an attempt to impose a certain model of life on a community attached to entirely different traditions and values. It was forced: an operation that had more to do with surgical success in itself than with the question of whether the patient remained alive or—equally important—remained himself.

The rejection of a transplant—once it begins, the process is irreversible. All it takes, when the transplant is an imposed model of life, is for society to accept the conviction that what is imposed does more harm than good. Soon the discontent becomes manifest, at first covertly and passively, then more and more overtly and assertively. There will be no peace until the alien body is purged. The organism grows deaf to persuasion and argument. It remains feverish, unable to reflect. And yet there were noble intentions and lofty ideals behind the Great Civilization. But the people saw them only as caricatures—that is, in the guise that ideals take on when they are translated into practice. In this way, even sublime ideals become subject to doubt.

AND afterward? What happened afterward? A melancholy topic, for a revolt is a great experience, an adventure of the heart. Look at the people who are taking part in a revolt. They are stimulated, excited, ready to make sacrifices. At that moment, they are living in a monothematic world, for they have just one thought: to attain the goal they're fighting for. Everything is subjugated to that goal; every inconvenience becomes bearable; no sacrifice is too great. A revolt frees us from our own ego, from that everyday ego which now strikes us as small, nondescript—alien. Astounded, we discover in ourselves unknown energies and are capable of such noble behavior that we look on ourselves with admiration. How much pride we feel at being able to rise so high! What satisfaction at being able to give so much of ourselves! But there comes a moment when the mood burns out and everything ends. As a reflex, out of habit, we go on repeating the gestures and the words, wanting everything to be the way it was yesterday, but we know—and the discovery appalls us—that this yesterday will never return. We look around and make another discovery: those who were with us have also changed; something has died in them as well—something has been extinguished.

This fall in temperature, this change of climate, is among the most unsettling and depressing of experiences. A day begins in which something should happen. And nothing happens. Nobody comes to call, nobody is waiting for us, we are superfluous. We begin to feel a great fatigue; apathy gradually engulfs us. We tell ourselves, "I have to rest up, get in shape, build up my strength." We have to get some fresh air. We have to do something mundane—straighten up the apartment, fix the window. These are defensive actions, aimed at

RCN012

"Hotels for people who don't like hotels."

the Mayfair Regent
CHICAGO NEW YORK
A REGENT® INTERNATIONAL HOTEL

ALBUQUERQUE. AUCKLAND. CHICAGO. FIJI.
HONG KONG. KUALA LUMPUR. LONDON. MANILA.
MELBOURNE. NEW YORK. SYDNEY. WASHINGTON D.C.

U.S.A. TOLL FREE 800-545-4000;
CHICAGO 312-787-8500, TELEX 256266; NEW YORK 212-288-0800, TELEX RCA236257.

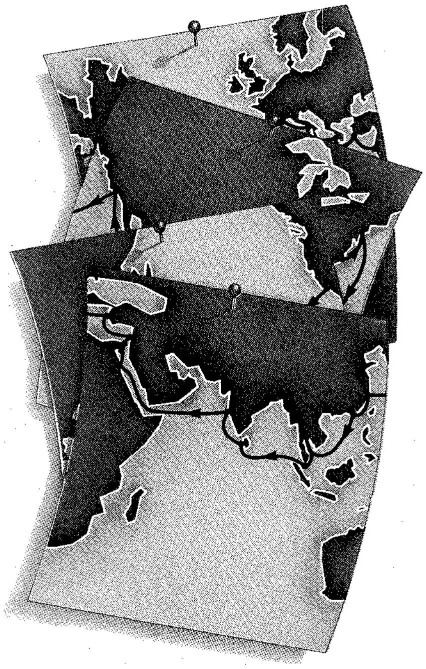
FERRAGAMO
Salvatore Ferragamo

"Sondrio".
Wing-tip bal.
Black, brown or bordeaux calf.
$ 205.00.

© Copyright Ferragamo 85

730 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019 212-246-6211
Mail enquiries to: 663 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

For 83 days, let the Whole World revolve around you.



In 1986, experience the world: 69 to 83 days on the special 25th Anniversary Cruise of the ss Rotterdam. Depart East or West Coast, westbound for Japan, China, India and on through the Mediterranean. Luxury surrounds you: exquisite meals, glittering entertainment and our famous Ocean Liner Service.℠ For glorious times, filled with friends and memories, come see the world. Fares from $12,460* include free air from major gateways. Ask your travel agent about our Early Reservation Savings plan.

Ship's registry: Netherlands Antilles
*Per person, double occupancy, plus port charges

Holland America
1986 World Cruise
25th Anniversary Cruise of the ss Rotterdam

dodging the imminent depression. So we pull ourselves together and fix the window. But everything is not in order, we are not joyful, because the emptiness everywhere keeps nagging.

I, TOO, experienced that feeling which comes over those who sit before a dying fire. I walked around a Teheran from which the traces of yesterday's experiences were vanishing. They were vanishing quickly, and you could get the impression that nothing had happened here. A few burned cinemas, a few demolished banks—the symbols of foreign influence. Revolution attaches great importance to symbols, destroying some monuments and setting up others to replace them in the hope that through metaphor it can survive. And what of the people? Once again, they had become pedestrian citizens, going somewhere, standing around street fires warming their hands—part of the dull landscape of a gray town. Once again, each was alone, each for himself, closed and taciturn. Could they have still been waiting for something to happen, for some extraordinary event? I don't know; I can't say.

Everything that makes up the outward, visible part of a revolution vanishes quickly. A person, an individual being, has a thousand ways of conveying his feelings and thoughts. He is riches without end, he is a world in which we can always discover something new. A crowd, however, reduces the individuality of the person; a man in a crowd limits himself to a few forms of elementary behavior. The forms through which a crowd can express its yearnings are extraordinarily meagre and continually repeat themselves: the demonstration, the strike, the rally, the barricades. That is why you can write a novel about a man, but about a crowd—never. If the crowd disperses, goes home, does not reassemble, we say that the revolution is over.

NOW I visited the committee headquarters. Committees—that's what they called the organs of the new power. Unshaven men were sitting around tables in cramped, littered rooms. For the first time, I saw their faces. On my way here, I had gone through the files of my memory for the names of people who had actively opposed the Shah or had supported the rebels from the sidelines. Just such people, I assumed, logically, ought to be running things now. I asked where I could find them. The members of the committee did not know. In any case, they weren't here. The whole durable structure in which one man held power, a second opposed him, a third made money, and a fourth criticized—the whole complex setup that had lasted for years—had been blown away. The names I asked about meant nothing to these bearded, barely literate oafs. What did they care that a couple of years ago Mohammed Hekmat had criticized the Shah and paid for it with his job, while Ali Sadeq was kissing ass and making a career for himself? That was the past. That world no longer existed. The revolution had transferred power to utterly new people—people no one had heard of. Now the bearded ones sat and deliberated full time. About what? About what was to be done. Yes, because the committee should do something. One after another, they spoke. Each wanted to have his say, to make his speech. Watching, you could feel that this was essential to them—that they attached great weight to it. Each of them could go home afterward and tell his neighbors, "I made a speech." People could ask each other, "Did you hear about his speech?" When he walked down the street, they could buttonhole him to say respectfully, "You made an interesting speech." An informal hierarchy gradually shaped itself. At the top stood those who inevitably made impressive public appearances, while the bottom consisted of introverts, people with speech defects, whole hosts of those who could not overcome their stagefright, and, finally, those who could not see the point of endless blabbing. The next day, the talkers would start from scratch, as if nothing had happened the day before—as if they had to begin all over again.

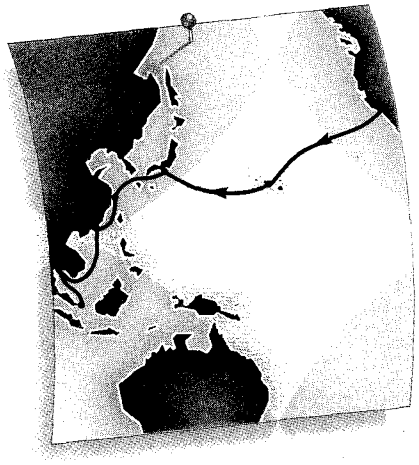
IRAN—it was the twenty-seventh revolution I had seen in the Third World. Amid the smoke and the roar, rulers would change, governments fall, new people take their seats. But one thing was invariable, indestructible, and—I dread saying it—eternal: the helplessness. These chambers of the Iranian committees reminded me of what I had seen in Bolivia, Mozambique, the Sudan, Benin. What should we do? Do you know what to do? Me? Not me. Maybe you know. Are you talking to me? I'd go whole hog. But how? How do you go whole hog? Ah, yes, that's the problem. Everyone agrees: That is indeed a problem worth discussing. Cigarette smoke clouds the stuffy rooms. There are some good speeches, some not so good, a few downright brilliant. After a truly good speech, everyone feels good: everyone has taken part in something that was a genuine success.

I SAT down in one of the committee headquarters (pretending to wait for someone who was not there) and watched how they settled the simplest of problems. After all, life consists of settling problems, and progress is settling them deftly and to the general satisfaction. After a while, a woman came in to ask for a certificate. The man who could issue it was tied up in a discussion at the moment. The woman waited. People here have a fantastic talent for waiting—they can turn to stone and remain motionless forever. Eventually, the man turned up, and they began talking. The woman spoke, he asked a question, the woman asked a question, he said something. After some haggling, they agreed. They began looking for a piece of paper. Various pieces of paper lay on the table, but none of them looked right. The man disappeared. He must have gone to look for paper, but he might just as well have gone across the street to drink some tea. (It was a hot day.) The woman waited in silence. The man returned, wiping his mouth. So he'd gone for tea after all—but he also had paper. Now began the most dramatic part of it all—the search for a pencil. Nowhere was there a pencil—not on the table, or in the drawer, or on the floor. I lent the man my pen. He smiled, and the woman sighed with relief. Then he sat down to write. As he began writing, he realized he was not quite sure what he was supposed to be certifying. They talked again, and the man nodded. Finally, the document was ready. Now it had to be signed by someone higher up. But the higher-up was unavailable. He was debating in another committee, and there was no way to get in touch with him, because the telephone was not answering. Wait. The woman turned back into stone, the man disappeared, and I left to have some tea.

LATER, that man will learn how to write certificates and how to do many other things. But after a few years there will be another upheaval, the man we have come to know will be gone, and his place will fall to someone new, who will start fumbling around for a piece of paper and a pencil. The same woman or another one will turn herself to stone and wait. Somebody will lend his pen. The higher-up will be busy debating. All of them, like their predecessors, will begin to move in the spellbound circle of helplessness.

Who created the circle? In Iran, it was the Shah. The Shah thought that urbanization and industrialization were the keys to modernity, but this was a mistaken idea. The key to modernity is the village. The Shah got drunk on visions of atomic power plants, computerized production lines, large-scale petrochemical complexes. But in an underdeveloped country these are mere mirages of modernity. In that kind of country, most of the people live in poor villages, and flee from them to the city. They form a young, energetic work force that knows little (they are often illiterate) but possesses great ambition and is ready to fight for everything. In the city, they find an entrenched establishment linked in one way or another with the prevailing authorities. So they first learn the ropes, settle in a bit, occupy starting positions, and then they go on the attack. In the struggle, they make use of whatever ideology they have brought from the village—usually this is religion. Since they are the ones who are truly determined to get ahead, they often succeed. Then authority passes into their hands. But what are they to do with it? They begin to debate, and they enter the spellbound circle of helplessness. The nation stays alive somehow, as it must, and in the meantime they live better and better. For a while, they are satisfied. Their successors are now roaming the vast plains, grazing camels, tending sheep, but these people, too, will grow up, move to the city, and start struggling. What is the rule in all this? That the newcomers invariably have more ambition than skill. As a result, with each upheaval the country goes back to the starting point, because the victorious new generation has to learn all over again what it cost the defeated generation so much toil to master. And does this mean that the defeated ones were efficient and wise? Not at all, for they sprang from the same roots as those who took their place. How can the spellbound circle be broken? Only by developing the villages. As long as the villages are backward, the country will be backward—even if it contains five thousand factories. As long as the son who has moved to the city visits his native

For 24 days, let the Oriental World revolve around you.



When you don't have time to sail the whole world, discover the Orient as a world of its own. For 24 to 32 days, sail aboard the ss Rotterdam from Los Angeles or Honolulu across the Pacific to Japan, China and bustling Hong Kong. Or continue to Singapore, the Crossroads of the East. Fares from $3,940* include free roundtrip air from major gateways and some of the happiest days of your life. Ask your travel agent about our complete selection of Winter Cruises.

Yes, I'm interested! Please send my free, full-color 1986 World Cruise brochure. Mail to Holland America Line, P.O. Box 8471, Trenton, New Jersey 08650.
TNYWW35
NAME
ADDRESS
CITY/STATE/ZIP
TRAVEL AGENT

Ship's registry: Netherlands Antilles
*Per person, double occupancy, plus port charges

Holland America
1986 World Cruise
25th Anniversary Cruise of the ss Rotterdam

SEERSUCKER
PULLOVER SHIRT

Our crisp, cool seersucker shirt in easy-care poly/cotton has a classic button-down collar and short sleeves. Blue/white or red/white stripes. S, M, L, XL. **$31.** XXL (18-18½). **$33.**

Phone Orders: (415) 397-7733

☐ *$3 enclosed for yr. catalogue subscription. (Applicable toward future purchase.)*

A1C115

Cable Car Clothiers
ROBERT KIRK, Ltd.
San Francisco's British Goods Store Since 1939

Mail Orders: No. 150, Post St., S.F. Ca 94108
Shirt (46107A): Size____Col.______Qty.____
☐ Check ☐ MasterCard ☐ VISA ☐ Amer. Ex.
Card #______________Expir.________
Add $2 ship., hdlg.; Cal. delivery add sales tax
Name________________________
Address______________________
__________________Zip________

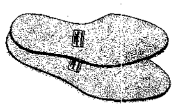
In San Francisco

Enjoy gracious elegance just two blocks from Union Square. Home for the Post St. Bar & Cafe From $60 to $110

THE ANDREWS HOTEL
624 Post St., San Francisco, CA 94109
Call for Free Brochure
(800) 227-4742•(415) 563-6877
In California (800) 622-0557

ARE YOU WALKING ON WATER?

Farberized™ leather insoles absorb moisture from your foot while it's still in vapor form. Paper insoles just get your feet wet. Call Farber now for drier, more comfortable feet. Only $9.95 per pair. Call 1-800-543-8800 operator 407.



L. FARBER CO.
INCORPORATED 1912

village a few years later as if it were some exotic land, the nation to which he belongs will never be modern.

WHEN the committees discussed what to do next, everyone agreed on one point: revenge came first. So the executions began. The people on the committees found some sort of satisfaction in this activity. The newspapers carried front-page photographs of blindfolded people and the boys who were taking aim at them. The papers described these events at length and in detail. What the condemned man said before death, how he behaved, what he wrote in his last letter. These executions evoked great indignation in Europe, but few people here understood such complaints. For them, the principle of revenge was older than history. A Shah ruled, and then he was beheaded; a new one came along, and he was beheaded. How else could you get rid of a Shah? He's not going to resign on his own, is he? Leave him and his supporters alive? The first thing you know, he'll organize an army and make a comeback. Put his supporters in prison? They'll bribe the guards, make an escape, and start massacring whoever toppled them. In such a situation, killing is an elementary reflex of self-preservation.

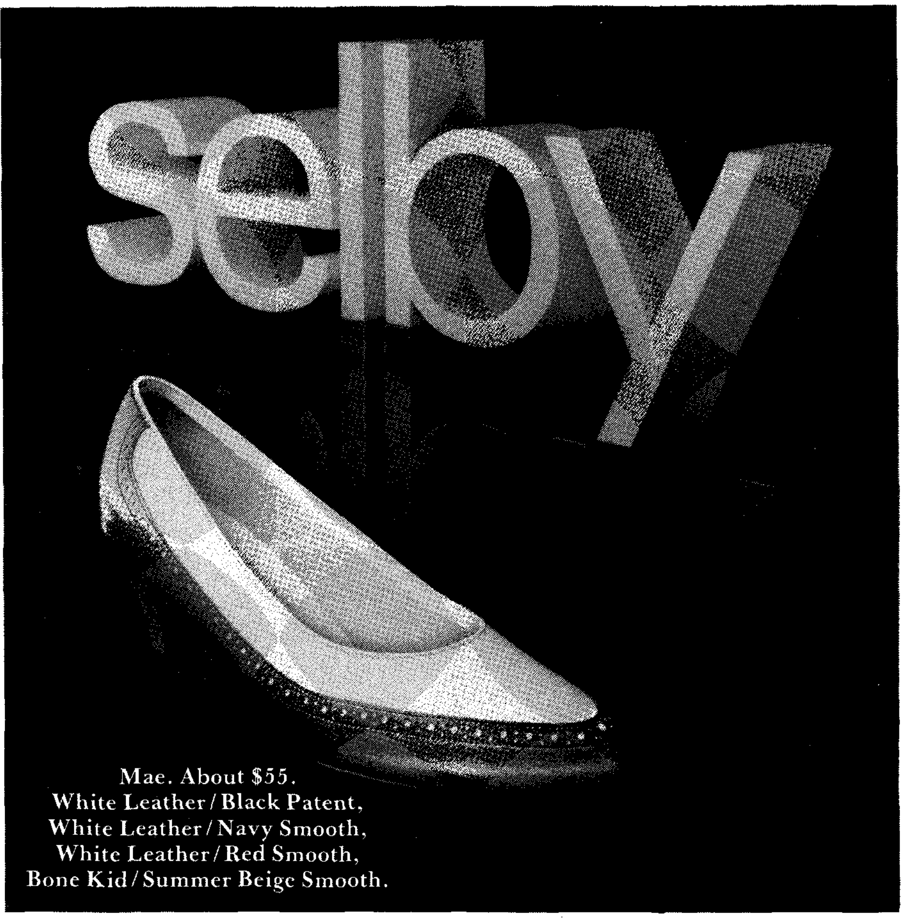
I AM trying to understand them, but over and over I stumble into a dark region and lose my way. The owner of a nearby restaurant pulled up in front of my hotel in his brand-new car. It was a Pontiac, gold, straight from the dealer. There was some commotion, and I could hear chickens being slaughtered in the courtyard. First, the people sprinkled the chicken blood over themselves, and then they smeared it on the body of the car. In a moment, the automobile was red and dripping blood. This was the baptism of the Pontiac. Wherever there is blood, they crowd around to dip their hands in it. They could not explain to me why this is necessary.

FOR a few hours a week, they manage to attain fantastic discipline. This happens on Friday, at the time of common prayer. That morning, the first, most fervent Muslim walks into the vast square, spreads his rug, and kneels on its fringe. Then the next one comes and spreads his rug beside the first one's, even though all the rest of the square is empty. Then comes the next believer, and the next. Later, there are a thousand, and then a million. They spread their rugs and kneel. They kneel in even, orderly rows, in silence, facing Mecca. Around noon, the leader of the Friday prayer begins the ritual. They all stand, bow, straighten up, fall to their knees, prostrate themselves, squat on their haunches, and prostrate themselves once again. The perfect, undisturbed rhythm of a million bodies is a sight that is difficult to describe and—for me—rather ominous. When the prayers end, the ranks break up at once, everyone starts gabbing, and pleasant, free-and-easy confusion dispels the tension.

DISSENT soon broke out in the revolutionary camp. Everyone had opposed the Shah and wanted to remove him, but everyone had imagined the future differently. Some thought that the country would become the sort of democracy they knew from their stays in France and Switzerland. But these were exactly the people who lost first in the battle that began once the Shah was gone. They were intelligent people, even wise, but weak. They found themselves immediately in a paradoxical situation. A democracy cannot be imposed by force; the majority must favor it. Yet the majority wanted what Khomeini wanted—an Islamic republic. When the liberals were gone, the proponents of the republic remained. But then they began fighting among themselves. In this struggle, the conservative hard-liners gradually gained the upper hand over the enlightened and open ones. I knew people from both camps, and whenever I thought about the people I sympathized with pessimism swept over me. The leader of the enlightened ones was Abolhassan Bani-Sadr. Slim, slightly stooping, always wearing a polo shirt, he would walk around, persuading, constantly entering into discussions. He had a thousand ideas. He talked a lot—too much. He dreamed incessantly of new solutions. He wrote books in a difficult, obscure style. In these countries, an intellectual in politics is always out of place. An intellectual has too much imagination, he tends to hesitate, he is likely to go off in all directions at once. What good is a leader who does not himself know what he ought to stand up for? Ayatollah Beheshti, the hard-liner, never behaved in this way. He would summon his staff and dictate instructions, and they were all grateful to him, because now they knew how to act and what to do. Beheshti held the reins of the Shiite leadership; Bani-Sadr commanded his own friends and followers. Bani-Sadr's power base lay among the intelligentsia, the students, and the Mujahedin—Muslim activists. Beheshti's base was a crowd waiting for the call of the mullahs. It was clear that Bani-Sadr had to lose. But Beheshti, too, would fall under the hand of the Charitable and Merciful One.

COMBAT squads appeared on the streets. These were groups of strong young people with knives sticking out of their hip pockets. They attacked students, and ambulances carried injured girls out of the university. Demonstrations began; the crowds shook their fists. But against whom this time? Against the man who wrote books in a difficult, obscure style. Millions of people were out of work, the peasants were still living in miserable mud huts, but what did that matter? Beheshti's men were engaged elsewhere—fighting the counter-revolution. Yes, they knew at last what to do and what to say. You don't have anything to eat? You have nowhere to live? We will show you who is to blame. It's that counter-revolutionary. Destroy him, and you can start living like a human being. But what sort of counter-revolutionary is he? Weren't we fighting together only yesterday against the Shah? That was yesterday, and today he's your enemy. Having heard this, the feverish crowd attacked without pausing to think whether the enemy was a real enemy, but you can't blame the people in the crowd. They wanted a better life and had wanted it for a long time without knowing, without understanding how it was that, despite continuous effort, sacrifice, and self-denial, that better life was still beyond the horizon.

DEPRESSION reigned among my friends. They predicted an imminent cataclysm. As always when hard times are coming, they, the intellectuals, were losing their strength and their faith. They were filled with fear and frustration. They, who once would not have missed a demonstration for anything, now began to fear crowds. As I talked with them, I thought of the Shah. The Shah was travelling around the world, and his face would appear in the papers occasionally, each time more wasted. Until the end, he thought he would return to his country. He never did, but much of what he had done remained. A despot



Mae. About $55.
White Leather / Black Patent,
White Leather / Navy Smooth,
White Leather / Red Smooth,
Bone Kid / Summer Beige Smooth.

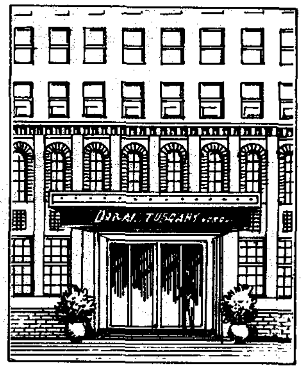
For a free catalogue call Selby Fifth Avenue (212) 725-0100. Ask for Dept. 18. Outside the New York-New Jersey area call (513) 527-7610 for the nearest store. Price shown is manufacturer's suggested retail price. Actual dealer prices may vary.

THE
BERMUDA
SHOP LTD

The answer to the summer dress. This softly tailored, pleat-front dress goes everywhere. In the natural color of unbleached cotton. Sizes 4-12. **$90.** Khaki jute belt with leather buckle. S/M, M/L **$20.** Add local sales tax and $2 shipping. Major credit cards.

605 MADISON AVE., NYC (212) 355-0733 / 26 W. MAIN ST., MYSTIC, CT (203) 572-0527 / 81 NEWBURY ST., BOSTON, MA (617) 266-2428

At the elegant, little hotel around the corner:



Shopper's weekend special

$47.50 per pers., daily, dble. occ., Fri. or Sat. arrival, Sun. departure.
Includes parking

A few steps east of Park Avenue on 39th Street, a short stroll from Fifth Avenue shops, is one of Murray Hill's most attractive surprises. Doral Tuscany, an elegant, little hotel with all the virtues the description implies.

Here you'll enjoy a chic, quiet location, superb service, a deluxe room with king-size bed, Continental breakfast and the New York Times every morning. Plus a gift of Godiva chocolates to celebrate your visit. Downstairs, discover da Vinci, one of Manhattan's finest restaurants, for a delicious end to your shopping day.

See a travel agent or call toll-free:
800-847-4078 (N.Y. State, (212) 686-1600)

DORAL TUSCANY HOTEL
39 St., East of Park Avenue, New York 10016

Portraits by
YOUSUF
KARSH
of Ottawa
in New York by appointment
(212) 838-4565
or Ottawa
(613) 236-7181
Karsh

may go away, but no dictatorship comes to a complete end with his departure. A dictatorship depends for its existence on the ignorance of the mob; that's why all dictators take such pains to cultivate its ignorance. It requires generations to change such a state of affairs, to let some light in. Before this can happen, however, those who have brought down a dictator often act, in spite of themselves, like his heirs, perpetuating the attitudes and thought patterns of the epoch they themselves have destroyed. This happens involuntarily and subconsciously, and they burst into righteous ire if anyone points it out to them. But can the Shah be blamed for all this? The Shah inherited an existing tradition, he moved within the bounds of a set of customs that had prevailed for centuries. It is one of the most difficult things in the world to cross such boundaries to change the past.

I SPENT whole days roaming around Teheran with no purpose in mind. I was escaping from the wearisome emptiness of my room and from my aggressive, slanderous cleaning woman. She was always asking for money. She took my clean, pressed shirts when they came back from the laundry, dipped them in water, strung them on a line, and demanded payment. For what? For ruining my shirts? Her scrawny claw was always thrust out from beneath her *chador*. I knew she had no money. But neither had I. This was something she couldn't understand. A man from the outside world is by definition rich. The hotel owner shrugged her shoulders: "I can't do anything about it. As a result of the revolution, my dear sir, that woman now has power." The hotel owner treated me as a natural ally, a counter-revolutionary. She assumed that my views were liberal; liberals, as people of the center, were at that time under the sharpest attack. Choose between God and Satan! Official propaganda expected a clear declaration from everyone; the time of the purges and of what was called "examining each other's hands" had begun.

NEW YEAR'S EVE, 1979. I've made up my mind to go to the United States Embassy. I leave the hotel at eleven. I don't have far to walk—a mile and a half, perhaps—and it's easy going, because it's downhill. The cold is penetrating, the wind dry and frigid; there must be a snowstorm raging in the mountains. The streets are empty of pedestrians and patrols, empty of everyone but a peanut vender sitting in his booth in Val-e-Asr Square, all wrapped and muffled against the cold in warm scarves, like the autumnal venders on Polna Street in Warsaw. I buy a bag of peanuts and give him a handful of rials—too many. It is my Christmas present. He doesn't understand. He counts out what I owe him and hands back the change with a serious, dignified expression. I walk on, looking at the decaying shopwindows. Turning onto Taleghani, I pass a burned-out bank, a fire-scarred cinema, an empty hotel, an unlit airline office. Finally, I reach the Embassy. In the daytime, the place is like a big marketplace, a busy encampment, a noisy political amusement park where you come to scream and let off steam. You can come here, abuse the mighty of the world, and not face any consequences at all. There's no lack of volunteers; the place is thronged. But just now, with midnight approaching, there is no one here. The wind flutters the tatters of banners, and ripples a big painting of a band of devils warming themselves over the inferno. Farther along, President Carter in a star-spangled top hat is shaking a bag of gold while the inspired Caliph Ali prepares for a martyr's death. A microphone and batteries of loudspeakers still stand on the platform from which excited orators have been stirring the crowds to wrath and indignation. The sight of those unspeaking loudspeakers deepens the impression of lifelessness. The main entrance, as usual, is closed with a chain and padlock, since no one has repaired the lock in the gate, which the crowd broke when it stormed the Embassy. Near the gate, two young guards crouch in the cold as they lean against the high brick wall, automatic rifles slung over their shoulders—students of the Caliph's line. They seem to be dozing. In the background, among the trees, is the lighted building where the hostages are held. I study the windows, but I see no one—neither figure nor shadow. I look at my watch. It is midnight, and the New Year is beginning.

WHEN I want to cheer myself up, I go see Mr. Ferdousi. Mr. Ferdousi sells Persian carpets. Mr. Ferdousi, who has passed all his life in the familiar intercourse of art and beauty, looks upon the surrounding reality as if it were a B film in a cheap, unswept cinema. It is all a question of taste, he tells me. The most important thing, sir, is to have taste. The world would look far different if a few more people had a drop more taste. In all horrors (for he does call them horrors), like lying, treachery, theft, and informing, he distinguishes a common denominator: such things are done by people with no taste. He believes that the nation will survive everything and that beauty is indestructible. You must remember, he tells me as he unfolds another carpet (he knows that I am not going to buy it, but he would like me to enjoy the sight of it), that what has made it possible for the Persians to remain themselves over two and a half millennia, what has made it possible for us to remain ourselves in spite of so many wars, invasions, and occupations, is our spiritual, not our material, strength; our poetry, and not our technology; our religion, and not our factories. What have we given the world? We have given poetry, the miniature, and carpets. As you can see, these are all useless things from the productive viewpoint. But it is through such things that we have expressed our true selves. We have given the world this miraculous, unique uselessness. What we have given the world has not made life any easier, only adorned it—if such a distinction makes any sense. To us, a carpet, for example, is a vital necessity. You spread a carpet on a wretched, parched desert, lie down on it, and feel that you are lying in a green meadow. Yes, our carpets remind us of meadows in flower. You see before you flowers, you see a garden, a pool, a fountain. Peacocks are sauntering among the shrubs. And carpets are things that last—a good carpet will retain its color for centuries. In this way, while you are living in a bare, monotonous desert you seem to be living in an eternal garden, from which neither the color nor the freshness ever fades. Then you can continue imagining the fragrance of the garden, you can listen to the murmur of the stream and the song of the birds. And then you feel well, whole, you feel eminent, you are near paradise, you are a poet. —RYSZARD KAPUŚCIŃSKI

(Translated, from the Polish, by William R. Brand and Katarzyna Mroczkowska-Brand. This is the second part of a two-part article.)

•

RECIPES WE NEVER FINISHED READING

[From the Stamford Advocate]

SPONGE CAKE

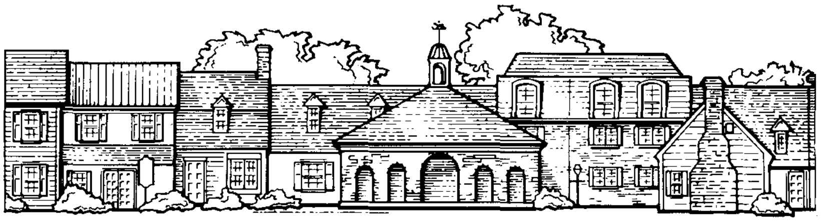
253 large eggs

MAKE YOUR BUSINESS TRIP A VACATION, TOO

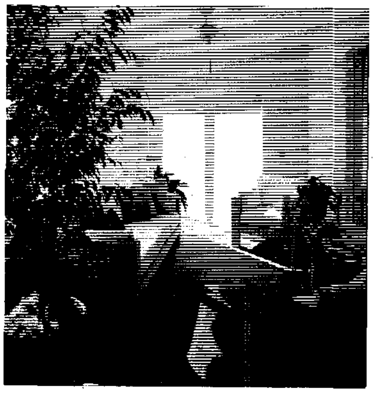
Invite your spouse along and share the embracing hospitality of Albany's distinctively different hotel, the Americana Inn. Relax in a spacious room, indoor pools, a health club and sauna. Walk through the fragrant gardens of our charming indoor Colonial Village Squares. Dine at the Scrimshaw . . . famous for specialities of seafood and beef. The Americana is rated "exceptional" by the AAA.

A mile from Albany Airport. Exit 4 of Northway I-87.
660 Albany-Shaker Road, Albany, N.Y. 12211
Call Toll Free: 1-800-235-1210.
New York State: 1-800-448-3500.

Americana Inn
Albany, New York



Southern Exposure



If you haven't received our free, limited edition brochure on the world's most extraordinary community for active adults 55 and over — you may never experience the true warmth and beauty of the Old South. Call 1-800-633-2252, Ext. 530, or send this ad to Bermuda Village. Box 5397, Winston-Salem, North Carolina 27113-5397. Apartment home security deposits from $80,220 to $140,900 (100% refundable). Villas from $158,400.

BERMUDA VILLAGE
Only a Few Can Call it Home

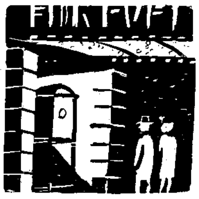
Name ______
Address ______
City ______ State ______ Zip ______
Telephone ( ) ______

© 1985 Bermuda Village
A Subsidiary of Angell Group Inc.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Golden Kimonos

A FRIEND of mine says that when you go to a Kon Ichikawa film "you laugh at things, and you know that Ichikawa is sophisticated enough to make you laugh, but you don't know why you're laughing." I agree. I've just seen Ichikawa's 1983 "The Makioka Sisters," which opened in New York for a week's run and will open nationally in April, and although I can't quite account for my response, I think it's the most pleasurable movie I've seen in several months—probably since "Stop Making Sense," back in November. The last hour (the picture runs two hours and twenty minutes) is particularly elating—it gives you a vitalizing mix of emotions. It's like the work of a painter who has perfect control of what color he gives you. At almost seventy, Ichikawa—his more than seventy movies include "The Key" ("Odd Obsession"), "Fires on the Plain," "An Actor's Revenge," "Tokyo Olympiad"—is a deadpan sophisticate, with a film technique so masterly that he pulls you into the worlds he creates. There doesn't seem to be a narrative in "The Makioka Sisters," yet you don't feel as if anything is missing. At first, you're like an eavesdropper on a fascinating world that you're ignorant about. But then you find that you're not just watching this film—you're coasting on its rhythms, and gliding past the precipitous spots. Ichikawa celebrates the delicate beauty of the Makioka sisters, and at the same time makes you feel that there's something amusingly perverse in their poise and their politesse. And he plays near-subliminal tricks. You catch things out of the corner of your eye and you're not quite sure how to take them.



The Junichiro Tanizaki novel on which the film is based was written during the Second World War and published in 1948, under the title "A Light Snowfall" (and it has been filmed twice before under this title—in 1950, by Yutaka Abe, and in 1959, by Koji Shima), but it has become known here as "The Makioka Sisters." The women are the four heiresses of an aristocratic Osaka family. Their mother died long ago, and their father, who was one of the big three of Japan's shipbuilders, followed. Tsuruko (Keiko Kishi), the eldest of the sisters, lives in the family's large, ancestral home in Osaka and controls the shrinking fortunes of the two unmarried younger girls. The film is set in 1938, and the traditions in which these women were raised are slipping away, along with their money. Tsuruko and the next oldest, Sachiko (Yoshiko Sakuma), have married men who took the Makioka name, but its prestige has been tarnished by the behavior of the youngest of the sisters, Taeko (Yuko Kotegawa), who caused a scandal five years earlier, when she ran off with a jeweller's son and tried to get married, though the Makioka family's strict code of behavior required that Yukiko (Sayuri Yoshinaga), the next to youngest, had to be married first. The scandal was augmented, because the newspaper got things wrong—wrote that Yukiko had eloped, and then, when Tsuruko's husband complained about the error, mucked things up more in correcting the mistake. Taeko still lives at Sachiko's home, along with Yukiko, but she's trying to achieve independence through a career. She wants to start a business, but Tsuruko won't give her her inheritance until she's married, and she isn't allowed to marry. It's Catch-22. She's flailing around, and waiting for the demure Yukiko to say yes to one of her suitors.

Each suitor is brought to a formal ceremony—a *miai*—where the prospective bride sits across a table from the prospective groom, with members of their families and go-betweens seated around them. At thirty, Yukiko is a veteran of these gatherings, but she has still not found a man to her liking. During the year that the movie spans, there are several of these *miai*—each a small slapstick comedy of manners. The last, when Yukiko finally meets what she has been waiting for (and the camera travels up the suitor's full height), has a special tickle for the audience, because you can see exactly why Yukiko said no to the others and why she says yes to this one.

These *miai* are just about the only formal, structured events; in between them, Taeko gets into highly unstructured emotional entanglements—falling in love with a photographer who becomes ill and dies, taking up next with a bartender, becoming pregnant, sampling a few lower depths, and planning to go to work, which means another scandal. While Taeko wears Western clothes and goes off on her own, the exquisite, subdued Yukiko stays in her sister's house. (The two married women's houses are like theatres-in-the-round, with the four sisters and the servants as each other's audience.) Is Yukiko the priss that her Southern-belle curls and her old-fashioned-girl manner suggest? Not by what you catch in glimpses. Yukiko, who clings to the hierarchic family values of the past, with all the bowing and the arch turning away of the head and the eyes cast down, is inscrutable, like Carole Laure in Blier's "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs." But we see the come-on in her modesty. That's what's enchanting in the older sisters, too. Taeko, the animated modern girl, the one asserting her sexual freedom, is the least teasing, the least suggestive, but when she's with the others and in a kimono she's lovely. They're beauties, all four of them, with peerless skin tones, and they move as if always conscious that they must be visual poetry. (And they are, they are.)

Yukiko appears to be the most submissive, but she's strong-willed, and she has a sly streak. Living in Sachiko's house, she dresses with the door open to the hall Sachiko's husband passes through. And when she sees him looking at her bare thigh, she covers herself slowly, seductively. Sachiko, who observes what's going on, gets so fussed she starts tripping on her kimono and bumping into things. When she sees her husband kissing Yukiko, she crushes a piece of fruit in her fist and shoves it into her mouth to keep from crying out. And she renews her efforts to find Yukiko a suitable husband.

Ichikawa has said, in an interview, that he took his cue from the book's original title, "A Light Snowfall." He said that light snow, which melts away instantly, "expresses something both fleeting and beautiful," and that he looked at the sisters in these terms. And that may help to explain why it's so difficult to pin down the pleasure the film gives. It's like a succession of evanescent revelations—the images are stylized and formal, yet the quick cutting melts them away. It's not as if he were trying to catch a moment—rather, he's trying to catch traces of its passing. When the four stroll among the cherry blossoms in Kyoto, the whole image becomes cherry-toned, and they disappear.

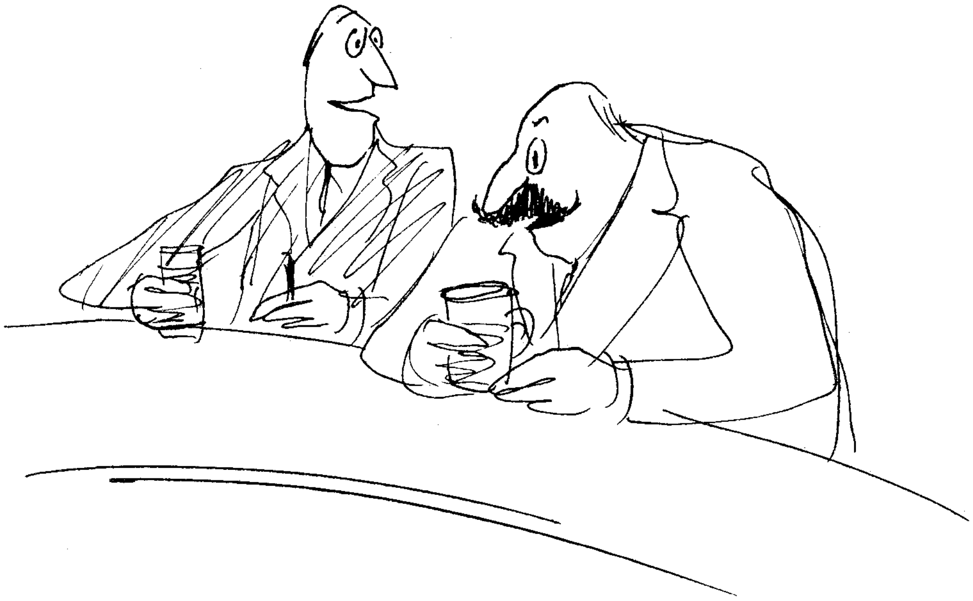
Ichikawa's temperament brings something more furtive and glinting to the material than Tanizaki gave it in the novel. (In its spirit, the movie actually seems more closely related to other Tanizaki novels, such as “The Key,” than it does to this one.) The film builds to its last hour; what's distinctive about the buildup is that the darts of humor don't allow you a full release. Taeko's first bid for independence involves becoming an artist, and her sisters speak of her work in perfectly level, admiring tones. Sachiko even pays for a show at a gallery. Taeko's art is the creation of dolls—exact, lifelike small reproductions of girls in heavy makeup and elaborate gowns, and with eyes that open and close. They could be little Makioka sisters. This is sneak-attack humor, played absolutely straight—Ichikawa is satirizing the material from within. And when this kind of suppressed joke plays right next to sequences such as a display of shimmering golden kimonos that the Makioka girls' father had bought for Yukiko's wedding presents, with one after another placed center screen—a glorious celebration of textures and color—an unusual kind of tension and excitement builds in the viewer.

I don't know enough about the Osaka culture to interpret the film as social criticism or as an elegy to a vanishing form of feminine grace. (Ichikawa himself comes from the Osaka area.) But the actresses are perfectly believable as the works of art that women like the Makioka sisters were trained to be. And it's easy to be entranced with the world that the film creates. (The industrialization of Japan is kept on the periphery.) When the banking company that Tsuruko's husband works for transfers him to Tokyo, and Tsuruko doesn't want to leave the Makioka home—a cool palace of polished wood that seems built on an intimate scale—you don't want to leave it, either. The rich colors, the darkness, the low-key lighting—they're intoxicating. When Tsuruko decides to make the move, and her husband falls to his knees to thank her, it has the emotional effect of a great love scene. But the film's finest moment comes at the very end. It's a variation of Joel McCrea's death scene in Peckinpah's “Ride the High Country,” when the old marshal falls out of the film frame. Yukiko is going off to be married; she boards the train in soft vanishing snow, and we realize that she meant far more to Sachiko's husband than a casual flirtation. We see him alone, getting drunk, and he looks terrible—he's all broken up. Then images of the four sisters among the cherry blossoms are held on the screen in slow motion that's like a succession of stills. At last there's only Yukiko's head in the center of the screen, and the head of her disconsolate brother-in-law passes across the screen behind her and out of her life.

The horrible thing about Peckinpah's recent death was that he was the most unfulfilled of great directors. Like Peckinpah, Ichikawa has had more than his share of trouble with production executives, but he has weathered it, and there's a triumphant simplicity about his work here. This venerable director is doing what so many younger directors have claimed to be doing: he's making visual music. The themes are worked out in shades of pearl and ivory for the interiors and bursts of color outside—cherry and maple and red-veined burgundy. He's making a movie that we understand musically, and he's doing it without turning the actors into zombies, and without losing his sense of how corruption and beauty and humor are all rolled up together.

Alan Bridges’ film version of Rebecca West's first novel, “The Return of the Soldier,” which she began writing in the winter of 1915-16 and published in 1918, when she was twenty-five, creates a special literary universe. It gives you the feeling that you sometimes get when you read an “advanced” novel of the twenties, with a “daring,” “modern” way of looking at things, and are touched and charmed by its streamlined Victorianism. Set in 1916, the movie is like a piece of intellectual history. It re-creates an era when Freudianism was new, and when an author might apply it to characters' lives in a spirit of heroic revelation. The conflict is: Should the shell-shocked, amnesiac Captain Chris Baldry (Alan Bates), who has forgotten the last twenty years of his life, be allowed to remain in his boyish state of happiness, or should he be forced to confront the truth? (It's the same theme that O'Neill wrestled with in “The Iceman Cometh”: Are people strong enough to live with “the truth”?) Chris was unconsciously discontented, the Freudian-minded doctor from London suggests, and that is why he has blotted out all knowledge of the years of his maturity and his marriage to the beautiful Kitty (Julie Christie). He has regressed to the time of his greatest joy, when he was young and in love with Margaret (Glenda Jackson), an innkeeper's daughter.

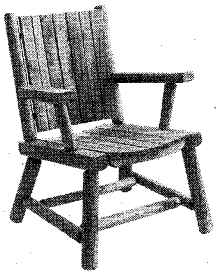
Although it takes a few minutes to yield to this movie—to enter this past and to enjoy the psychological and sexual dilemmas that Rebecca West posed—Julie Christie brings you into



“Giovanni, is it true what they say? That as a child you played under olive trees?”

“It's true.”

Send for Walpole Woodworkers' 1985 Outdoor Cedar Furniture Catalog



$1

KENNEBEC CHAIR
$79.95
Money-back Guarantee

Handcrafted in the classic New England tradition with the enduring beauty of natural cedar. Just one selection from our fine quality, rustic cedar furniture collection.

767 East St., Dept. NY3C-85, Walpole MA 02081
Toll Free (800) 343-6948, Mass., Alaska and Hawaii residents call (617) 668-2800

☐ SEND ME THE CEDAR FURNITURE CATALOG FOR $1 (free with order)
☐ SEND ME THE KENNEBEC CHAIR FOR $79.95 (plus shipping)
☐ Check/MO ☐ MasterCard ☐ VISA
☐ American Express

Shipped partially assembled; easy to complete. No C.O.D.'s Add 10% for UPS shipping except Alaska and Hawaii. Mass. residents add 5% Sales Tax.

Card # ____
Expires ____
Name ____
Street ____
City ____
State ____ ZIP ____

Walpole Woodworkers®

Discover the world of *silk* in our FREE catalog.

Our silk turtlenecks, long johns, pajamas, socks . . . and other luxurious items are a celebration of silk—the world's most revered natural fiber. Come enjoy our exclusive catalog collection of silk body insulators and year-'round silk sportswear for men and women. For FREE subscription, clip and mail this coupon or call 608-836-4600. *Order today!*

Winter SILKS®

The White Pine Co., Ltd.
2700 Laura Lane, Dept. D96
Middleton, Wisc. 53562

☐ Yes! Please begin my FREE catalog subscription.

Name ____
Address ____
City ____
State ____ Zip ____

BOSTON BOUND?

Our short-term furnished apartments cater to those not wanting a full year lease but wanting accommodations at attractive rates. We have pleasant, clean, fully equipped apartments, complete with linen, china and kitchenware in the nicer parts of Back Bay and Beacon Hill.

Home Away, (617) 523-1432
66 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass. 02108

NEW GUINEA

One of the 32 places where travel with Questers becomes a learning experience.
For Tour Directory write or call:
QUESTERS WORLDWIDE NATURE TOURS
Dept. NYK; 257 Park Ave. S; NY, NY 10010 (212) 673-3120

it, by making you laugh. Kitty sits in her elegantly decorated manor house, in its immaculate grounds, and when the drab, middle-aged Margaret, in an ugly, practical raincoat, comes to tell her that Chris is in a hospital, Kitty won't believe her. She is so offended that this grubby creature could presume to bring her news of her husband that she rings for a servant to throw the woman out. Kitty's vanity and self-centeredness are outrageous and unconcealed, and her snobbery is so mean-spirited that she's funny. And she's so possessive that her husband's having forgotten her existence seems like crazy justice. Julie Christie is wonderful to watch; she's a ravishing camera subject who knows how to turn her beauty against herself. With her body caressed by soft silks, she still manages to divorce Kitty's beauty from sexuality. She makes you feel that Kitty is ornamental through and through, that there's no passion in her, or generosity, either. Kitty uses her beauty as a blindfold. She's petulant and ineducable, and so her inability to understand how Chris can prefer the dowdy creature whom she finds physically nauseating is a source of comedy. Kitty has lived up to her understanding of what a wife should be, and she wants this messy inconvenience of her husband's amnesia cleared away.

As the shabby, gentle Margaret, Glenda Jackson has a marvellous leanness to her acting. She's completely in character, though it's the sort of simple, good-woman role that, reading the book, one might think unplayable—and she might be the last actress to come to mind. When she and Chris walk together, you can feel the bond between them, and when she sits on the ground watching him stretched out next to her, you feel she has given him the gift of untroubled sleep. Miscast, Jackson can scratch on one's nerves; she can even seem to be scratching on her own nerves. But she takes Rebecca West's literary conception of an instinctual, loving woman and gets right down to the nub of the character, and she does it with an ease that's fairly astounding. (Her leanness is particularly fine in her scenes with Frank Finlay, who plays Margaret's puttering-in-the-garden husband.) Hugh Whitemore, who adapted the novel, has written other roles Glenda Jackson has scored in (the play and film "Stevie," the six-part "Elizabeth R" on television); here, he takes much of the dialogue from the novel, and

THE BEST FILMS YOU NEVER SAW.

Now you can rent videocassettes by mail of over 300 hard-to-find quality films, including "El Norte," "Night of the Shooting Stars," "Liquid Sky," and "Entre Nous."

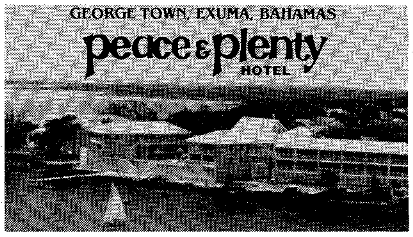
Our ever-expanding library includes foreign and independent films, limited release features, Hollywood classics, cult favorites and documentaries.

Members simply order toll-free, and receive cassettes promptly by mail or UPS. It's simple and inexpensive. Phone or write for free information.

1-800-258-FILM
(in PA, 1-800-633-FILM)

Home Film Festival
Videocassette rentals by mail
305 Linden Street, Scranton, PA 18503

GEORGE TOWN, EXUMA, BAHAMAS
peace & plenty HOTEL

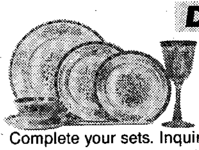


Enjoy unspoiled charm on friendly Exuma Island. Your room has a balcony overlooking a blue lagoon. Informal luxury is the order of the day.

You will love our private Stocking Island only 1 mile away, with a beach club, bar and food service. All water sports plus excellent Bahamian and American food. Come unwind with us for a while at the water's edge . . .

For reservations, see your travel agent or call toll free, U.S.A and Canada 800-327-0787, Miami 443-3821 or 305-523-7112, direct 809-336-2551/2. Free brochure: Peace & Plenty Hotel, P.O. Box 21584, Dpt. NYM, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33335.

DISCONTINUED CHINA and CRYSTAL



WORLD'S LARGEST INVENTORY
We carry all major brands of china, earthenware, crystal.
Complete your sets. Inquire about your patterns now!
BUY or SELL (919) 275-7224
1510-(N) HOLBROOK,
GREENSBORO, N. C.
27403-2785
VISA M'Card Amer. Ex.
REPLACEMENTS, LTD.

London: Town and Country July/Aug Specialists in art, architecture, theater, and history lead you off the beaten path. Please write for 1985 brochure.

BRATER TOURS
1507 Wells St.
Ann Arbor, MI 48104
(313) 668-8899

the novelist's dialogue is essential, because of the film's literary ambience. The novel has a narrator—Chris's cousin and childhood playmate Jenny. Whitemore uses Jenny (Ann-Margret) merely as the mediator between Kitty and Margaret. It's a colorless, thankless role—the unselfish Jenny adores Chris, but knows that the contest is between the two other women. At one point, Kitty, moving across a room, kicks a little dog out of her way; a moment later, Jenny leans over and pets it. That's her function all the way through—she soothes ruffled feelings. What Ann-Margret is doing here as an English spinster is a little puzzling (it has to do with the mysteries of getting a film financed), but her bone structure has an aristocratic quality and she acquits herself with likable dignity.

Alan Bates has a gift for letting us see that the character he plays is being acted upon. As Chris, he has to carry the burden of being loved by Kitty and Jenny, and he carries it rather heavily—which makes it work. When Chris comes home from the hospital, he tells Kitty and Jenny, "If I do not see Margaret Allington, I shall die." That's a period-novel line, and Bates wouldn't get away with statements like this if it weren't for the weight he gives them and a piteousness that you don't laugh off. Amnesiac war heroes have been a subject for parody for several decades (the 1942 "Random Harvest" was the last straw), but Bates has an aura of middle-aged bewilderment that saves him. He's not playing simply a shell-shocked man of the First World War era—he's giving an authentic performance as a shell-shocked romantic hero of that era. And when Kitty, under duress, permits Chris to see Margaret—certain that he'll be appalled at the sight of her frumpiness—Bates brings off the scene in which Chris runs to Margaret and embraces her and doesn't even notice that she looks sallow and ordinary; they walk together with immediate intimacy and understanding.

In the novel, Jenny goes out in the woods to find Chris and Margaret and sees them "englobed in peace as in a crystal sphere." That's how they are in the movie, too. And the phrase might describe the whole movie. Alan Bridges' storytelling methods aren't much more than a thoughtful application of television technique, but the feeling of enclosure in time and space is just what this story needs. As Rebecca West conceived it—and she was writing during the First World War

Omaha Steaks International®

Try a little tenderness

Now there's an easy way to make those special occasions truly memorable! Just try a little tenderness.

Candlelight...soft music...and...magnificent, aged Omaha Steaks. Tender, luscious, corn-fed beef with extraordinary flavor. Perfect.

Experts prepare each filet from the finest beef tenderloins. Their artistry in cutting and aging is your assurance of the utmost in enjoyment.

Your steaks will arrive frozen in a reusable picnic cooler. We guarantee your complete satisfaction. Order today!

Six 6 oz. Filet Mignons, 1¼" thick (reg. $52.95) $29.95
(plus $4.00 shipping/handling)

YOU SAVE $23.00! VALID IN 48 STATES UNTIL MAR. 31, 1985.

OR SAVE EVEN MORE...

Twelve 6 oz. Filet Mignons at the extra special price of $58.95
LIMIT OF 2 PACKAGES PER ORDER (plus $4.00 shipping/handling)

James Beard, noted food authority, says: "Omaha Steaks are *everything I expect a good steak to be.*"

FREE WITH YOUR ORDER...The Omaha Steaks Cookbook, filled with easy-to-follow cooking instructions, helpful storing and serving hints, and recipes by James Beard, World Famous Food Authority. Also, a colorful catalog of gourmet treats with a 10% discount coupon for use with your first catalog order. **Write for FREE catalog and 10% discount coupon only.**

Omaha Steaks International®

Use major credit card and........ **Call Free 1-800-228-9055** (In Nebraska phone 0-402-391-3660 collect)

or write to: Dept. 1517,• 4400 So. 96th Street • Omaha, NE 68127

The beautiful look in home refrigeration

SUB-ZERO

SUB-ZERO FREEZER CO.
P.O. Box 4130
Madison, WI 53711
608/271-2233

send for colorful brochure

Elegant yet versatile, the all refrigerator and all freezer Sub-Zero models featured above are true built-ins that fit flush with base cabinets. Providing a combined storage capacity of 41 cu. ft., these like all Sub-Zero built-in units will blend with any interior by accepting front and side panels to complement any decor. Other combination models, up to 31 cubic feet, are available including side-by-side, over-n-under in widths of 30" to 48". Sub-Zero also offers several undercounter models and ice-makers. All units are factory tested for total performance. Available in Canada.

—it is partly about women's attitudes toward the fighting. The title refers not just to Chris's return to the manor but to what Margaret and Jenny fear—that if his memory is restored he will have to return to the trenches. (This possibility doesn't faze Kitty in the slightest.)

The middle-aged Chris, who's in love in a young man's way, is, in effect, experiencing a second childhood. As Bates plays him, he might seem perfectly happy if it weren't for the blankness in his gray eyes. His eyes tell us that he's lost—that he's not fully there. And Jenny and Margaret recognize that he can't be fully a man without his memories of pain. (In the novel, part of that pain was his slaving in business all those—now forgotten—years to pay for Kitty's tastes, her redecoration of the house, and the upkeep on the grounds; in the movie, he seems to have done nothing, except go to board meetings and ride horses and play golf—perhaps so that the film can score a point against his class.)

The movie's simplified psychology is amusingly fragrant, and melodramatic. Ian Holm is on hand, as the lively, gnomish London doctor who parcels out the meaning and significance of Chris's shell shock. The film (it was made in 1982, but is showing in New York for the first time) is a "civilized entertainment"—a curiosity. It's neither great nor exciting, and much of what makes it enjoyable is what we usually think of as peripheral: the *moderne* décor in the manor house which the production designer, Luciana Arrighi, has come up with; the jewels and clinging silks that the costume designer, Shirley Russell, has put on Julie Christie; the toylike automobiles; Kitty having her thick dark-blond hair brushed, or piling it up in wonderful loose, Pre-Raphaelite coils; even an outré witch's hat that Ann-Margret wears—it's black, with spidery red embroidery running around the crown. And the contrast between the details of Baldry Court and the little row house where Margaret lives is like a visual essay on class determination of taste. But the acting saves the conception from preciousness. (The acting is so good that Bridges and Whitemore might have dispensed with the flashbacks to Chris and Margaret's youthful ardor; seeing them together now tells us about their past, and it's more stirring.) The movie isn't essentially different from the Masterpiece Theatre adaptations of famous novels, but it doesn't have all that drawn-out tiresomeness, and since it's based on a little-known and minor novel, it has some freshness to it. And the novel's dated modernity may give us pause. It has only been a few decades since Freud and Victoria walked arm in arm: in this material, Chris's return to reality doesn't mean learning what his repressed feelings are and freeing himself from a dead marriage—it means going back to being a proper husband and a good soldier.

"THE MEAN SEASON" starts out huffing and puffing about opportunistic journalism. There are sizable indications that it's going to be about the press's responsibility for building up people like Son of Sam, for giving killers the notoriety that can impel them to commit a series of atrocities. So when it turns out to be nothing more than an inept thriller about a Miami reporter (Kurt Russell) who gets hot tips from a serial murderer about where to look for fresh corpses, the audience can't help laughing contemptuously. Besides, the picture has a bottomless source of hilarity: the reporter's schoolteacher girlfriend, who screams helplessly in emergencies, is played by the six-footer Mariel Hemingway, who could just haul off and whack whoever was terrorizing her. When she isn't screaming, she's lecturing the reporter, trying to get him to quit in the middle of the case; when the murderer phones, she proceeds to lecture *him*. No wonder he decides to go after her; the surprise is that the reporter doesn't encourage him. This girl has a serious case of preposterousness, plus she is a large pain.

The director, Phillip Borsos, and the cinematographer, Frank Tidy, sustain a lively, stormy gothic atmosphere. And there's nothing the matter with most of the cast that a good script wouldn't cure. The script that Borsos is working with is based on John Katzenbach's "In the Heat of the Summer," and is credited to Leon Piedmont, a pseudonym for a couple of fellows (and some helpers on the set). Using a pseudonym may be the smartest thing these writers did. At the beginning, when the reporter's account of the murder of a teen-age girl comes out, the killer calls and tells him that it's only the first—that before he's done he's going to kill three women and two men, and "You're going to be my conduit to the public." The reaction of the reporter's Mephistopheles, his editor (Richard Masur), is "This

The weekend to end all weeks.

The Sonesta Deluxe Weekend $49.00*

From your luxurious room, a magnificent view of Boston and the Charles. Your stay includes continental breakfast on Saturday, a sumptuous brunch on Sunday, free parking, courtesy van service to downtown Boston and Cambridge and all taxes and food gratuities. Indeed, Boston's best is yours for three days and two nights. And should you be unable to join us for the entire weekend, please call about our other special packages.

Weekends at the Royal Sonesta. All weeks should end this well.

**Per person, double occupancy, per night. Based on a two night stay, Friday night arrival only.*

For reservations and further information, see your travel agent, call the hotel direct or toll free at
1-800-343-7170.
(Now open Sundays.)

Royal Sonesta Hotel
Boston (Cambridge)

5 Cambridge Parkway
Cambridge, MA 02142
617-491-3600

Sonesta means personal service in Cambridge (Boston), Key Biscayne (Miami) and Orlando (Florida), New Orleans, Portland (Maine), Amsterdam, Bermuda, Egypt, Israel.

is the one you've been waiting for. Fabulous." And a little later he says insidiously, "Our illustrious publisher thinks you may be entering Pulitzer territory." That's the level of the melodrama here. Those are high points, compared with what follows. Audience morale sinks audibly when the reporter and the schoolteacher start playing scare pranks on each other while the Lalo Schifrin score works on us so our hearts will pound when the reporter approaches his girl in her shower, or when she hides in the back seat of his car and puts a hand the size of Bigfoot's print on his shoulder.

The only real point of interest in the movie is Richard Jordan, who has often been the the only real point of interest in his movies, but is more spectacularly so this time, in the role of a sociopathic killer. Jordan has put on some heft, and it takes him out of the romantic-juvenile class. The fleshiness makes his smoothly handsome baby face more imposing, and with the pampered quality he has, and the big, deep voice, he has finally become *weird*. Jordan has a Brando-like look about him now. And it's entertaining to see an actor who likes hamming it up, who enjoys the flash of playing an insanely clever villain. (Kurt Russell plays his role professionally and acts in a believable manner, but it's a fake-serious part that might have been helped by a little ham and histrionics.)

In movies of the early thirties, reporter heroes used to talk about quitting and writing a novel. The audience understood why: they all wanted to be Mariel's grandpa. Now, when the reporter hero talks of being burned out and of wanting to quit and go to work on a small-town paper in Colorado, he just seems to be mouthing the words of a phony screenwriter who's trying to put over the notion that a small-town paper means purity and moral regeneration. You can see the reason for it: if the reporter said he was quitting to write a script or to go to work for *Time* or *People*, there'd be whistles and catcalls. It's getting very hard for an American hero to tell us how he's going to renew himself. Heroines have their troubles, too. Though it's great to have collarbones and shoulders like Mariel's, it's not so great if you're in a role that obliges you to shrink and cower. The screenwriters ought to be photographed saying her lines and doing the screaming and trying to hide behind Kurt Russell.

—PAULINE KAEL

At home with serious music lovers. Masterworks Portrait.

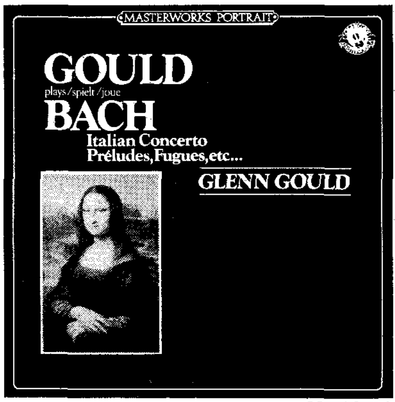
Every Masterworks Portrait is a masterpiece of program, performance and even processing.

Digitally remastered from original session tapes, these landmark recordings, from the distinguished CBS Masterworks catalog, have never sounded better.

Whatever your musical passion, you're sure to find yourself in a Masterworks Portrait. Selections range from Baroque to 20th Century works...from symphonic staples to esoteric chamber pieces. The artists are the finest in the world. The performances are internationally-acclaimed.

There are close to 100 programs from which to choose, including a new series of boxed-sets with records and cassettes imported from Europe. All are reasonably-priced.

Serious music lovers will find many Portraits just right for their homes.



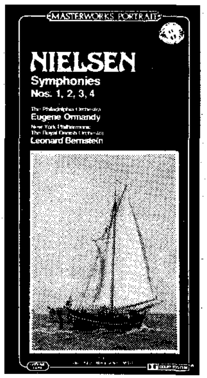
MP 38749

Schubert
SCHUBERT

MPT 38776

MASTERWORKS PORTRAIT
MOZART
Symphonies
Bruno Walter

M3P 39627*



3PT 39639*

MASTERWORKS

Fine Reproductions At A Price You Can Live With. Masterworks Portrait Records And Cassettes.

MASTERWORKS PORTRAIT

*Available in March.

"CBS," "Masterworks," "Masterworks Portrait" are trademarks of CBS Inc. © 1985 CBS Inc.

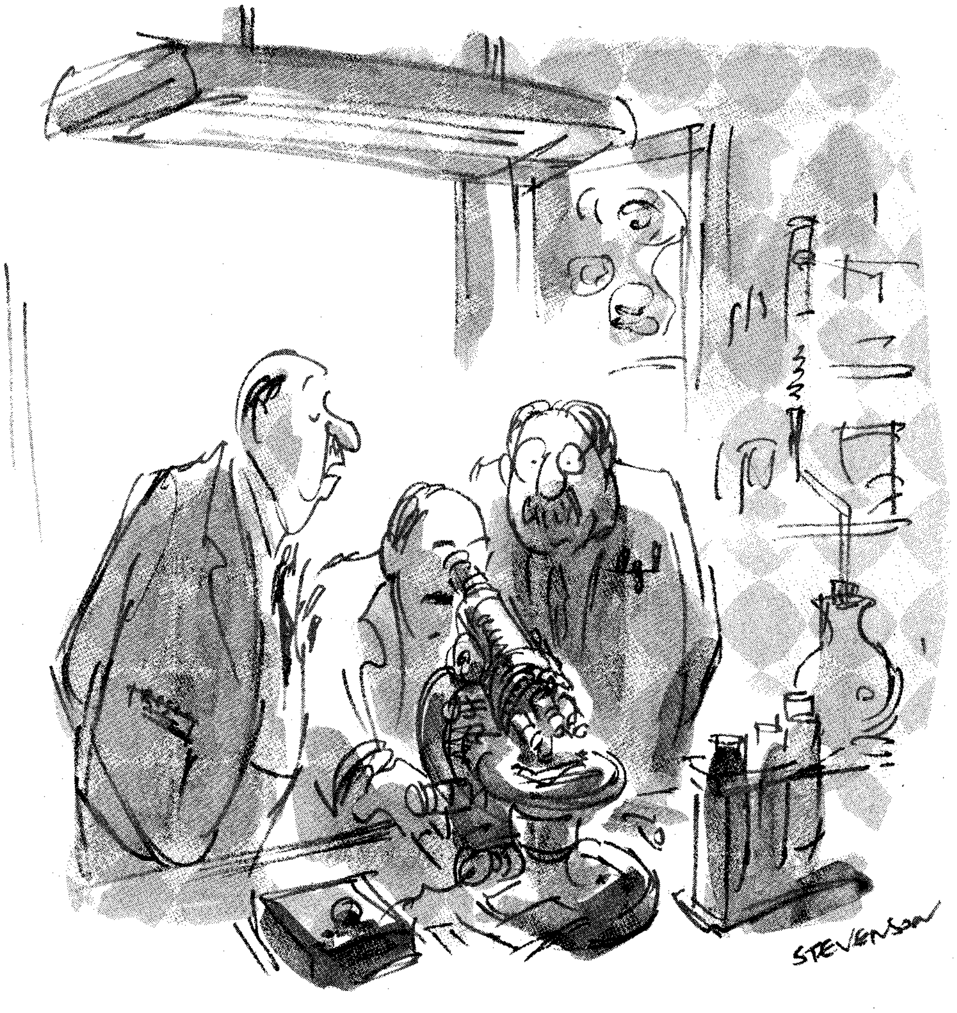
THE THEATRE

Off Broadway

"THE HITCH-HIKERS," at WPA, is a play, by Larry Ketron, based on a short story by Eudora Welty which catches its spirit exactly. The evening opens with three blackouts of a pair of hitchhikers motionless at the side of a road. A car stops and picks them up; at the wheel is Tom, a travelling salesman (office supplies) on his way to Memphis. He asks his passengers—talky Sanford and wordless Sobby, who is snuffling and coughing—where they are going, and when he learns that they have no destination he realizes they are tramps. They stop for hamburgers and beer at a drive-in, where they are served by a strange, attractive carhop, who invites them in. Tom, having paid for everyone's food and drink, declines. They drive on to a small-town hotel, where Tom has apparently been stopping off for years, and he goes inside to arrange with the proprietor for his two passengers to sleep on the porch. Waiting in the car Sanford proposes to Sobby that they steal it, and Sobby hits him on the head with a beer bottle, severely wounding him. Back in the hotel, meanwhile, Tom telephones a woman named Ruth, whom he has been seeing regularly on his trips through town; she invites him to a party and there introduces him to the carhop—Carol—from the hamburger joint. She tells him that she fell in love with him some years ago, at a dance, and has never stopped loving him. But there is Ruth. And, handcuffed to a bed at the hotel, there is Sobby, who will be charged with murder if Sanford dies. These are the elements of the complex plot, but the play would be strong even if the plot were more complex (or less), as one telling scene follows the next. Kind, detached (unhatched) Tom—"God's fool," said my discerning companion at the theatre—sits in a bedroom with the shackled Sobby; in one of the most remarkable speeches I've ever heard on any stage, Sobby (who is played by a remarkable actor, Peter Zapp) explains to Tom that he has beaned Sanford because he couldn't stand the sound of his voice, and, dropping his natural silence, continues to talk. In another good scene, Ruth takes Tom to an abandoned candy store, which she proposes to turn into a stationery shop for Tom, in order to keep him in town. Tom tells her his selling trips are just an excuse to be on the road, to be free; they make love on an old desk or counter, but that is it for Ruth. In a third scene, Carol (a fine performance by Elizabeth McGovern) describes to Tom the dance, all those years ago, when she fell in love with him for life.

The production, as is almost always the case at WPA, is first-rate, with a subtle, well-chosen jazz accompaniment to each scene. (The sound is by Aural Fixation, but, for all I know, the numbers may have been chosen by Dann Florek, the admirable director.) The eloquent lighting is by Phil Monat, the good setting and costumes are by Edward T. Gianfrancesco and Don Newcomb, respectively. The acting is, in every instance, believable and exactly right. Frances Fisher is Ruth, Timothy Carhart is Tom, John Anthony Lack is Sanford, Wyman Pendleton is the hotel proprietor, William Jihmi Kennedy is a young servant who works there, and Edward Cannan is the town sheriff. I hadn't read Miss Welty's story in many years and decided not to reread it until after I'd seen the show. I suggest you do the same: keep the mind and responses free. When I did go back to the story, I found that Mr. Ketron had dramatized much that Miss Welty subtly indicated, and had done so to fine effect.

—EDITH OLIVER



"Whatever it is, it's very, very little."

•

NO COMMENT DEPARTMENT

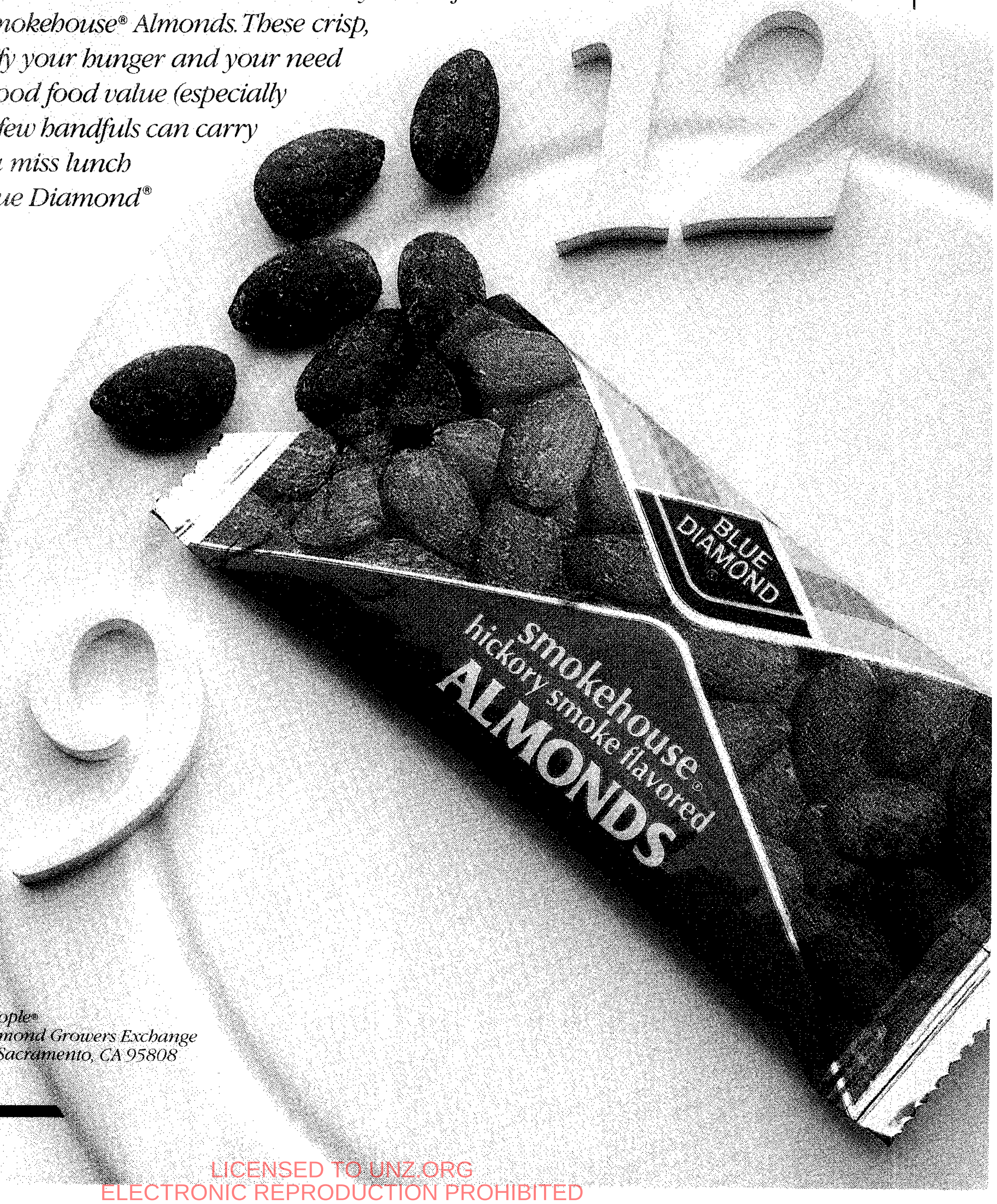
[*Bulletin from the Office of Technology Assessment, Washington, D.C.*]

In the period following a nuclear attack, conditions could get worse before they started to get better.

Blue Diamond® Almonds

a natural when hunger strikes

When you are starved and lunch is hours away...reach for Blue Diamond® Smokehouse® Almonds. These crisp, crunchy nuts satisfy your hunger and your need for a snack with good food value (especially protein). In fact, a few handfuls can carry you through if you miss lunch altogether. Keep Blue Diamond® Almonds handy.


12
9
BLUE DIAMOND
Smokehouse®
hickory smoke flavored
ALMONDS

the Almond People®
California Almond Growers Exchange
P.O. Box 1768, Sacramento, CA 95808

Deep inside the Tower of London lies the world's single most valuable object.

TWA Getaway® Vacations. A great way to discover Britain's heritage.

The Imperial State Crown—one of the Crown Jewels—contains no fewer than 3,179 gems.

It is truly priceless.

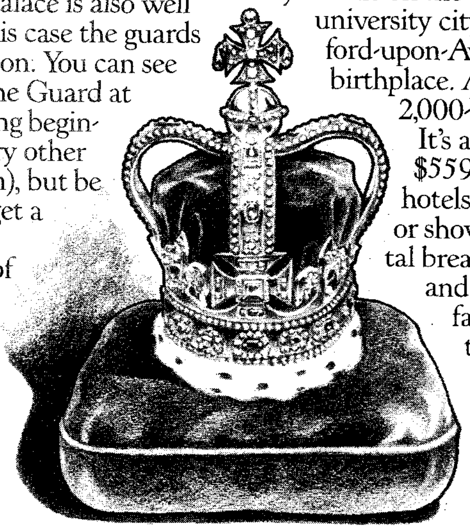
Originally made for Queen Victoria's coronation, it's been worn subsequently by every sovereign on state occasions. And although the Crown Jewels are on display in the Tower, they are, as you can imagine, very well guarded. In fact the Chief Warder locks the gates every night in the 700-year-old Ceremony of the Keys.

Buckingham Palace is also well guarded. But in this case the guards are the big attraction. You can see the Changing of the Guard at 11:30 every morning beginning in April (every other morning until then), but be there by 11:00 to get a good view.

Luckily, most of London's gems are a bit more accessible. Like Big Ben—certainly the most famous clock tower in the world. Down below are the Houses of Parliament—you're welcome to sit in the Strangers' Gallery and watch the proceedings.

Don't leave London—the theatre capital of the world—without taking in a show. In the West End alone there are no fewer than 50 theatres. And tickets cost about half as much as they do on Broadway.

One of the best ways to explore London, or the rest of the country for that matter, is with one of TWA's 11 Getaway Vacations in Britain.



TWA Getaway Vacations. The best of Britain.

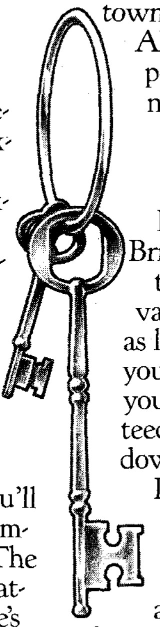
Take the 10-day "London Theatre and Countryside" tour, for example. Your five days in London include a sightseeing tour of Buckingham Palace, Big Ben and the Houses of Parliament—even tickets to two West End shows. And you'll have plenty of free time to explore London on your own—and use your discount card that gives you up to 20% off at many shops, clubs, and restaurants.

Then you're off to the countryside by private motorcoach. You'll see Windsor Castle, the Royal Family's home on the River Thames. The university city of Oxford. Stratford-upon-Avon, Shakespeare's birthplace. And Bath, site of a 2,000-year-old Roman spa.

It's all for just $429 to $559. That includes hotels with a private bath or shower, daily Continental breakfasts in London, and full English breakfasts and dinners in the countryside.

Super values with TWA's Super Saver Vacations.

See even more of Britain with TWA's Super Saver, "Britain." 14 days in England, Scotland and Wales are just $529 to $629. You'll tour London's Westminster Abbey. Visit Cambridge and York Minster by private motorcoach. Then you're off to Edinburgh, Scotland's capital. The lovely Lake District. And Wales, the land of castles. All hotels have private bath or shower. Daily Continental breakfasts and dinners in many of the towns are also included.



All TWA tour prices are per person, double occupancy, not including airfare.

TWA's airfares are guaranteed.

It's the perfect time to visit Britain. The dollar is stronger than ever. Many of TWA's vacation packages are priced as low as last year. And when you fly TWA, once you buy your ticket your fare is guaranteed not to go up. If airfares go down, you pay the lower fare.

It's also the perfect time to go because Britain's Heritage celebration continues, with special attractions throughout the country. For more information send for your "Britain Heritage" and TWA "Britain" brochures. Then see your travel agent.

Because now, more than ever, the gems of Britain are within your reach.

BRITAIN HERITAGE

Send to: British Tourist Authority
P.O. Box #7715,
Woodside, NY 11377
or P.O. Box #7055,
No. Hollywood, CA. 91609
Please send me your free color brochures.

TWNY311

Name____________________
(please print clearly)
Address____________________
City____________________
State__________ Zip__________

TWA GETAWAY® VACATIONS.
LEADING THE WAY.

MUSICAL EVENTS

Light

Andrew Lloyd Webber's Requiem—already available on an Angel record—had its public première last month in St. Thomas, that large, fashionable Episcopalian church on Fifth Avenue known for its music. (It is apparently the only church outside Europe to maintain a resident choir school.) The performance was given for the benefit of the Holy Apostles Soup Kitchen. It was a grand affair. The boys and men of the St. Thomas Choir were joined by those of Winchester Cathedral, brought over for the occasion. The soloists were Paul Miles-Kingston, a Winchester treble; Sarah Brightman, ex-"Cats;" and Placido Domingo. Lorin Maazel conducted the Orchestra of St. Luke's—an orchestra that has come to the forefront of New York's musical life. (The day before, it had been playing Handel's "Semele" in Carnegie Hall.) Television was there: at the start of the show, Humphrey Burton instructed the audience in how to comport itself before cameras and not disturb the taping; on Good Friday, PBS brings the Requiem to the nation in its Great Performances series.

The composer of "Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat," "Jesus Christ Superstar," "Evita," "Cats," and other successful shows describes the Requiem (in a note accompanying the record) as "the most personal of all my compositions." The BBC, he says, invited him in 1978 to write a Requiem for Northern Ireland, but he was too busy then to undertake it. Some years later, three events moved him to the composition. His father died, and the Requiem is dedicated to him. (William Lloyd Webber was an honorable minor composer and a man respected and liked by all who knew him. When he was secretary of the Royal College of Organists and I edited *The Musical Times*, which publishes R.C.O. news, he told me that his boys showed musical promise. Andrew's brother Julian is now a well-known cellist.) A journalist who had recently interviewed Andrew Lloyd Webber was killed by the bomb that the I.R.A. set outside Harrods. And a *Times* account of a young Cambodian boy who had to decide whether or not to kill his sister, who had been horribly mutilated, seared the composer. His Requiem is not exactly a distinguished piece of music, but it is a "felt" work and an honest one. The effects are obvious, but they are effective. Lloyd Webber—as the success of his theatre pieces attests—has a flair for lyric invention, for tunes that catch. The Requiem begins with a motif—a falling E-B-E motto—that moves into a well-devised theme. He is not a composer on a grand scale; he thinks of a tune and then plugs it. The Recordare is built in this way. So is the Hosanna, whose tricky rhythms and brash orchestration come closest to the manner of the shows. So is the Pie Jesu, a melody of sentiment sung by the soprano, by the soprano and the treble, by the chorus, then by the soprano and the treble again. This is unchallenging music—unless the challenge is to a listener to set aside any ideas of development, difficulty, and such subtlety as informs the varied repetitions of the Agnus Dei in Verdi's Requiem. The "Mors stupebit" tercet of the Dies Irae is declaimed by the boy, unaccompanied. "Confutatis maledictis" is a brutal march. At the end of the piece, a series of fierce organ chords smashes into the boy's singing of "et lux perpetua luceat eis." As they die away, he, alone illuminated in the darkling church, is still heard singing "perpetua, perpetua . . ." to the initial motif. The orchestra, with precedent from movements of the Brahms and Fauré Requiems, is violinless, and the scoring is functional rather than striking.

The performance was excellent. Master Miles-Kingston has a sweet, slightly breathy treble and is of exquisite appearance. Miss Brightman has a natural, steady production and a fine way of placing words on an unforced stream of tone. She sounded better in the church's warm acoustics than she does on the record. Mr. Domingo poured out big, brave, opulent sound in his familiar manner. The Requiem lasted forty-seven minutes. Before it, the Winchester Choir, conducted by Martin Neary, gave a polished—an almost overpolished—virtuoso account of Purcell's "Jehovah, quam multi sunt" and "Hear my prayer," and the St. Thomas Choir, conducted by Gerre Hancock, a buoyant, if slightly soft-focus, account of Bach's "Singet dem Herrn."

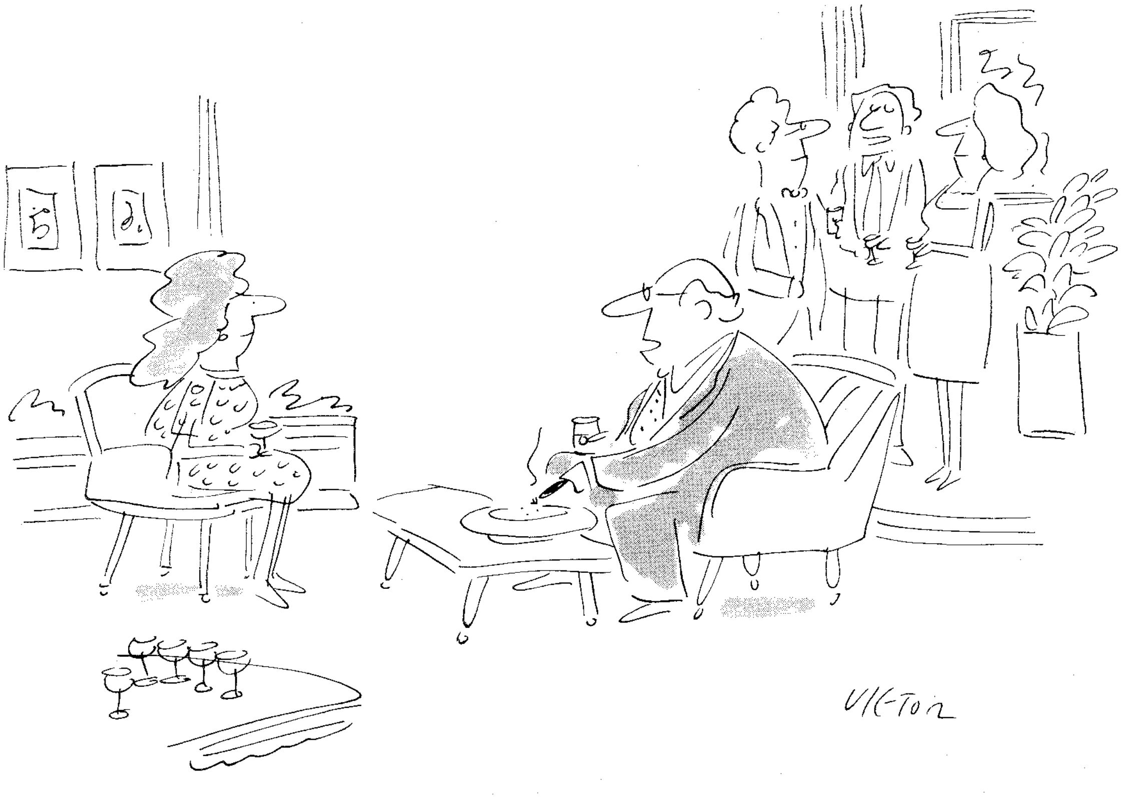
EARLIER in the day, Pomerium Musices had made music on a very different scale, in the Music Before 1800 series in Corpus Christi Church. There were five singers: Marcella Calabi and Kathy Theil, sopranos; Patrick Romano, tenor; and Alexander Blachly and Peter Stewart, basses. The music was fourteenth-century Italian. Each part of the program began with a plainchant transcribed from the glowing pages of a Florentine gradual on display at the Morgan Library last month. What followed was sometimes sacred, more often secular. (It was almost unseemly to hear two young men, standing before the altar, sing gleefully of a day on which, hidden among the bushes, they watched naked girls—some redheads and some blondes—bathing.) One or two pieces, I thought, were taken rather too slowly, but all were sung with a distinctness and purity of pitch and a rhythmic alertness that gave delight in the play of voice against voice, in both the vertical and the horizontal aspects. "Fresh, luminous polyphony" was Gustave Reese's phrase for Italy's fourteenth-century music. The concert rose to grandeur with Marchetto of Padua's motet written, probably, for the Scrovegni Chapel, with its Giotto frescoes.

Dominick Argento's "Postcard from Morocco" (1971) was revived last month at the Juilliard American Opera Center. It's a long one-acter—ninety minutes—for seven singers, two mimes, and eight players. The characters are gathered in "the railway station of Morocco or some place, hot and strange, like the interior of a glass-covered pavilion or spa." The band, in costume, plays behind a screen of cardboard ferns. It might be the start of an Agatha Christie story. Instead, the action proceeds as a surreal drift of dreams, encounters, confrontations, confidences. Each of the characters clings protectively to a suitcase holding some cherished or feared part of his personality. Most of them play more than one role—a little hatmaker has a passage of transfiguration as a sultry cabaret star, a nervous spinster and a shabby old man become the juvenile leads of a romantic operetta. There is boasting and prying; there are episodes of cruelty, others of companionship and comfort. At last, one of the boxes—belonging to Mr. Owen, who emerges as the protagonist—is forced open, and it proves to be empty. But Mr. Owen summons the ship of his dreams, and on it he sails out for adventure. John Donahue's libretto is a moving and skillful piece of work. Argento's score is eclectic in manner—Stravinsky, Schoenberg, and Britten are brought to mind—and masterly in its flow, its command of textures, its formal poise, and its sensitive word setting. "Postcard from Morocco" is at once a pleasing, a poetic, and a practicable opera.

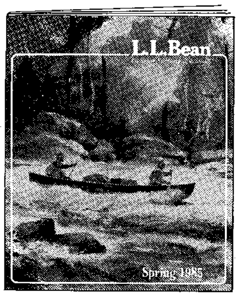
The Juilliard's production—the third in New York—did not reveal *all* the merits. Thirteen singers, not seven, took part, without doubling of roles, and there were twelve mimes. This had the advantage of involving more students in the show, but it diffused the economy that is one of the pleasures of the piece. Calvin Morgan's set was an open desert oasis, not a waiting room. The director, David Ostwald, had the notion of identifying characters with Mr. Owen's mother, father, and young self—but these gratuitous identifications remained on the page of the program and did not noticeably affect the action. It was a production that must have left many spectators with little idea of what was happening—an imprecise realization of something delicately and deftly planned. But the execution was trim, and, on its own terms, the production worked well. The show looked good, it was enacted in a lively fashion, and it sounded good. Ronald Braunstein conducted.

THE Metropolitan Opera's revival, last month, of "Die Meistersinger," a work missing from the house for eight seasons, had its points, but perhaps the return should have been delayed until a Hans Sachs more distinguished than Franz Ferdinand Nentwig could be found. Mr. Nentwig was acceptable—not more—about half the time. He understands the role. He plays and pronounces it clearly. But he has neither the physical nor the vocal presence to fill it. The great moments went for nothing. There were stretches—at any rate on the first night—when he was simply insignificant. The cobbling song was a puny affair. The Elder monologue had no broad, tender climax at "Lenzes Gebot." At the close of it, during the coda and the start of the duet with Eva, this Sachs hammered noisily. (It's true that the stage direction says "Sachs resumes his work with cheerful composure"—but surely not *hammering*, through that music!) The Eva was the Swedish soprano Mari Anne Häggander, making her Met début. She has sung the part at Bayreuth for the last four years, and she is perfectly efficient, but she brings to it no special charm of personality or interpretation and no great radiance of timbre. Peter Hofmann was the Walther. He played the part keenly, giving life to what he said, listening to what others said, but he portrayed the knight as a sullen, truculent, dislikable young man. It's a possible view of the character—it's Beckmesser's view—but constitutes a "criticism" of Wagner's plot rather than a happy presentation of it. Walther is supposed to win us over, despite his evident character failings. Mr. Hofmann's singing was bold and clear but seldom winningly lyrical. His costume was peculiar: a little sword dangled from his tunic with no sword belt to support it.

Dieter Weller, so admirable a Beckmesser eight years ago—a tall, personable young town clerk, a plausible suitor for Eva's hand—was now quite different. He played a pallid clown and no longer sang his serenade or prize song with beautiful tone. The Pogner was Gwynne Howell, who does have a beautiful voice but used it with a lack of legato surprising in a singer who has worked with Sir Reginald Goodall. David Rendall, the David, had both charm and clarity of utterance. He savored the words and he shaped the phrases. I've never heard him better. But—there's a "but" to be butted against each of the principals—he was an uncomfortably bulky apprentice. For no good reason, Richard J. Clark played Kothner as an antique dodderer, while shouting the difficult coloratura music and forcing it out of tune. The minor masters were a sorry bunch who bawled their various adsums straight out into the house. Matthias Hölle, a fine bass and Bayreuth's regular Nightwatchman, made his Met début in that role—all twenty bars of it. (Later in the season, he does Pogner.) The ten-o'clock call rolled out beautifully. So did the eleven-o'clock—but not in the "gently trem-



"We're brokers. We bully people about their money."



L.L.Bean®

FREE Spring Catalog

Fully illustrated. Features quality apparel and footwear for men and women. Fishing, hiking, camping, canoeing, and cycling equipment. All honestly described and fully guaranteed to give 100% satisfaction. Our 73rd year of providing dependable mail order service.

☐ Send FREE Spring Catalog

Name__________
Address__________
City__________
State______ Zip______

L. L. Bean, Inc.
811 Casco St., Freeport, ME 04033

EXCLUSIVE REPLICAS OF CLASSICAL SCULPTURE FROM MAJOR EUROPEAN MUSEUMS

ZEUS • An excellent and striking example of the "Supreme God" of Hellenistic period. From the Louvre Museum, Paris. 10½" $130.00 P.P. in green bronze or sandstone finish.

GIUST GALLERY

1920 Washington St., Boston, MA 02118
PLEASE SEND $2.00 FOR CATALOGUE

RAIL ADVENTURE
RUSSIA

Visit Russia in comfort aboard our luxury private train! From Moscow to Khabarovsk. Enjoy superb regional cuisine, the circus, ballet and Siberia's spectacular frontier. Expert guides/lecturers. May. August. September. 19 days from $3690. Write or call 800-426-7794.

Society Expeditions

Dept. NY03 723 Broadway East, Seattle, WA 98102
Name__________
Address__________
City______ State______ Zip______

CRUISES ☐Antarctica ☐Amazon ☐Indonesia ☐Lost Islands ☐Alaska ☐NW Passage ☐New Guinea ☐China ☐Japan ☐Chilean Fjords ☐Caribbean PRIVATE TRAINS ☐Orient Express ☐Trans-Siberia ☐Imperial Peking Express ☐India ☐Paris to Peking ☐LAND EXPEDITIONS ☐GOURMET ADVENTURES

ulous voice" that Wagner specified. The choral singing was rich and full.

Christof Perick, the general musical director of the Karlsruhe Opera and soon to be conductor at the Berlin Opera, made his Met début. Good reports of him have been coming from Europe. He obtained warm, richly colored playing, marked by vitality of individual instrumental lines and careful balance. Within each long paragraph, the music moved well, but one missed a large, broad approach that joins the paragraphs into hour-long or two-hour spans. The production, directed by Nathaniel Merrill and designed by Robert O'Hearn, dates from 1962. (Bruce Donnell was named as director of the revival.) It's a plain, routine staging within which stronger principals could enact a moving drama. The ensemble scenes needed abler management. Acts I and II both ended with a choral-society lineup, the second fronted by a frieze of supers waving their arms about and throwing pillows. The set for Act I is traditional and pleasing. Act II (which was very badly lit) is a vulgarized parody of the traditional set, pointlessly flopped left to right—as is the first scene of Act III. The final scene is a glitzy horror out of key with Wagner's opera.

THE American Composers Orchestra gave two concerts in Alice Tully Hall last month, four days apart. The first was conducted by Gunther Schuller, the second by Dennis Russell Davies. The programs included a world première—Vivian Fine's "Poetic Fires," for piano and orchestra—five New York premières, and two revivals. They were, on the whole, pretty dismal concerts. Sad that those responsible for A.C.O. artistic policy (Francis Thorne, Charles Wuorinen, Mr. Davies, Jacob Druckman, John Duffy, and Peter R. Kermani) don't come up with more exciting programs. Sad that the orchestra players—in whose ranks are many of New York's ablest instrumentalists—must spend time on music that they surely can't admire. They do a decent professional job; in other ensembles, one hears them playing with joyful enthusiasm. I'll pass over in glum silence the concertos by Fine, William Thomas McKinley (first heard in Boulder in 1980), Alexei Haieff (recorded in Vienna in 1952), Ramon Zupko (first heard in Kalamazoo in 1980), and Gerry Mulligan (first heard in Treviso last year). The three other pieces bore listening to. Thomas Oboe Lee's "Phantasia for Elvira Shatayev" (1981), for soprano and orchestra, which opened the first concert, was his Harvard doctoral exercise. The work is a setting of a poem by Adrienne Rich so powerful in its matter and its imagery that no composer with a modicum of technique could go far wrong with it. Lee—who was born in China in 1945 and was trained at the New England Conservatory, where he now teaches—has plenty of technique. His piece—a solo cantata, shaped as introduction, exposition, recitative, aria, and coda—was striking. Christine Schadeberg was a secure and imposing soloist, although her timbre at climaxes was not pleasant.

Robert Hall Lewis's "Osservazioni II" (1978), for twenty-four winds, harp, piano, and five percussionists, which opened the second concert, is an "academic" construction—handy epithet for music that seems to be the product of will, not of inspiration or expressive need. Some of it proved horribly noisy in Tully Hall. But some of the ideas were arresting. The concert ended with Walter Piston's Seventh Symphony, first played by the Philadelphia Orchestra, under Ormandy, in 1961. Its pure, powerful inventions, its cogent and never merely conventional discourse, its formal and instrumental precision made all else that had been heard at the concerts seem low-grade music.

—ANDREW PORTER

•

THE MYSTERIOUS EAST

[*From the Secunderabad* (*India*) *Deccan Chronicle*]

If you have a flair for seeing suspense thriller and withstand the traumatic sequences and a heart for forgiving the slow pace, here is the film 'Still of the night' from United Artists with Roy Scheider and Meryl Streep in the lead roles. Though the movie is absolutely slow, The slowness adds to its lustre, for, the plot is such. Nevertheless, the director deftly handles the plot so as to involve the audience with his story and he succeeds in getting them glued to the screen forgetting to wink.

•

CONSTABULARY NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the police report in the Bellingham* (*Wash.*) *Herald*]

A loud volleyball game was reported Saturday in the 500 block of Willow Road. Police were promised participants would find a quieter ball.

THE DIPLOMATIC ROUND

A SMALL WINDOW

IN recent months, many Western diplomats—especially Americans—who work on Middle Eastern affairs have become noticeably jaded. Others, especially Europeans, have resigned themselves to impending disaster. These rather different attitudes arise from the same source: the persistent unwillingness of Arab governments to match Egypt's example by taking steps that the peace process is thought to require. Specifically, the diplomats reproach the Arabs, including some of the most sensible and moderate among them, for refusing to "say the magic words"—to recognize Israel's sovereign existence—and for being unable to work out a plausible approach to peace negotiations. Something has changed. For quite a long time, the focus of the diplomats' frustration was Israel's rejection of a process—the exchange of territory for peace (within secure and recognized borders), as embodied in United Nations Security Council Resolution 242—that most governments, including America's, were pressing for. The agreement reached by Israel and Egypt at Camp David in September of 1978 did, of course, restore the Sinai Peninsula to Egypt, but it was supposed to foreshadow a settlement of the much tougher question: Israel's occupation of the West Bank of the Jordan and Gaza—lands inhabited by Palestinians. Any prospect of that has been all but extinguished by Israel's politics. First, in June of 1981, Menachem Begin and his governing coalition of parties—the Likud—were returned to power in national elections that they had been expected to lose. Begin and most of the Likud have strenuously opposed giving up even an inch of the West Bank and Gaza, which Israel seized during the Six-Day War of June, 1967. Some hope for the territory-for-peace swap was rekindled by the likelihood that the elections in Israel last July would remove the Likud from power and elect the Labor Party, which is led by Shimon Peres, who was known to favor negotiations with the Arabs. Instead, the elections produced a virtual draw; neither Labor and the smaller parties supporting it nor the Likud was able to form a government, and Israel drifted rudderless until, about seven weeks later, the two rival groups agreed to form a coalition government. Because Labor held a slight numerical advantage in parliamentary seats, it was agreed that Peres would be Prime Minister for the first twenty-five months, at which point former Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir would take over for an equal period.

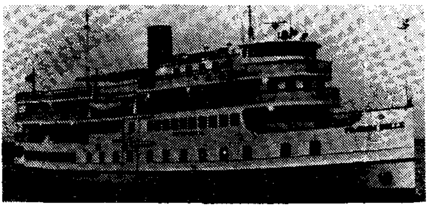
"By God, Harris, it's rare and encouraging these days to see a young windbag on his way up!"

So far, this experiment has proved to be as inadequate as it is odd. Peres's government has been unable to do much about Israel's first priority—a horrendous economic crisis, including an inflation rate of four hundred and fifty per cent in 1984. Neither of the coalition's rival groupings wants to be blamed for the pain that must be inflicted on Israeli society if disaster is to be averted. Also, the Likud's leaders are reluctant to support measures of the sort that might actually help Peres politically; they worry that if he makes a reasonably good showing he might be able to form another government without them. Apropos, the Likud is currently floundering in internal strife: Shamir, who succeeded Begin as Prime Minister, is being challenged for the leadership by David Levy, the dynamic young Sephardic leader; by former Defense Minister Moshe Arens; and by Ariel Sharon, another former Defense Minister, architect of Israel's war in Lebanon and a bitterly controversial figure. By most accounts, Shamir, a less vivid personality than any of his rivals, is losing ground rapidly. Briefly, the Likud is in no position to do much other than hobble Peres, whose popularity is for the moment on the rise.

Within Western capitals, opinion is divided on what American policy toward Peres should be. On all sides, officials and diplomats wish him well. The Likud's uncompromising and occasionally extreme approach to issues was a hair shirt for Washington and a problem for everyone. The issue now is how best to help Peres help himself. Some diplomats, urged on by moderate Arabs (who also favor Peres), think the Reagan Administration should push him into the territory-for-peace process before granting the dramatically higher levels of American aid for Israel that he is seeking. These people don't expect Peres to do much for the time being—they know that he can't—but they feel that he should be put under pressure to do something: to freeze the construction of Israeli settlements on the West Bank, for example. Tiny steps for tiny feet is the idea; after all, the argument continues, he favors such steps anyway, and he could take them more easily under pressure from Washington. Such thinking is deplored by most Administration officials and a good many diplomats as well; they say that it ignores the danger to Peres of taking *any* conciliatory steps, small or large. The Likud would leave the government, thereby forcing new elections, which Peres would lose. Hence, American policy has become simplicity itself: do nothing on the political front to rock Peres's boat but place him under continuing pressure to make the difficult decisions about Israel's economy.

The logic of the situation—a perverse logic, from the Arab viewpoint—is that because Washington thinks pressure on Israel would be both futile and, in the jargon of bureaucracy, "counterproductive," Arab leaders must do the running. Since they are unable in some cases—unwilling in others—to do much, if anything at all, the peace process has been stuck fast. For the first time since the Six-Day War, the United States—the only power in a position to move the hostile parties toward negotiations, as it did at Camp David—is standing down, without even going through the motions of pushing the territory-for-peace line. We do have a policy, the Administration says. It is the so-called Reagan Initiative—a plan described by the President in September of 1982 as aimed at creating an autonomous Palestinian homeland on the West Bank and Gaza in association with Jordan (as distinct from a fully independent state). The reaction of Arab moderates, although discreet, was quite favorable and, in the case of Jordan's King Hussein, openly enthusiastic. However, Begin rejected the plan instantly, and the Administration's ef-

Only One Cruise Line Makes This Guarantee!



Love our ship, or Coastwise will pay the consequences. We invite you to reserve a stateroom aboard the all-new Pilgrim Belle for any of her 3½ to 8-day "New England Coast and Island" cruises June through September.

If you, upon boarding the Pilgrim Belle, do not find her the most elegant and beautifully appointed coastal cruise ship in the United States, or if she disappoints you in any way . . . Coastwise Cruise Line will refund your money and pay to fly you home.

See your travel agent or call us at Coastwise.

COASTWISE CCL CRUISE LINE

1-800-322-1525

Box 1630, Dept. NY, Hyannis, MA 02601
Name ______
Address ______
______
State ______ Zip ______

The
Russian Tea Room
150 W. 57 ST., NEW YORK, 265-0947

Cruising Expedition Across A Continent
AMAZON
Explore the byways of the Amazon in comfort with naturalist guide/lecturers. Daily excursions into the waterways of lush jungle. Fine accommodation on the world's most modern expedition cruising ship MS SOCIETY EXPLORER. Departs October 1985. 17 Days from $2990. Write or call 800-426-7794.

Society Expeditions
Dept. NY-04 723 Broadway E. Seattle WA 98102
Name ______
Address ______
City ______ State ______ Zip ______
☐ CRUISES ☐ PRIVATE TRAINS ☐ LAND EXPEDITIONS ☐ GOURMET ADVENTURES

THE WINE RACK

Low cost, high volume storage.
39" x 39" x 12." Holds 116 bottles.
Stacks one unit atop another (as shown).
Sturdy, patented design;
Philippine Mahogany plywood.
Easy to assemble.
Satisfaction guaranteed.
$135 per unit.
To order, call or write:
Bellwether, Dept. CI
12781 Sir Francis Drake Blvd.
Inverness, CA 94937
800-824-7888
Operator #73
Add $12 shipping; Calif. res. add 6%.
MC/Visa accepted.

Michael Watson, owner of London's Number Sixteen, has this to say about our newsletter:

"London Outlook is very stylish... beautifully produced and with a delightful editorial balance of great quality. Many congratulations..."

We think you'll agree. London Outlook, published ten times a year, is filled with insiders' insights. The annual subscription—just $35—includes two 12-page special issues. Make check payable to Janic Productions. PO Box 498, Millwood, NY 10546. Sample copy $3.50.

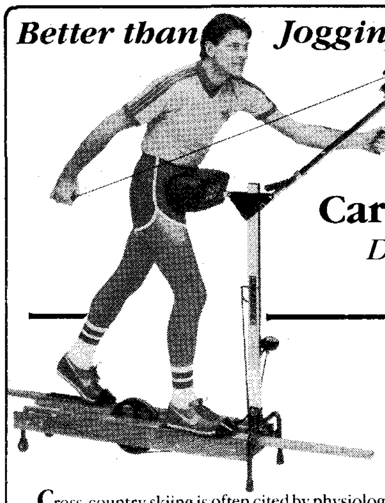
The remarkable acoustics of SAINT MARK'S CATHEDRAL
gregorian chant plain chant and spirituals
WILLIE RUFF solo french horn
recorded in SAINT MARK'S CATHEDRAL VENICE
To order send $10.50 plus $1.50 for postage and handling to Kepler Label, P.O. Box 1779, New Haven, CT 06507.

The Shadow Knows
81 Vintages: Blanc de Blanc, Blanc de Noir, Brut; NV Brut. Gold Medal Winners.
Call toll free 1-800-821-0193
SHADOW CREEK
Shadow Creek Champagne Cellars, Graton, California

forts to nudge it along have been inept and halfhearted. Secretary of State George Shultz and assorted other officials blame Arab leaders—especially Hussein, who was supposed to be the plan's key figure—for the lack of progress. They think Hussein should spearhead a coalition of Arab moderates who would be willing to say the magic words about Israel and negotiate with Peres along the lines of the Reagan plan or a close facsimile. (It has to be Hussein, they say, if only because the West Bank was once part of his realm.) The Arab moderates blame Washington, especially for not pressing Israel to announce a freeze on the West Bank settlements—a concession that they feel they need in order to consider negotiations. The Administration has consistently said in private that it won't pressure Israel about the settlements, or much else, unless and until the Arabs "get their act together"—a phrase much in use in Washington. "The ball is in the other fellow's court," says a British diplomat, describing Washington's attitude. "The Americans say, 'We don't have to do anything.' " European governments have strong feelings and deep apprehensions about the Middle East, but they are reluctant even to try to influence the situation, either unilaterally or through a joint initiative by the ten-member European Community; that was tried in 1980 and didn't fare well. "The difference between the Europeans and America is that we don't want to risk being manipulated," a French diplomat says. "The price of power and influence in that region is being manipulated by one or more of the players, as the United States is manipulated by Israel. There isn't much point in trying to manipulate a non-player."

Those diplomats who favor pressure on Peres from Washington are openly apprehensive about the future. Any moves Peres makes, they say, must be made this year, because, like President Reagan, he'll be a lame duck and probably unable to do much after 1985. "The pivotal element in the mixture isn't Israel, Syria, or Egypt," my French acquaintance says. "It is time, which, if ignored, will lead to war, devastation, and possibly some sort of realignment of the sort that followed the First World War. The peace process has become a tactic. No one believes in it. It is a *jeu de guerre*."

Former President Richard Nixon recently gave an interview to the *Wall Street Journal* in which he warned



Better than Jogging, Swimming, or Cycling...

NordicTrack

Jarless Total Body

Cardiovascular Exerciser

Duplicates X-C Skiing for the Best Motion in Fitness

Cross-country skiing is often cited by physiologists as the most perfect form of cardiovascular exercise for both men and women. Its smooth, fluid, total body motion uniformly exercises more muscles so higher heart rates seem easier to attain than when jogging or cycling. NordicTrack closely simulates the pleasant X-C skiing motion and provides the same cardiovascular endurance-building benefits–right in the convenience of your home, year 'round. Eliminates the usual barriers of time, weather, chance of injury, etc. Also highly effective for weight control.

More Complete Than Running

NordicTrack gives you a more complete work out–conditions both upper body and lower body muscles at the same time. Fluid, jarless motion does not cause joint or back problems.

More Effective Than Exercise Bikes

NordicTrack's stand-up skiing motion more uniformly exercises the large leg muscles and also adds important upper body exercise. Higher pulse rates, necessary for building fitness, seem easier to attain because the work is shared by more muscle mass.

Even Better Than Swimming

NordicTrack more effectively exercises the largest muscles in the body, those located in the legs and buttocks. When swimming, the body is supported by the water, thus preventing these muscles from being effectively exercised. The stand up exercising position on the NordicTrack much more effectively exercises these muscles.

A Proven, High Quality Durable Product

NordicTrack is in its 8th year of business. NordicTrack is quiet, motorless and has separately adjustable arm and leg resistances. Two year warranty, 30 day trial period with return privilege.

Folds and stands on end to require only 15" x 17" storage space.

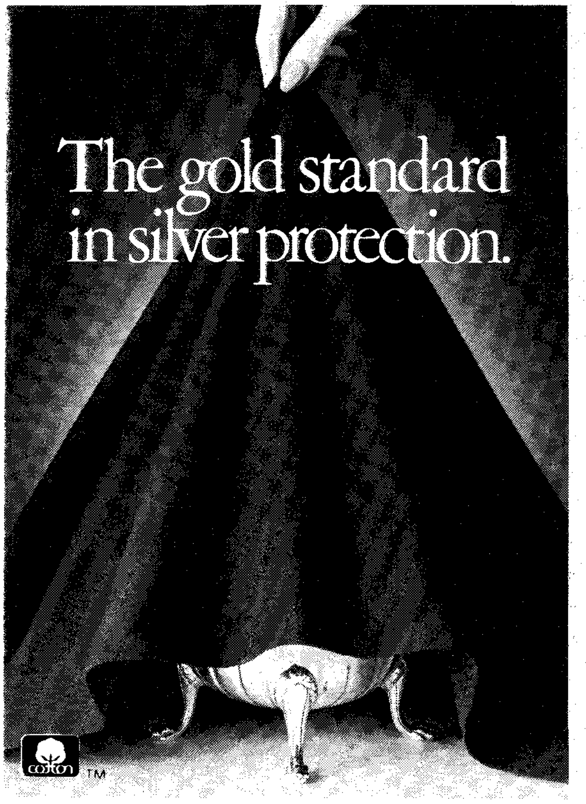
Call or write for...

FREE BROCHURE

Toll Free 1-800-328-5888

Minnesota 612-448-6987

PSI NORDICTRACK 124NY Columbia Crt., Chaska, MN 55318



Pacific Silvercloth,® always prized for its excellence, is indisputably the finest product of its kind.

We fill it with 100% pure silver particles. We weave it of 100% pure cotton. The result? Precious Silvercloth that keeps your sterling and silverplate articles clean, bright and shining between use without polishing.

Pacific Silvercloth. When it comes to protecting priceless silverware, why settle for anything less?

Pacific Silvercloth® PREVENTS TARNISH

Call (212) 930-5264 for information and the Pacific Silvercloth brochure.
Wamsutta Specialty Products Group © 1985
Division of M. LOWENSTEIN CORPORATION, 1430 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10018

One of the truly great classic catalogs. Free.

JᵒS.A.Bank Clothiers

88 pages with savings of 20%-30% on quality clothing and accessories for men and women.

Everything you need for correct business, dress and leisure wear, unconditionally guaranteed. We make much of what we sell. The rest is manufactured to our own exacting standards. We make it easy to order. Mail or phone for our free catalog today.

JᵒS.A.Bank® Clothiers
Manufacturers and Merchants
28 Light St.
Baltimore, Md. 21202. (301) 837-8838

Name ______
Address ______
City ______
State ______ Zip ______

©1985 BLP

French Travel Newsletter

Experience the best of France every month in a brilliant, discriminating newsletter. Its greatest hotels, restaurants, shops, travel itineraries, nightspots, historic sights, and much, much more. The most exclusive travel guide to France ever published. Satisfaction guaranteed after first issue or immediate refund. Just $39 for 12 fact-filled monthly issues. Subscribe now with check, VISA or M.C. number and expiration date to:

LA BELLE FRANCE
THE SOPHISTICATED GUIDE TO FRANCE

625 Flordon Drive,
Charlottesville, Virginia 22901

BALLOONING AND BARGING IN FRANCE

We are looking for ten romantic souls to join us for a drift through Burgundy by balloon and barge. A taste for the good life is required. A sense of adventure is optional, but preferred. For $2490 you could join us, April-September departures. Write or call for information 800-426-7794.

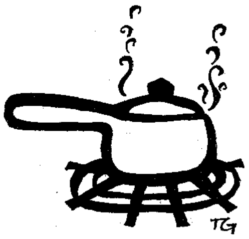
Society Expeditions

Dept. NY03 723 Broadway East, Seattle, WA 98102

Name ______
Address ______
City ______ State ______ Zip ______

CRUISES ☐ Antarctica ☐ Amazon ☐ Indonesia ☐ Lost Islands ☐ *Alaska* ☐ *NW Passage* ☐ *New Guinea* ☐ *China* ☐ *Japan* ☐ Chilean Fjords ☐ Caribbean PRIVATE TRAINS ☐ Orient Express ☐ Trans-Siberia ☐ Imperial Peking Express ☐ India ☐ Paris to Peking ☐ LAND EXPEDITIONS ☐ GOURMET ADVENTURES

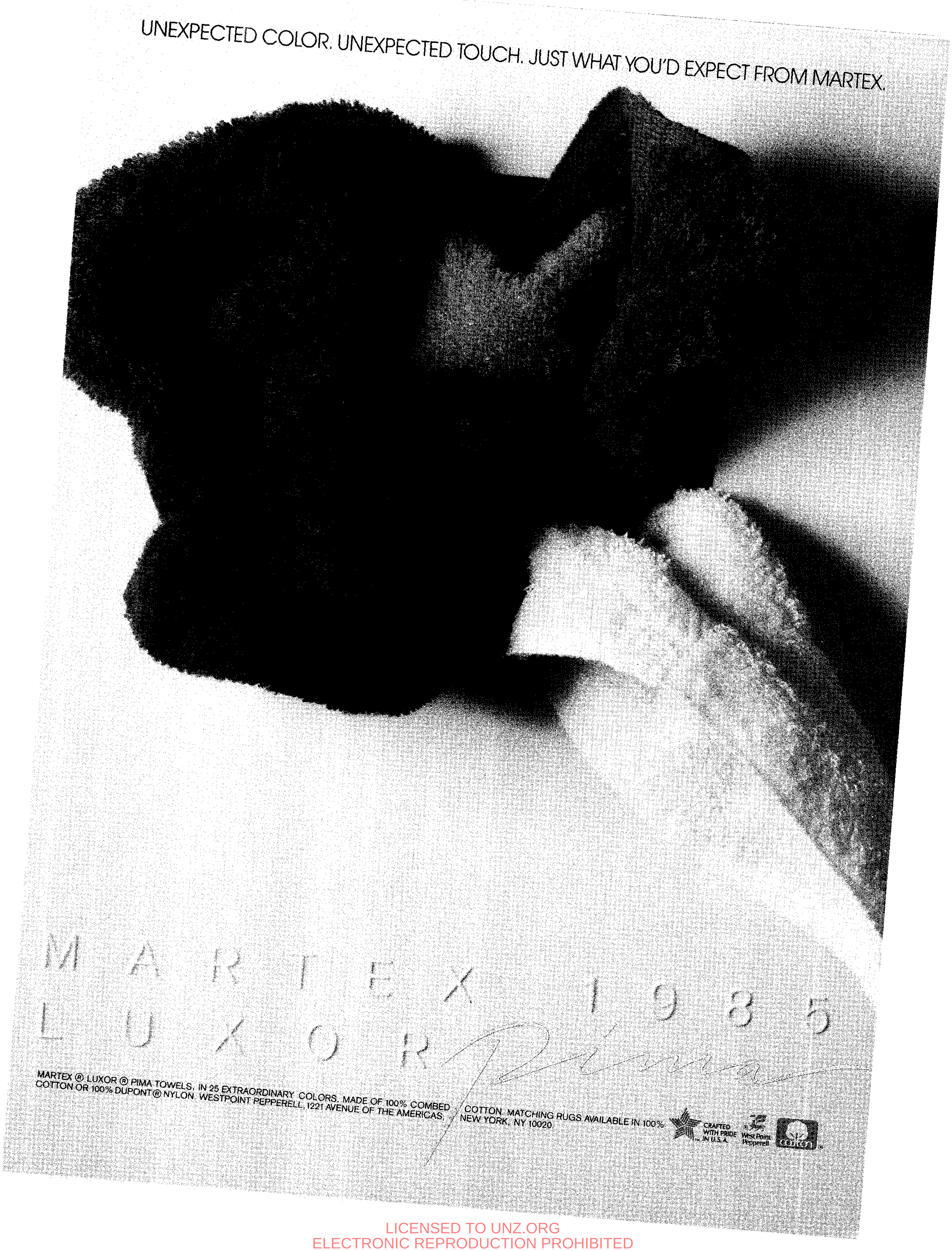
Reagan that anything he wanted to do on the foreign-policy front had better be done soon—before his lame-duck period began. "In foreign policy . . . the time to do it is right now," he said. Nixon, whose absorbing interest is foreign affairs, thinks Reagan's most important problems are East-West relations and the Middle East; moreover, Nixon sees a link between the two, and thinks that Washington should not discourage a Soviet role in the Middle East. "After all, the Russians are there," he said. "We must recognize that the major destabilizing and dangerous factor in the Middle East isn't the Communist revolution but the Moslem-fundamentalist revolution." He worries about a superpower confrontation there. "The least likely threat of war is a Soviet SS-20 attack on Western Europe," he said. "But you've had five wars in the Middle East and at the present time, it is the best candidate for another one."



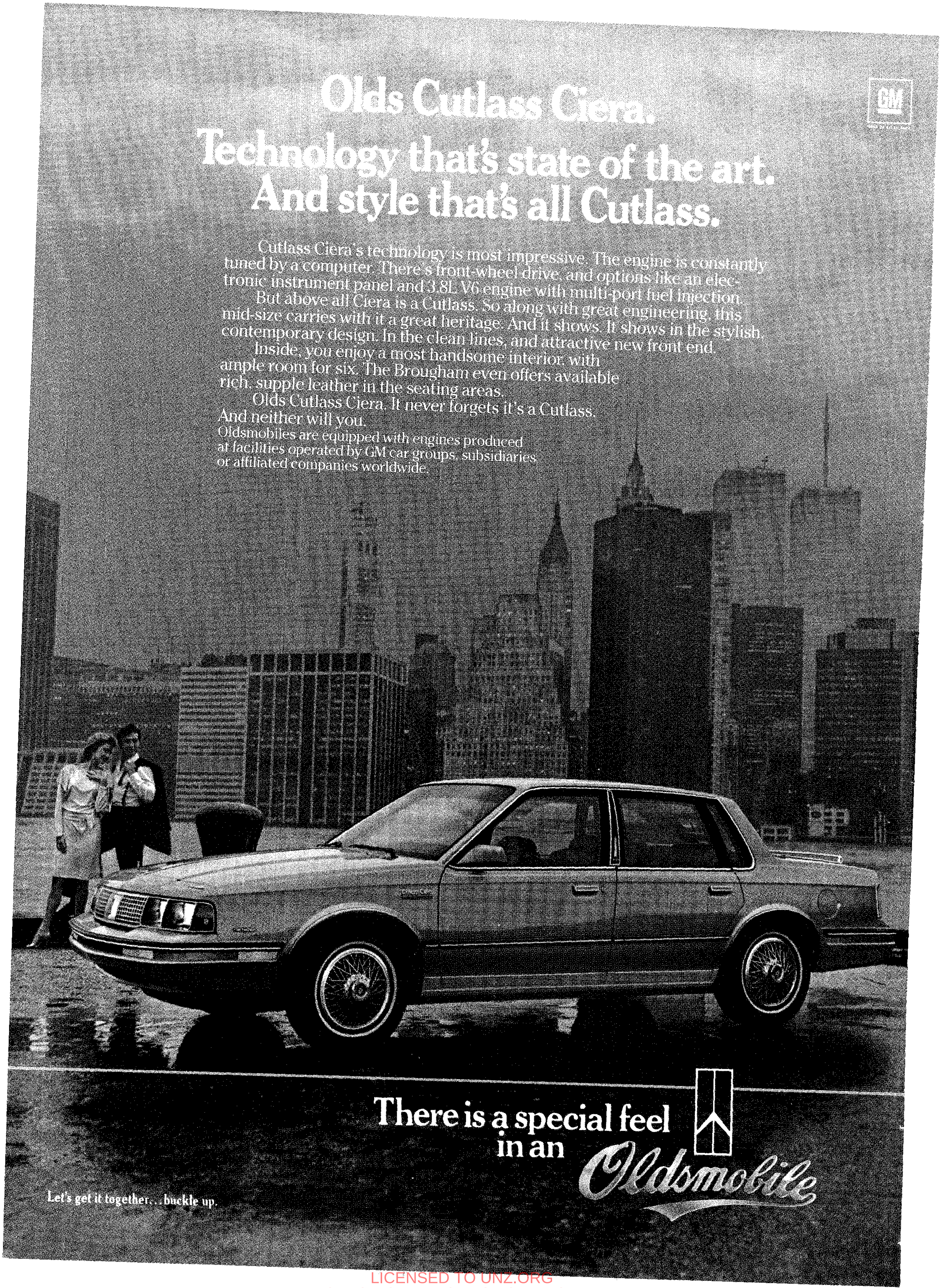
Abba Eban, who is a former Foreign Minister of Israel and currently the chairman of the Knesset Committee on Foreign Affairs and Defense, had an article in the latest issue of *Foreign Policy*, titled "No Choice but Activism," which put matters bluntly and created something of a stir. "American passivity would condemn the Middle East to a volcanic status quo leading to possible explosion," he warned. "There is no alternative to the United States as an agent of reconciliation in this region. . . . Those responsible for security in the Israeli cabinet and in the major Knesset committees are no longer unconditional opponents of the Reagan plan. They see no virtue either in total acceptance or in total rejection. . . . The rapprochement between Egypt and Jordan . . . might be the prelude to a new attempt at resuming the peace process that has been frozen for several years. . . . In the Middle East we must learn to be grateful for small mercies —in which case we should stop calling them small. . . . But we have reached a stage in which American passivity would amount to active intervention against a possible era of reconciliation. There is no way of testing the temperature of the water without plunging in. It will not become any warmer or more inviting after further delay."

Eban means that when affairs in the Middle East are allowed to drift the extremists take charge and create the conditions for the next war. The exact concern now is that the Arab leaders who preach and practice moderation will be discredited and eventually victimized by the absence of returns on their policies, especially their reliance on Washington. As so often in the past, the extremists' argument—that force alone matters—may prevail. The Americans must see their interests seriously threatened, and even damaged, according to the Arab extremists, before they will do anything to help the Arabs. (The threat to American lives and property—in Europe as well as in the Middle East—is rising.) War between Israel and Syria is judged to be a genuine possibility by some specialists. Israel, as always, is prepared militarily, and Syria, after losing the backbone of its Air Force and quite a lot more during Israel's adventure in Lebanon, has been fully reëquipped by the Soviet Union. Neither side wants war. The Israelis have been ravaged by inflation and demoralized by the Lebanese experience, and the idea of fighting another war appalls them. Still, the possibility of war is on the horizon; it is unlikely to occur this year, or perhaps next, the experts say, but—who knows for sure? —probably not long afterward unless sweet reason breaks forth.

The only people who put the peace process ahead of other things, it is said, are the Palestinians who live on the West Bank and in Gaza. "All the players have more important priorities," a senior American diplomat says; that observation, he concedes, applies equally to his own government. "Everyone is seeking something else," one of the European experts says. "The Americans and the Russians want influence in the area; Israel wants military security; the Arabs are more interested in their rivalries and in building themselves up at the expense of each other." One Arab ambassador with more experience than most of his colleagues is also more optimistic—or, better, less pessimistic —than most of them. "I see a number of pluses," he says. "We don't have a new Administration in Washington that needs a year or so to review matters before it does anything. This Administration has the file, and it has a plan"—the Reagan Initiative. "Moderates on both sides are moving. Even Yasir Arafat is moving. There is a window of opportunity—a small


UNEXPECTED COLOR. UNEXPECTED TOUCH. JUST WHAT YOU'D EXPECT FROM MARTEX.
MARTEX 1985
LUXOR
Pima
CRAFTED WITH PRIDE IN U.S.A.
West Point Pepperell
cotton

MARTEX ® LUXOR ® PIMA TOWELS, IN 25 EXTRAORDINARY COLORS. MADE OF 100% COMBED COTTON. MATCHING RUGS AVAILABLE IN 100% COTTON OR 100% DUPONT ® NYLON. WESTPOINT PEPPERELL, 1221 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, NEW YORK, NY 10020.



Olds Cutlass Ciera.
Technology that's state of the art. And style that's all Cutlass.

GM

Cutlass Ciera's technology is most impressive. The engine is constantly tuned by a computer. There's front-wheel drive, and options like an electronic instrument panel and 3.8L V6 engine with multi-port fuel injection.

But above all Ciera is a Cutlass. So along with great engineering, this mid-size carries with it a great heritage. And it shows. It shows in the stylish, contemporary design. In the clean lines, and attractive new front end.

Inside, you enjoy a most handsome interior, with ample room for six. The Brougham even offers available rich, supple leather in the seating areas.

Olds Cutlass Ciera. It never forgets it's a Cutlass. And neither will you.

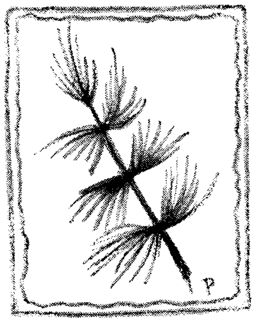
Oldsmobiles are equipped with engines produced at facilities operated by GM car groups, subsidiaries or affiliated companies worldwide.

There is a special feel in an Oldsmobile

Let's get it together... buckle up.

window. Whatever can be done must be done in 1985 or not at all, probably. Peres has very little time, and he needs help before the Likud returns and plunges the region into its agonies again." Another Arab ambassador takes a starkly pessimistic view. "Now it's becoming very difficult to blame the Americans for not doing anything," he says. "Because there is nothing they can do to save the region."

IN recent weeks, I've sampled attitudes of the Israeli, Syrian, Egyptian, Jordanian, Iraqi, and American governments in talks with diplomats from the relevant embassies in Washington and at the United Nations, as well as with State Department officials and various other experts. Curiously, it is possible now to discuss the cat's cradle of regional affairs with some Arab diplomats without hearing much about Israeli doings, although Arabs do like to talk about the state of Israel's politics, which fascinates them. Peres confronts a contradictory situation. He needs public support if he is to make a dent in the big problems, but he won't get the support—not enough, anyway—unless he does make a visible dent in them. The economy is all but out of control. Peres and his party didn't create the problem; they inherited it from the Likud, whose extravagant policies led to huge deficits and rampant inflation. The inflation rate has declined a little, but not enough to matter; the shekel is losing its meaning as an independent currency. The Bank of Israel is required by law to print money when the budget is in deficit—a wildly inflationary practice. And cutting the deficit is even harder in Israel than in Washington, partly because none of the ministries are willing to accept cuts, and Israel has no equivalent of the Office of Management and Budget—a department designed to control spending and make the case for paring the requests of agencies. Peres has announced budget reductions of over a billion dollars, but most of these are supposed to take effect at some later date, and only four hundred million has been cut so far. The tumbling economy became the justification for creating a coalition government, but the notion that trouble of that kind would unite parties that couldn't agree on anything else was very misguided. "We Israelis thought that a government of national unity would be able to deal with the economy," a prominent Israeli writer told me. "We ignored the fact that rival political leaders would use the issue to destroy one another." There is no consensus in Israel on what to do about the economy and, the experts say, no support in the country for the kinds of basic reforms that Washington is pressing for. American aid is very inflationary, because it adds to the money glut. Although Israeli newspapers urge reduced dependence on the United States, diplomats say this is an editorial view, not a popular one; Israeli society, they say, has acquired a psychic dependency on the United States, which it sees as the country's ultimate line of defense against perils of whatever kind.



In late December, an Israeli team came to Washington to discuss aid. Shultz had already warned Peres that increases would have to be accompanied by reforms and austerity measures far more extensive than his government seemed to contemplate. Nonetheless, Israel formally requested an extra eight hundred million dollars for the current fiscal year; it has already received two billion six hundred million. For fiscal 1986, Israel—the largest beneficiary of American aid, with Egypt a close second—wants just over four billion dollars. These numbers were leaked in Jerusalem at about the time they were given to the American Embassy there, and Israel's Embassy in Washington "backgrounded" American reporters. The reaction within the American government and press was sharply censorious. The *Times* and the Washington *Post* stiffly admonished Peres, as did other major newspapers and columnists, including some of those most friendly to Israel. Israel, the *Times* said, "has so far cut . . . 1.6 percent from the national budget while preparing to ask for twelve times that amount in new American aid. It's no favor to Israel for the United States to endorse such a ratio of self-help to welfare." Israel's position worries the State Department. "Peres is still unwilling to take any chances," one official said. "We've told him that he must take the basic steps on reform or we will straight-line the aid"—not increase the levels. "But if we can't work out the numbers with

Poverty is hunger and a little girl growing old too fast.

Elena is barely six. But hunger and despair have already left their mark on her little face.

Living in a crowded hut with no heat or water, she has only one meal a day of thin soup. Through our sponsorship plan, Elena, or a child like her, can have a better diet, clothes, medical attention, schooling.

Your help can light up not only a little face, but an entire life.

Write to: Mrs. Jeanne Clarke Wood
Children, Incorporated, P.O. Box 5381
Dept. Y3E5, Richmond, Va. 23220 USA

☐ I wish to sponsor a ☐ boy, ☐ girl, in ☐ Asia, ☐ Latin America, ☐ Middle East, ☐ Africa, ☐ USA, ☐ Greatest Need.

☐ I will give $18 a month ($216 a year). Enclosed is my gift for a full year ☐, the first month ☐. Please send me the child's name, story, address and picture.

☐ I can't sponsor, but will help $________

☐ Please send me further information.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

☐Ck/Money Order ☐Visa ☐Master Card

CARD NO. EXP. DATE

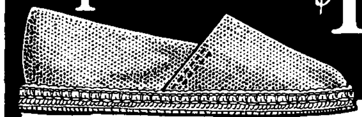
SIGNATURE

1-800-538-5381

CHILDREN, INC.

U.S. gifts are fully tax deductible.
Annual financial statements are available on request.

French Country Espadrilles $11.50



The deluxe originals from France at big savings. These comfortable, hand-crafted casual shoes have double-thick rope soles and colorful sturdy canvas uppers.
Available in Navy, Red, Beige, Khaki, Black, White, Gray, Brown and Burgundy. Women's also available in Lilac, Raspberry and Pink. Whole sizes only. **Women's** 5-10: **Men's** 7-13.

Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back.

Order 3 or more pairs at $10.75 ea. (save $2.25).

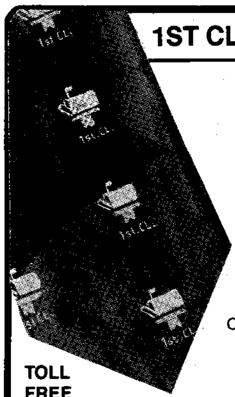
Please send _______ pair @ _______ plus $2.50 ea. postage/handling for a total of $ _____
☐ Check enclosed. Charge my ☐ MasterCard
☐ VISA ☐ AMEX Exp. Date _______
Card # _______
Signature _______
☐ Send $1.00 for catalog only. Rebated against first order.

Qty.	M or F	Size	1st choice COLOR	2nd choice

Name _______
Address _______
City _______
State _______ Zip _______
Please allow 3 weeks for delivery. 01-5019

SPECTRA USA
34 Troy Street
P.O. Box 590
Auburn, ME 04210
(207) 782-2200

1ST CLASS MALE



...FROM OUR EXCLUSIVE COLLECTION OF INNOVATIVE TIE DESIGNS AVAILABLE IN DISTINCTIVE SHOPS AND CATALOGUES NATIONWIDE
"FREE COLOR CATALOGUE"

TOLL FREE
1 (800) 252-5966

alynn NECKWEAR DEPT. N19
108 DOGWOOD CT–STAMFORD, CT 06903

Just out of Santa Fe there's a place that's out of this world.

Mobil 4****

. . . a warm, elegant, casual, intimate ranch-resort in a magnificent setting 15 minutes north of Santa Fe. Superb food and accommodations, including new Pueblo Encantado 1-story condos adjacent to the 'enchanted ranch'.

Rancho Encantado
Route 4, Box 57C ny
Santa Fe, N.M. 87501
(505) 982-3537

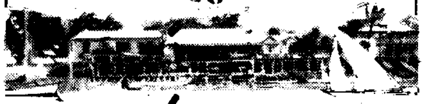
him Congress will do it for us and probably provide a big supplement." He meant that although the Administration was twisting Peres's arm, Congress would come to his rescue.

For now, Peres seems to feel that the austerity being urged on him is not acceptable politically, if only because of the unemployment it would create. And he shows signs of thinking that the economists—Israeli and American—who have looked at the problem are exaggerating its gravity. (Since economists are sometimes wrong and rarely altogether right, many political figures tend to discount much of what they say, especially if it contains bad news.) There is a suspicion that Peres and his advisers are relying on Congress to resolve the aid dispute in their favor, although the State Department feels that they may be underestimating congressional reluctance to approve all of Israel's requests at a time when cutting the American budget deficit is the first priority. Most important, according to diplomats, Peres won't do anything major about the economy until he has managed to squash Israel's experiment in coalition government and take complete charge. At some point, they say, he will try to form a new government without the Likud, or will possibly provoke a political crisis that would lead to another election. What he is least likely to do is return power to the Likud at the scheduled time—October of 1986.

The Likud is in far worse political shape than Peres and his coalition are. Its friable tendency was never more pronounced, and its leaders seem to be more concerned with one another than with Peres. Shamir is said to have been weakened to the point that he is no longer much of a challenge, let alone a threat, to Peres. However, Levy and Sharon are independently strong figures, and both are likely to survive their battle for supremacy. Both appeal strongly to the Sephardim, the Jews of non-European origin, who are now a majority of the population. Sharon has emerged from his legal duel with *Time* an even more controversial and divisive personality, but to a large, militant sector of the population his heroic aspect may have been enlarged. "Sharon has used the trial to get himself vindicated and to parachute himself back into the middle of things," says an American diplomat with lengthy experience in Israel. No one is underestimating Sharon, but many people think that Levy, or even Arens, has a better chance to succeed Shamir,

GLENCOE
THE REAL BERMUDA

At Glencoe, we know why you come to Bermuda. And Glencoe, a complete resort right on the water in Paget parish, meets all the requirements. Sail, swim, snorkel and windsurf all right here. Tennis, golf, beaches & shopping in Hamilton are minutes away. When you need the REAL Bermuda, call us.



Glencoe
PAGET, BERMUDA
FOR RESERVATIONS,
SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT. OR CALL DIRECT 1-800-468-1500
THE REAL BERMUDA

LA RÉCOLTE
RESTAURANT
110 E. 49th St., East of Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 212-421-4389.

HOMEWOOD INN
ON CASCO BAY, YARMOUTH, MAINE
Resort Cottages w/fireplaces for 2, 4 or more in country setting 20 min. from Portland. Hearthside dining. Pool. Tennis. Season: early June to mid-October.
P.O. Box 196Y, Yarmouth, Me. 04096.
Phone 207-846-3351 for brochure.
Featured in ***Country Inns and Back Roads***

Serendipity Garden Tours
Charleston, S.C., England
Scotland, Ireland, Austria.
3-Z Channing Circle, Cambridge,
MA 02138 (617) 354-1879

whether sooner or later. Levy is younger, and his appeal, though less visceral than Sharon's, is probably broader. Levy supported Peres in what appears to have been the new government's most important move so far—its decision, in mid-January, to withdraw Israel's forces from Lebanon. "We are through with delusions in Lebanon," Defense Minister Yitzhak Rabin said recently; he seemed to be speaking for the majority. Shamir lost ground within the country because he opposed this popular move, and he lost additional ground within the Likud because he was beaten so decisively on the issue; the divided Cabinet voted sixteen to six in favor of a staged withdrawal. The occupation of southern Lebanon has been costing Israel more than a million dollars a day. I asked a senior American diplomat whether Peres, by maneuvering the withdrawal decision, had acquired leverage that would allow him to take steps of the kind Washington is urging. The reply was that Peres has gained in popularity but probably isn't ready to dissipate his advantages in unpopular causes.

THE least popular cause at the moment may be territory-for-peace. The polls show that half the Israelis are opposed to giving up any part of the territory that they occupy and that, in the case of the West Bank, some of them have settled into. As for the freeze on new settlements, which Arab states have insisted on and Peres has favored, it is supposed to exist informally, because Israel simply cannot now afford to build more settlements; although the government announced in January that six new ones would be established, an Arab ambassador told me he had been assured that the announcement was made solely for internal political reasons—to appease the Likud—and that they wouldn't actually go forward. Peres has said he would deal with tensions on the West Bank by improving "the quality of life" there; the phrase, like the suggestion, came from the State Department. Very little along those lines has been done, however, and the change from the Likud to Labor that had been long awaited by Palestinians has not, so far, affected life on the West Bank or the nature of the relationship between the local population and the Israeli authority. "Peres makes noises about the quality of life there," a British diplomat says, "but he can't impose changes on a bureaucracy that is largely the

¡Speak Spanish like a diplomat!®

What sort of people need to learn a foreign language as quickly and effectively as possible? *Foreign service personnel,* that's who. Members of America's diplomatic corps are assigned to U.S. embassies abroad, where they must be able to converse fluently in every situation.

Now you can learn to speak Spanish just as these diplomatic personnel do—with the Foreign Service Institute's Programmatic Spanish Course. You'll learn Latin American Spanish recorded by native speakers.

The U.S. Department of State has spent thousands of dollars developing this course. It's by far the most effective way to learn Spanish at your own convenience and at your own pace.

The course consists of a series of cassettes and accompanying textbook. Simply follow the spoken and written instructions, listening and repeating. By the end of the course, you'll be learning and speaking entirely in Spanish!

This course turns your cassette player into a "teaching machine." With its unique "programmatic" learning method, you set your own pace—testing yourself, correcting errors, reinforcing accurate responses.

The FSI's Programmatic Spanish Course comes in two volumes, each shipped in a handsome library binder. Order either, or save 10% by ordering both:

☐ **Volume I: Basic.** 12 cassettes (17 hr.), manual, and 464-p. text, $125.
☐ **Volume II: Intermediate.** 8 cassettes (12 hr.), manual, and 614-p. text, $110.

(Conn. and N.Y. residents add sales tax.)

TO ORDER BY PHONE, PLEASE CALL TOLL-FREE NUMBER: **1-800-243-1234.**

To order by mail, clip this ad and send with your name and address, and a check or money order, or charge to your credit card (VISA, MasterCard, AmEx, Diners) by enclosing card number, expiration date, and your signature.

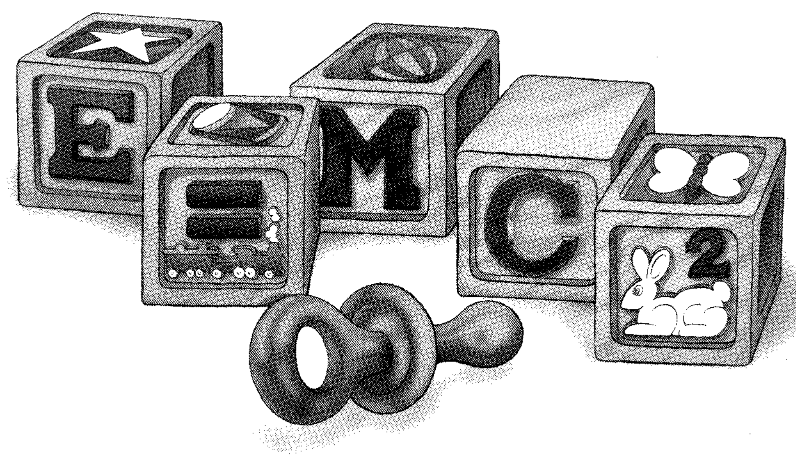
The Foreign Service Institute's Spanish course is unconditionally guaranteed. Try it for three weeks. If you're not convinced it's the fastest, easiest, most painless way to learn Spanish, return it and we'll refund every penny you paid. Order today!

116 courses in 39 other languages also available. Write us for free catalog. Our 12th year.

AUDIO-FORUM®

Audio-Forum
Room C39
On-The-Green,
Guilford, CT 06437
(203) 453-9794

Or visit our New York sales office: 145 E. 49th St., New York, N.Y. 10017 (212)753-1783



© 1985 Allied Corporation

How early do the signs of genius show up?

Find out when NOVA takes a look at the fascinating world of exceptionally gifted children.

"Child's Play: Prodigies and Possibilities" on NOVA, Tuesday, March 12.
Check your local PBS listings.

ALLIED

FLORENCE
The Florence Summer Program
June 15-July 6 • July 6-27 • June 14-August 11
An extraordinary residential study program offering a total Italian Experience in the city of Machiavelli, Dante, Petrarch, da Vinci and Michelangelo . . . weekdays are spent in Florence; weekends feature excursions throughout Italy to places such as Venice, Rome and the Amalfi Coast. Two three-week sessions or an eight-week session offered. Optional academic credit.

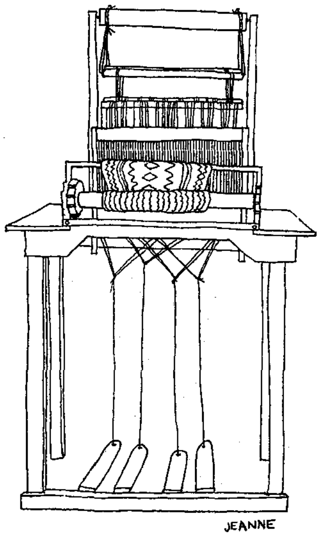
LONDON
The London Theatre '85
May 14-28
Two weeks of London Theatre for the avid theatre goer under the direction of Norman Nadel, NY Critic and Gil Lazier, Florida State University Dean of Theatre. This program features: eight evening performances including the current best sellers, matinee at Stratford-upon-Avon, pre and post performance seminars, backstage visits at the National, Barbican and other houses, plus the chance to meet noted British stage personalities.
Contact: **The Florida State University**
Center for Professional Development, Box Z
Tallahassee, FL 32306
(904) 644-3801

Quiet Quality
THE TIDES INN
An outstanding resort
Post Office Box 339
Irvington, VA 22480 804/438-5000

Emily Shaw's Inn
"Selected one of top 11 restaurants in all of N.Y. State"
Closed Monday *914-764-5779*
Sunday Brunch *Pound Ridge, N.Y.*

FREE HELP!
Hotel/Motel Reservations
TOLL FREE NATIONWIDE
800 554 2220
Washington, D.C. Central Reservations ®

Likud's creation." The changes generally envisioned are a partial lifting of restrictions on travel by Palestinians, some resumption of political life for them, and an easing of restrictions on economic initiative. (An Arab must have a permit to plant an olive tree.) "It isn't just bureaucracy and inertia," an Israeli journalist says. "Peres is trapped by public opinion, the settlers, and the problem of a government built on two coalitions. It was clear from the start that they couldn't do much about the West Bank." An experienced American diplomat says that the Peres government has lifted restrictions on many books that had been proscribed, and has approved the creation of an Arab-run bank. "Otherwise, not much has happened," he says. "Decisions are made on the West Bank, not in Jerusalem, and by people who have been there a long time. There is no riot-control brigade—no equivalent of, say, the Michigan National Guard, which would handle riots in Detroit. The Israeli soldiers and officers are in fighting trim and are trained to stay that way. Keeping order is a function wholly unlike any they were trained for, and they are more comfortable dealing with the people of the West Bank as hostiles. The difference between Labor and Likud is that Labor worries about the implications of the West Bank problem and the Likud sees only pluses in the situation."



Aside from Peres, Syria's President Hafez al-Assad occupies the most interesting position of any of the key players. Assad was a big loser militarily in the fighting in Lebanon—but he was the big winner politically, and is now the master of Lebanon, to the extent that anyone can be said to dominate the bewildering array of religious and political communities of which the country is composed. The largest, poorest, and least represented of these communities, the Shiite Muslims, may become the most extreme; a big segment already identifies with Iran's fundamentalist Shiites and their leader, Ayatollah Khomeini. About eighty per cent of the people in southern Lebanon are Shiites, which is one of the reasons for Israel's decision to withdraw; Israeli soldiers were being killed and maimed by a concealed Shiite army that was using their presence to rally support. Some Israelis are saying that "the Shiite genie" was let out of the bottle by the affair in Lebanon, and most of them worry far more about the Shiite threat than they ever did about the P.L.O. "People here have the feeling they want to detach themselves from Lebanon like you detach yourself from the plague," says Ze'ev Schiff, the military editor of *Ha'aretz*, an Israeli newspaper.

Now that Assad is in political control, he must find a way of making Lebanon less volatile and unstable—less prone to communal bloodletting and disorder. That, at least, is what he is being told by the American diplomats he sees, and also by a few people within his own government. "You can't dominate chaos" is the way it is put to him by the Americans. They and most other Arab leaders hope Assad will back the moderate Shiite leadership in Lebanon against the fanatics. But so far he has helped the extremists, allowing them to organize and train in areas of the country he controls directly.

The other players spend much of their time trying to figure out what Assad is up to at any given moment, and why. "He has a tolerance for ambiguity that allows him to outlast everyone," says an American who has dealt with Syria over the years. Assad and the Americans are trying to improve relations. He is known to want to reduce his dependence on Moscow and to develop a link with the United States. Washington would like to have some influence with this supremely astute leader of the Arab rejectionists. The Arab moderates wish the Americans well; many of them fear Assad, with good reason—terror and violence are basic to his diplomatic method. In Lebanon, he confronts an interesting set of options and problems. Israel's Cabinet has agreed in principle only to the three planned withdrawal stages; approval of the timing of the next two stages may depend on whether arrangements can be worked out with the Lebanese that will guarantee the security of the area around Israel's northern border. Assad controls the situation, because he controls Lebanon's government. State Department people think—the wish may be father to the thought—that he needs stability in Lebanon. The longer the Israelis remain, the stronger the Shiite fanatics will become, and the stronger they become, the more difficult it will be for him, or anyone, to control them. The problem of Shiite fundamentalism-cum-extremism is one that may confront Syria and Israel with equal force in the years ahead. Many Israelis worry far more about Islamic fundamentalism than about Syria. But interpreting Assad's larger interests is always risky; he may see the need for stability in Lebanon but not want to hurry it, if only because his nuisance value will decline when Israel withdraws its forces. "He doesn't mind seeing the Israelis bleed," one diplomat says. "And they are bleeding. He knows they are overextended in Lebanon, and he sees no reason to concede anything to get them out. He thinks they will leave anyway. Also, Assad may want to keep the focus on Israel as the occupying power instead of on Syria as the occupier."

For various reasons, Assad's position vis-à-vis the other players isn't as strong, or even as insular, as it often seems. First, he has supported Iran in the war against his enemy, Iraq, and not only has Iraq more than held its own but Assad, like other leaders, must worry about containing the fundamentalist blight blowing out of Iran. Second, Egypt, which is Syria's rival for regional influence, is gradually regaining its natural role after being shunned by the other Arabs for making a separate peace with Israel. Assad has tried hard to prolong Egypt's isolation. Third, Assad has wanted to neutralize the Palestine Liberation Organization and destroy the influence of Yasir Arafat, who still leads its moderate wing. Assad may have neutralized the P.L.O., but he hasn't finished off Arafat, who is, first and last, a survivor.

Late last summer and fall, there occurred a sequence of moves by key figures that illuminated the tragic and unyielding nature of quarrels among Arabs (and contributed to the sense of futility felt by much of the diplomatic community). Arafat had been hoping for some time to convene a meeting of the Palestine National Council (a kind of parliament of the P.L.O.), which was fragmented and dispersed; he and

Sturdy Beechwood Bookshelves

At a price you would expect to pay for plastic!

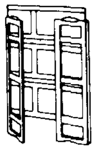
NOW ONLY $39.95 Available By Mail Only

30 DAY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

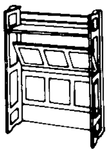
This quality shelving system is made of natural European beechwood—a hard wood tough enough to be used for flooring and beautiful enough to be used for fine furniture. Just take it out of its flat carton, fold the sides out, and the shelves practically fall into place. And natural beechwood shelving is attractive. . . even unfinished. So, the unit can be used immediately. Of course, you can also stain, varnish, or paint them if you prefer. Each free-standing unit is 27¾"w x 11½"d x 37"h and is designed to interlock and stack. This means you can actually create your own wall unit!

Stack them. . . they're interlocking

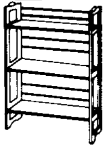
Sets up in seconds. . . *without tools*



1. Open hinged sides



2. Lower shelves into place



3. You're done!

FOR FASTER SERVICE
☎ **CREDIT CARD CUSTOMERS CALL TOLL FREE 1-800-228-6505** Lines are open 24 HOURS 7 DAY A WEEK . . . including Sundays. *In Nebr. 1-800-642-9606*

Barnes & Noble
BOOKSTORES, INC.
126 Fifth Ave., Dept. H165, N.Y., N.Y. 10011

1066018. Please send me_____sturdy beechwood shelf unit(s) at your special sale price of $39.95 (plus *$6.95 shipping and insurance, per unit). N.Y. and N.J.* Residents: Please add sales tax.

Name
Address *(No P.O. Boxes Please)*
City
State **Zip**
Check One
☐ **Payment enclosed** ☐ **charge this purchase to:**
☐ VISA ☐ American Express Card ☐ MasterCard
Account# / **exp. date**
Signature © 1983, Barnes & Noble Bookstores, Inc.

The world does not exist to satisfy your every whim.

But we do.

SW Broadway at Salmon
Portland, Oregon 97205 USA
Call toll free 1-800/551-0011
or 503/241-4100

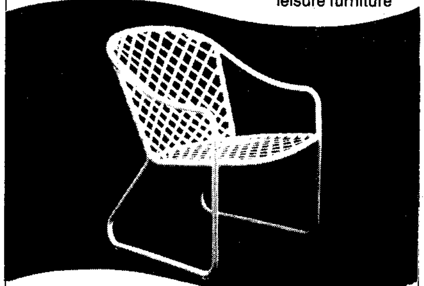
THE HEATHMAN HOTEL

A Summer Camp for Boys

On two Maine islands, freshwater and salt. Emphasis on traditional outdoor activities, mountain and canoeing trips. Tent living without electricity. Established 1902. 80 boys, ages 9-15. June 22-August 14. $1950. For brochure, write or call **PINE ISLAND CAMP**, Belgrade Lakes, Maine 04918, (803) 271-6377.

1961 & 1982 PETRUS
Plus hundreds of other Fine Wines.
For your FREE COPY of our 294-page catalogue, please call, write or telex:
THE CHICAGO WINE COMPANY
P.O. Box 48027 • Chicago, Ill. 60648
(312) 647-8789 • TELEX 206476

The Elegance Of
BROWN JORDAN
leisure furniture



OFF SEASON RATES!

TAKE A TRIP THROUGH OUR CATALOG
THIS WINTER AND **SAVE 20%**.

Free Delivery Anywhere Continental U.S.A.
Worldwide Orders Prepaid to
Nearest Continental U.S. Port
Send $4.00 to Dept. N. for 1985
76 page Catalog, Price List and Color Chart

Name
Address
City
State Zip

Roberts
our 65th year
75 Greenwich Avenue/P.O. Box 433
Greenwich, CT 06836 203-869-4610
One of America's largest retailers of Brown Jordan furniture.

A quiet place,
a cordial place,
Campton Place.

CAMPTON
PLACE
HOTEL

Where high expectations
are quietly met.

San Francisco (415) 781-5555

For the eighth year, we invite adventurous travelers to join our carefully surveyed foray to remote Indonesia:

River Safari
in Borneo

with visits to archaeological and historic sites in Java and the lovely island of Bali

SEPTEMBER 6 TO 25, 1985

Five days are spent touring Java, including a journey to the Borobudur, the world's greatest religious monument, which we see at sunrise. We then fly to Borneo, to cruise for one week on the Mahakam river and its tributaries, striking deep into the Dayak country with its remarkable wildlife, where we attend village ceremonies and sleep one night in a native longhouse. The tour ends with two days of well-earned comforts on the island of Bali, and is escorted by our accomplished leader.

Detailed brochures are available from:

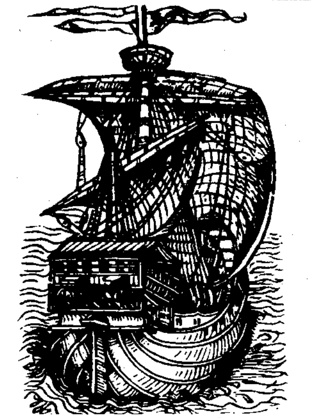
HANNS EBENSTEN TRAVEL, INC
513 FLEMING STREET, KEY WEST, FLORIDA 33040
TELEPHONE (305) 294 8174

$6⁰⁰ppd.
toy lambs from Co. Mayo
for children of all ages
7" head to tail ($30 for a flock of 6)
IRISH IMPORTS LTD.
1735 massachusetts ave. cambridge ma 02138
telephone: 617·354·2511
249 newbury street boston ma 02116
bowen's wharf newport rhode island 02840

his people were based in Tunis, and the other factions, which include two Marxist groups and some Army officers, were guests of Assad's in Damascus. Arafat wanted to put at least some of the pieces back together and reëstablish his claim to leadership. Assad was determined to block him. The meeting of the council became a test of strength between a powerful figure, Assad, and a weak one, Arafat. Typically, Arafat tried the patience of his supporters by hesitating and dithering. He wanted first to see if he could end his old quarrel with Assad, and he sent endless, unavailing messages to Damascus through intermediaries. (Assad has never liked or trusted Arafat, and in the mid-nineteen-sixties he had him thrown into a Syrian jail.) Finally, in September, Arafat decided to try to convene the meeting. "This was our Rubicon," one of his advisers says. "It would have been the end of the P.L.O. if he hadn't done it. The next questions were how to get a quorum and where to hold the meeting. Arafat wanted the two Marxist groups there. But they are opposed to him, and felt that playing his game would make them look like stooges of King Hussein and the Americans. And, of course, they'd have been giving up Syria's protection and hospitality. We have three hundred and seventy-four seats in the council, and to have a quorum we needed two hundred and fifty. In the end, we had about two hundred and fifty." It isn't quite clear how Arafat managed to get his quorum; some shuffling of the membership must have been involved.

Finding a site was more difficult, according to this adviser. "Cairo was out, because of Camp David," he said. "Lebanon, Syria, and Libya were obviously excluded. That left Morocco, Algeria, and Tunisia in North Africa, or Iraq, Jordan, Saudi Arabia, and some Gulf states. The Saudis and the Gulf states were very wary about being host, because that would put them in the middle of the conflict between Assad and Arafat, with the risk of security problems—the risk of assassinations. That point was made clear to Arafat, as it has been before. Iraq would have been too strong a provocation, given its feud with Assad, although Saddam Hussein"—Iraq's President—"did offer Baghdad to Arafat. Tunis is where we already were, and having it there would have added to the political burden the Tunisians feel in being Arafat's host. That seemed to leave Morocco and Algeria.

DISCOVER
TREASURES



Woodcut illustration from Columbus' letter to the Spanish Court, 1493.

AN EXHIBITION
FEBRUARY 15-MAY 24, 1985
Exhibit Hours: Mon.-Sat. 10am-6pm
Free Tours: 12:30 pm; Group Tours: 930-0501
The New York
Public Library
Fifth Avenue & 42nd Street, New York City
Made possible by Manufacturers Hanover, with additional support from Touche Ross & Co. and Exxon Corporation.

Cycle Vermont!

Stay at Country Inns

Professionally-guided Country Weekend and 5-Day Inn-to-Inn tours (plus our new Coast of Maine Excursions). Valley, mountain and lakeshore **go-at-your-own-pace** trips for both the novice and experienced biker. Special family tours, too. Comfortable **double rooms** (no dorms) and delicious, home-cooked meals at **top-quality**, family-run country inns. Tours strictly limited to **maximum** of 24 persons. Early reservations recommended. Write **today** for FREE catalog.

**Vermont
Country
Cyclers**

Box 145-24, Waterbury Center, Vermont 05677

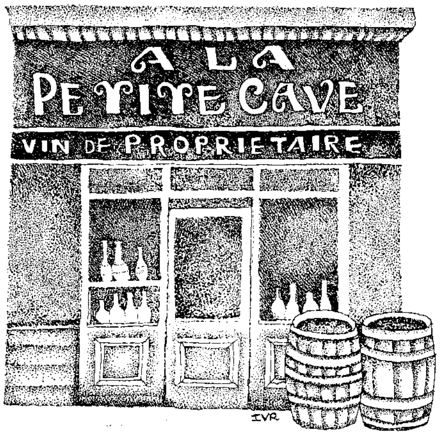
THE ASSEMBLY
MORE THAN A GREAT STEAKHOUSE!
16 West 51st Street, NYC, (212) 581-3580
Serving lunch and dinner weekdays.
Special pre-theatre dinners 4:30-6:30 PM.
Free parking for dinner and theatre.

For Teenagers
A HANDS-ON SUMMER IN
CLAY·GLASSBLOWING·WOOD
SILKSCREEN · PHOTOGRAPHY
WEAVING·CANOE BUILDING
3 & 6 wks., Kents Hill School, Maine
write: Box 417, N. Amherst, MA 01059
HORIZONS
THE NEW ENGLAND CRAFT PROGRAM

Algiers was judged the ideal place—one with no problems at all. But Assad went to Algiers in late summer and persuaded the Algerians not to host the meeting."

I asked how Assad had managed to do that.

"I don't know exactly" was the reply. "He may have said, 'If you host it, you will be responsible for splitting the P.L.O.,' and he probably hinted at a counter-meeting of the other P.L.O. factions that would be held in Damascus. And then there is the empathy among radicals. The Algerians may have wanted to remain on good terms with both factions." Morocco, for reasons that aren't clear, was never seriously considered. And so, by the force of circumstance, Jordan became the chosen site, and King Hussein, who had fought a war against Arafat in 1970 for control of the country, was the host. To Assad, the selection of Amman was probably more of a provocation than even Baghdad would have been. Hussein had infuriated him in September by restoring full diplomatic relations with Egypt—becoming the first Arab leader to do so. The controlled Syrian press began warning Hussein against having peace talks with Israel, Egypt, and the Americans. Syria "will not allow a new Camp David in its neighborhood," said *Al Thawra*, a Damascus newspaper. A month and a half later, *Al Thawra* said the decision to have the meeting was a "deviation . . . as dangerous as Sadat's deviation from the Arab consensus." Diplomats saw the comment as an obvious threat against the lives of Jordanians and P.L.O. figures. It was a bad moment for Assad; the Arab moderates were showing signs of being more organized, or less disorganized, than usual. He invited himself to Moscow in October, and would have done better to stay at home. The Soviets were apparently



SUBSCRIBER SERVICE

1. NEW ORDER OR RENEWAL:

To start a subscription to The New Yorker, or to extend your current subscription, enter your name and address below, and check the subscription term you prefer.

Your Name

Address Apt.

City State Zip

☐ One year: $32 ☐ New subscriber
☐ Two years: $52 ☐ Renewal (attach mailing label)

Additional Postage: Canada $12.00 per year; other foreign $20.00 per year. (Please remit in U.S. funds.) 4105

☐ My check for $ ________ is enclosed.
Please bill my: ☐ Master Card ☐ American Express ☐ Visa
Account # ________
Signature ________

2. TO GIVE A GIFT:

Enter your name and address above and your recipient's name and address below.
☐ One year: $32 ☐ Two years: $52
To ________

Address Apt.

City State Zip
Gift card to read "From ________"

3. CHANGE OF ADDRESS:

Please give us 4 weeks' notice. **Attach your magazine label here;** print your **new** address above in section 1. (If you have a question about your subscription, be sure to send us your label with your letter.)

Return this coupon to:

THE NEW YORKER

Subscription Department, 25 W. 43rd Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10036
Or, phone toll-free 800-223-0200 (in N.Y. State 212-840-3800)

The Falcon rests, but not easily. Electrifying reflections in fully leaded crystal from the master glassblowers of Sweden. Marcolin, now in America, marketed by RIEDEL. 41 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10010. Write for the full collection folio.

THE HOTEL
THAT IS
SO OBVIOUSLY
LA JOLLA

THE LANDMARK OF LA JOLLA.
A small hotel surrounded
by famous shops, where
the tradition of gracious living
is carefully maintained.

One hundred richly accoutered
guest rooms and suites.
Elegant restaurants and bars.
Impeccable service.

La Valencia
Hotel

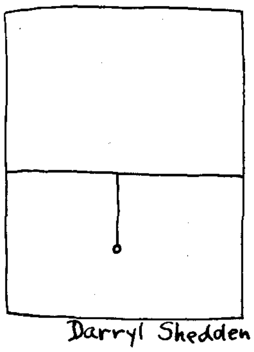
"THE PACIFIC OCEAN IS OUR BACK YARD"

1132 Prospect Street
La Jolla, CA 92037 (619) 454-0771

Water's Edge

Overlooking the Manhattan skyline
44th Drive at the East River, Long Island City
(212) 936-7110 (718) 392-4055, 392-8890
Lunch, Dinner, Brunch
prepared with an international flavor.
Limo or taxi 2-way service. Dock for yachts.

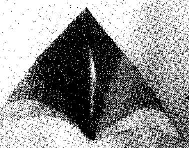
unwilling to reproach Arafat or any of Assad's other enemies, and a chilly communiqué contained nothing of any use to him. Also, adding insult to injury, Arafat got himself invited to Moscow at about this time—something Assad hadn't been able to do.



The meeting of the P.L.O.'s council began on November 22nd with a welcoming address from Hussein, who called on Palestinians to join him in supporting a territory-for-peace initiative, based on Resolution 242. The P.L.O. opposes 242, because it establishes the Palestinians as refugees, makes no mention of an independent Palestinian state, and requires Arabs to say the magic words regarding Israel's sovereign existence. Hussein's audience responded politely but unenthusiastically. Some diplomats think he probably warned Arafat that he would stress 242, and that he said, in effect, you don't have to endorse it, but don't criticize it. Although in a communiqué issued at the end of the meeting the council rejected any settlement based on 242, the meeting was judged a net plus by Arab moderates. It reasserted Arafat's leadership, thereby eclipsing the P.L.O. rebels; and it empowered a newly elected executive committee to develop closer relations with Jordan—a move, it seemed, that could foreshadow the joint negotiating position that Hussein says he must have in any peace talks with Israel. More important than the language of the communiqué was the composition of the executive committee; it included two prominent exiles from the West Bank—Fahd Kawasmeh, the former mayor of Hebron, and Muhammad Milhem, the former mayor of Halhoul. Both were expelled from the West Bank in 1980—supposedly for pro-Palestinian activities—although neither had been identified with the P.L.O. or closely involved in its work. Kawasmeh and Milhem have mainly been concerned with gaining permission to return to their homes on the West Bank. But they were friendly to the Reagan Initiative, and their names (especially Kawasmeh's) have been on everyone's short list of Palestinians who might be acceptable to Israel as members of a Jordan-led delegation to peace talks. (Both met with Shultz in late 1982.)

Early in December, a week after the P.L.O. meeting, Hussein visited Cairo for the first time in eight years, and his host, President Hosni Mubarak, appealed dramatically to Arabs everywhere to set aside their differences and forge a unified position for negotiations with Israel on Palestine. Two days later, a gunman killed Jordan's chargé d'affaires in Bucharest. (There were a number of attempts on the lives of Jordanian diplomats in 1984.) And on December 29th two gunmen—terrorists thought to be operating from Syria—killed Kawasmeh in front of his house in Amman. They were denounced by Arafat as "cowards and hirelings of the rulers of Damascus who protect and direct them." Kawasmeh's violent end shocked and saddened the people of the West Bank and much of the Palestinian diaspora, and also the many diplomats and journalists who knew him. He hadn't wanted to join Arafat's executive committee. He had wanted only to go home. But, given the high esteem in which he was held on most sides, he probably didn't have a choice. Predictably, Kawasmeh's death helped the rejectionists and seemed at first to have dissolved the possibility that anything concrete would emerge from talks between Hussein and Arafat. Milhem and others on the executive committee were clearly intimidated. It looked as if Arafat's decision to convene the council might have accomplished little other than to unleash the full fury of Assad and P.L.O. extremists.

Another, less pessimistic view is that Hussein, after two years of trying, last month persuaded Arafat to accept the land-for-peace formula in a way that would lead to recognition of Israel by both Jordan and the P.L.O. (although the magic words aren't there). A version of his agreement with Arafat published in Amman said as much. But just a few days earlier the P.L.O.'s executive committee had repeated its continuing opposition to Resolution 242. Nor is it clear whether the P.L.O. is giving up its demand for an independent Palestinian state. Actually, nothing is very clear, and diplomats are withholding their huzzahs, aware that whatever Hussein did accomplish may not survive the destructive interplay of Arab politics. Peres reflected the prevailing attitude, saying, "Let's wait until we find out exactly what the pair agreed on. . . . It



CRUISING ITALIAN STYLE.SM

The banker suggested they borrow a tail and the airline pilot, with an aerodynamic nod, agreed. The musician wanted to change the cord. But the fellow in Texas oil thought they should leave well enough alone. And the women enjoyed watching their men become boys.

It was only a kite, a child's plaything. But on the fantail of the m/t/s Danae, in the sunshine between Istanbul and Mykonos, it became the mortar of friendships that would last a lifetime.

It happens like that, so easily, cruising Italian style.

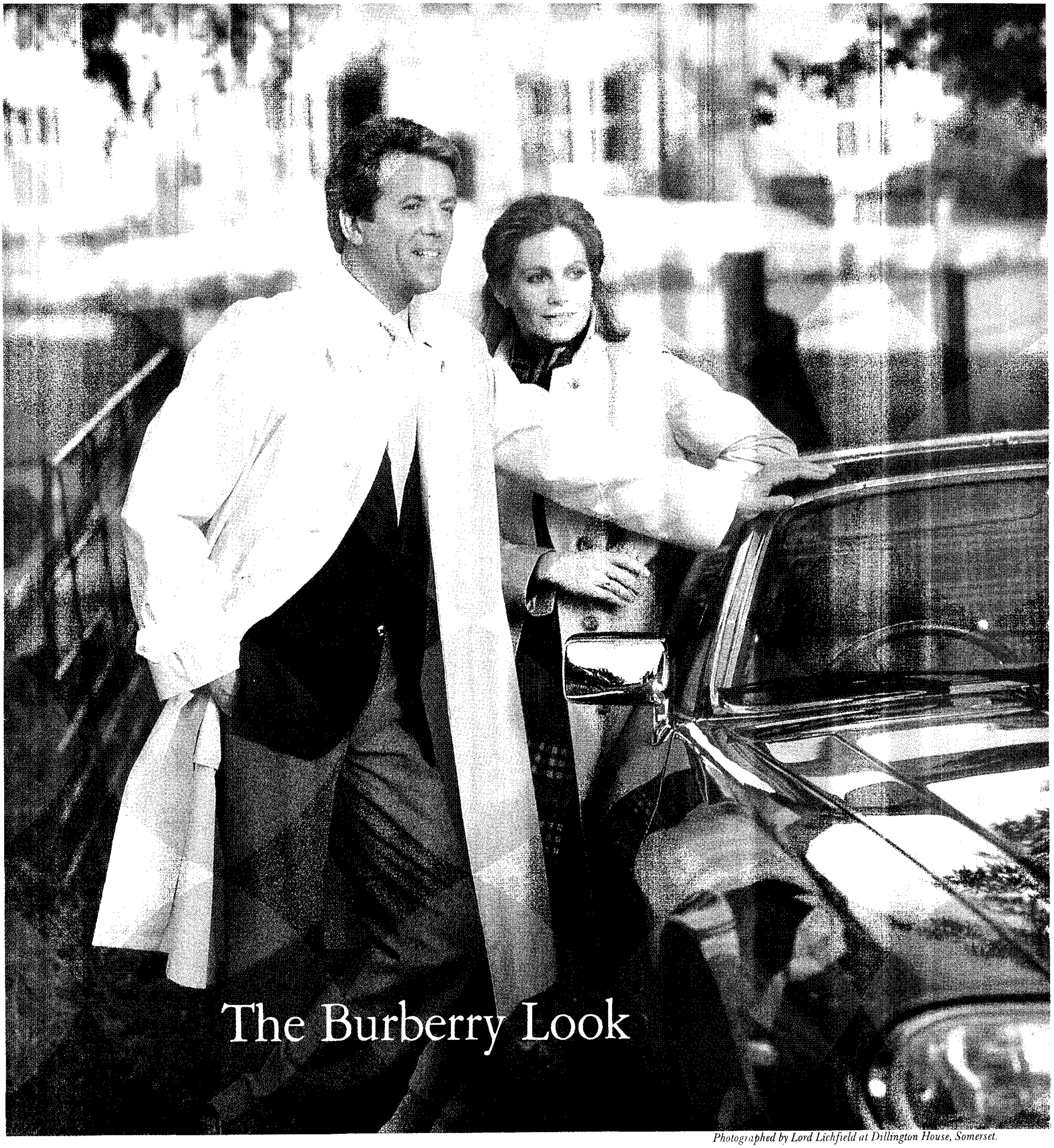
The **Daphne** sails the Caribbean, Trans Panama Canal and Alaska. 7, 14, and 16-day cruises.
The **Carla Costa** sails the Caribbean from San Juan. 7-day cruises.
The **Costa Riviera** will sail the Caribbean, Winter 85/86. 7-day cruises
The **Danae,** The **Enrico Costa** and The **Eugenio Costa** sail the Mediterranean, Northern Europe and South America, and around the world. 7-day to 101-day cruises.

See your Travel Agent or write Costa for brochures.
Please specify destination.
Costa Cruises, Dept. NY, One Biscayne Tower, Miami FL 33131

COSTA
CRUISING ITALIAN STYLE.SM

Ships of Italian and Panamanian registry.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Photographed by Lord Lichfield at Dillington House, Somerset.

Classic lightweight, self-lined Burberry weatherproofs for men and women. For further information contact:
Burberrys International Limited, Suite 1714, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10104, U.S.A. Telephone: (212) 246 2570.

BY APPOINTMENT TO
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
WEATHERPROOFERS
BURBERRYS LIMITED
HAYMARKET LONDON

BY APPOINTMENT TO
H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH
THE QUEEN MOTHER
WEATHERPROOFERS
BURBERRYS LIMITED
HAYMARKET LONDON

Burberrys®
OF LONDON

PRORSUM

Available from Burberrys, 9 East 57th Street, **NEW YORK,** *and from Burberrys in* **BOSTON, CHICAGO, PHILADELPHIA, WASHINGTON** *and* **SAN FRANCISCO.**

And at the following fine stores: **BOSTON:** *Jordan Marsh.* **COLORADO:** *DENVER: Homer Reed.* **DALLAS:** *Neiman-Marcus, Culwell and Son.* **FLORIDA:** *FT. LAUDERDALE: Maus and Hoffman.* **KANSAS:** *WICHITA: Brick's.* **NEW ORLEANS:** *Terry and Juden.* **NEW YORK:** *Saks Fifth Avenue.* **PITTSBURGH:** *Larrimor's.* **SAN FRANCISCO:** *Cable Car Clothiers.* **WASHINGTON:** *SEATTLE: Littler.*

Jaguar Cars Limited plan to build a limited number of Burberry Cabriolets, as featured in this advertisement, to special customer order. For details please contact:
Jaguar Cars Inc., 600 Willow Tree Road, Leonia, New Jersey 07605, United States of America.

'Burberry' and 'Burberrys' and the device of an Equestrian Knight in armour are the registered trade marks of Burberrys Limited, London.
The plaid design shown above is protected by the U.S. Trade Mark No: 1,241,222.

isn't clear what they did in Amman. We'll wait patiently, not nervously."

Hussein has no illusions. "He sees nothing that will work, but he keeps on trying," a senior British diplomat says. The Americans won't do anything until something comes from the Hussein-Arafat talks. So the talks continue. But Arafat has never been a gambler; diplomats say that the P.L.O., an umbrella organization, means more to him than any peace initiative, and he will avoid a complete break with any of its parts. Arafat could embarrass the Israelis by saying the magic words and endorsing negotiations in which his side would be represented by Hussein and a few Palestinians from the West Bank whom Israel couldn't object to. Although he isn't expected to do this, not unequivocally, I nonetheless asked several diplomats—American, European, and Israeli—what would happen if he did. Each of them replied that Peres's government would be appalled, because it isn't strong enough politically to begin negotiations. I asked an experienced American diplomat what the over-all reaction in Israel would be if the right combination of Arabs said the magic words. "Joy, fear, anxiety, consternation, and new elections," he replied. A few of the diplomats I queried thought the Israelis would have no choice but to come to the table anyway. The others said the Likud would leave the government and Peres would probably fall.

Hussein understands this. Neither he nor Peres has much flexibility, but they do stay in touch by various means. Peres, it seems, would welcome a small move by the Arabs—small enough to avoid provoking a dust-up with the Likud but real enough to become a potential building block. Hussein's collateral concern is shoring up his realm. He talks about a "backbone across the Arab world," consisting of Jordan, Egypt, and Iraq. Facing north, this coalition would contain Syria. Facing south, it would offer greater security to Saudi Arabia and the Gulf states, which might, in turn, give correspondingly more financial help to Jordan. One often hears that the Saudis and the Gulf Arabs worry far more about Iran and Islamic fundamentalism than about Israel or the Palestine problem. That is not quite the truth. Actually, these Arabs, like their neighbors to the north, worry deeply that the absence of movement on the Palestine issue will play directly into the hands of the radicals and the fanatics. King Fahd's state visit to Washington early in February—the first official visit by a Saudi Arabian king in fourteen years—was widely thought to be mainly connected to an impending purchase of American arms. It wasn't. Fahd came primarily to see what, if anything, the Americans might be willing to do about reviving the peace process. Fahd knows as well as anyone that Secretary Shultz is opposed to making a move of any kind at this time, but Fahd felt that he had to hear that from the President. And he did (although he and Reagan got on better than anyone expected them to). Arab diplomats are saying that if Washington persists in this do-nothing attitude their governments will have to put some distance between themselves and the United States—for their own protection. Fahd himself is being squeezed. He is probably tempted to join the moderate block (Hussein's backbone) but probably won't, since its purpose is to isolate Syria and Libya from the Arab fold, and Fahd confronts what one Arab ambassador calls "Syrian blackmail—the threat of terror, plus the ability to invite pressure on others from Iran." The Saudis worry that Syria, Iran, and Libya may be coördinating plans to destabilize Jordan and then turn their attention to Saudi Arabia and the Gulf states. The situation, however sombre, wouldn't be characteristically Arab if there were no basic sources of tension between like-minded regimes—in this case, Saudi Arabia and Egypt. "The Saudis don't want Egypt all the way back in," an experienced Iraqi diplomat says. "That's too much weight." Put differently, the royal family doesn't want to choose between Syria and Egypt.

Egypt's Mubarak is the next of the notables who will visit Washington. He will meet with Reagan on March 12th, and, like Fahd, he wants to see if the President might be willing to overrule his Secretary of State by reviving the moribund Reagan Initiative, or a variant. Mubarak tried pushing Reagan in this direction early in 1984—at the start of an election year. He failed. With Reagan's second term now beginning, he will try again; last week, he publicly urged the Administration to invite Israel and members of a joint Jordanian-Palestinian delegation to the United States to start prep-

FOR A SONG
OR A DANCE

◆

When you're in San Francisco, either for business or pleasure, the only place to stay is the Cathedral Hill Hotel. Luxurious rooms, superior restaurants, excellent service, an attentive concierge, are all available for the discriminating traveler.

◆

Conveniently located near famous attractions like Fisherman's Wharf and Chinatown, Cathedral Hill is also just blocks away from the Museum of Modern Art, the opera house, the Louise M. Davies Symphony Hall and the San Francisco Ballet.

◆

For more information or reservations, in the U.S. call 1-800-227-4730, and in California call 1-800-622-0855.

CHH
CATHEDRAL HILL HOTEL
San Francisco
Van Ness at Geary
San Francisco, California 94109

A private island
for private people.

An enchanting and very special island awaits you. Swim, snorkel, sail in the crystal Grenadine waters or wander on endless white beaches. Paradise exists at PSV known the world over by discriminating clients and travel agents.

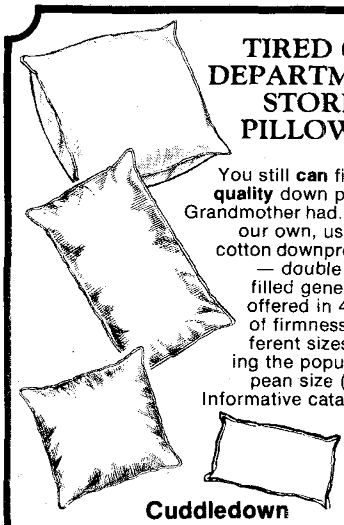
Petit St.Vincent Resort
The Grenadines, St. Vincent, West Indies
P.O. Box 12506, Cincinnati, Ohio 45212
Phone 513-242-1333
Representatives: HRI or Robert Reid

WORLD FAMOUS
VIDALIA
SWEET ONIONS
The gourmet's delight. Available only in May thru July.

10 lbs. $12^{95}*
25 lbs. $29^{95}*
B
BLAND FARMS

Send check, money order or charge card number with expiration date. Please include street address for UPS delivery. We accept VISA, MASTERCARD, AMERICAN EXPRESS, DINER'S CLUB
P.O. Box 506-N Glennville, GA 30427 1-800-841-3981
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK
(Add $1.95 each order for postage/handling.)
(No COD's.)

Free.
Mail this coupon. You'll receive the first issue of *The Harvard Medical School Health Letter* absolutely free. It brings you accurate, intelligent and timely health news each month, written in plain English by specialists at the Harvard Medical School.
Your no risk subscription to *The Health Letter* begins with this free issue. If after examining the *Letter* you decide it's not for you, tell us to cancel within 30 days and owe nothing. But if you're like over 300,000 readers, you'll want to keep informed about health and medical issues important to you and your family, with an additional 12 issues for just $15.
The Harvard Medical School Health Letter
79 Garden St., Cambridge, MA 02138
Name ____
Address ____
City ____ State ____ Zip ____
NY5M
Offer open to first time subscribers only.
☐ Send details about low group rates.

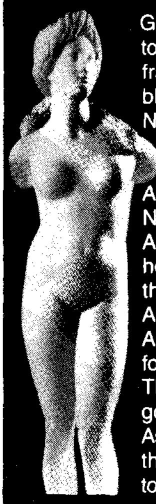


TIRED OF DEPARTMENT STORE PILLOWS?
You still **can** find a real **quality** down pillow like Grandmother had. We make our own, using 100% cotton downproof fabric — double stitched, filled generously — offered in 4 choices of firmness in 6 different sizes, including the popular European size (26 x 26). Informative catalog, $1—
Cuddledown
171 Main St., Yarmouth, Maine 04096
Tel: (207) 846-9781 Visa/MC

JAMAICA
18 HOLE GOLF
SCUBA DIVING
Half Moon
PRIVATE BEACH
13 TENNIS COURTS
HALF MOON
HOTEL, COTTAGES AND VILLAS
Home of All American Sports
Heinz E.W. Simonitsch, Mgr. Dir., Montego Bay, Jamaica
809-953-2211 • Telex 5326 • Cable: Halfmoon
Call Your Travel Agent or RR 800-223-6510 • JRS 800-327-5767

arations for direct peace talks. Peres instantly called the proposal a sign of progress and worthy of "careful and positive study" by Israel. This agreeable tit-for-tat was apparently staged. A few days before Mubarak took his initiative, he sent an emissary to Bucharest to meet secretly with Peres. Since then, he has followed up by sending Osama el-Baz, his chief adviser on foreign policy, to talk to Peres, who is saying he supports the idea of direct talks with a mixed delegation of Jordanians and non-P.L.O. Palestinians. A week before he left for Washington, Mubarak said, "The United States is a superpower [and] cannot continue to sit with its hands folded." I asked an Egyptian diplomat if Mubarak needed to find out in the Oval Office what was or wasn't going to happen, and whether the answer would affect bilateral relations. "He has to try," this Egyptian said. "All of our necks are out. The extremists will have them if the Americans don't do something. All the elements for peace are there. Everyone wants it, including Peres. He wants to negotiate, but he has to be pushed. He wants to be pushed." (Peres might disagree.) "The Americans must push him. We are talking about the most volatile part of the world, and its real problem must be solved this year, or it won't be solved at all."

One hears more and more of this kind of talk. Whether it arises mainly from fear or frustration or pragmatic political analysis or a combination of these isn't clear. The moderate Arabs sense the ennui of the Americans and worry that Washington may be losing interest in them and leaving them even more exposed to the fundamentalist blight. They all rely heavily on the United States. Mubarak, for example, gets assistance from the United States, which he must have and couldn't get from the Saudis or the Gulf states; and the Egyptians aren't likely to open a new chapter with the Soviet Union. The peace process is being shunted aside by the aid process. Israel will receive more aid, and so, probably, will Mubarak. His predecessor, Anwar Sadat, was assured that American economic aid to Egypt would be roughly equivalent to what Israel receives; the Egyptians have since said they were guaranteed precisely equal treatment, but that is not the American version. In any case, keeping faith with this commitment will dictate more American aid to Egypt; but since Congress will have to approve it, Mubarak may



CYPRUS
The Mediterranean Island of Non-Stop Sunshine
Golden beaches...
towering mountains...
fragrant pine forests...
blue skies day after day.
Nights lit by a blanket of stars...
Wines produced from perfect grapes.
And time to enjoy it all.
No rush...no bustle...
A way of life where hospitality goes back through time to the days of Aphrodite, Goddess of Love.
An island where the sun shines for 340 days out of 365.
That's Cyprus. Where the good life costs less.
Ask your travel agent about the many money-saving tours that include Cyprus.
For further information contact:
THE CYPRUS TOURISM ORGANIZATION
13 East 40th St., New York, N.Y. 10016
Tel. 212/213-9100
or
CYPRUS AIRWAYS
387 Park Ave. South, New York, N.Y. 10016
Tel. 212/689-1130

You get what you pay for.
DELAFIELD
RIVERDALE-ON-HUDSON
680 West 246th Street, Riverdale, N.Y. 10471
In this case, a lot more than a cramped Manhattan apartment. Instead a home of aristocratic proportions on a private estate in prestigious Riverdale. Just 8.9 miles from Columbus Circle.
Designed in the English Tudor style, these spectacular homes feature grand foyers, private libraries, Poggenpohl kitchens, master suites with fireplaces, and many other superb luxuries. From $635,000.
Please call for a private appointment.
(212) 601-2400.

FRANCE *through French eyes!*
"LA FRANCE EN FAMILLE"
Would you like to visit in French homes, meet French families? We make the introductions and arrangements. Your hosts show you their France, encourage you to brush up your French, act as your guide when you wish.
Separate study/family living program for teens.
International Cultural Institute, 4821 Linnean Ave., N.W., Wash., D.C. 20008 202/244-6233

feel obliged to accept what Reagan says and not drift far afield from American policy. Whatever his problems—his dilemma, really—Mubarak has a more secure political base than any of the other moderate Arabs. "He is sitting pretty," an American diplomat says, "and Egypt is now positioned to play a major role—except there is no role to play."

As the new year began, the thinking in Washington was that something would have to be done for the moderate Arabs. Since that something couldn't be political—another peace initiative—it would have to be agreements to sell arms. Many diplomats worry about this. Israel, they say, will be against the sales, which means that the Administration will use up all the leverage it has with Congress in obtaining approval of them. The major transaction—a sale of forty F-15 fighter aircraft to Saudi Arabia—was to have been approved during King Fahd's visit. But then, late in January, the Administration announced a halt in arms sales to all Middle Eastern countries while it made a "comprehensive review" of the needs of Israel and the moderate Arab states. According to newspaper reports, the Reagan people wanted to avoid a clash with Congress at that point over the Saudi deal. They also wanted to buy some time in order to decide whether to go forward with other potentially controversial sales, to Jordan and some of the Gulf states. I was told that the government is committed in writing to the Saudi deal. I asked a senior Israeli diplomat who is known to have hawkish views and close links with the Likud what he thought.

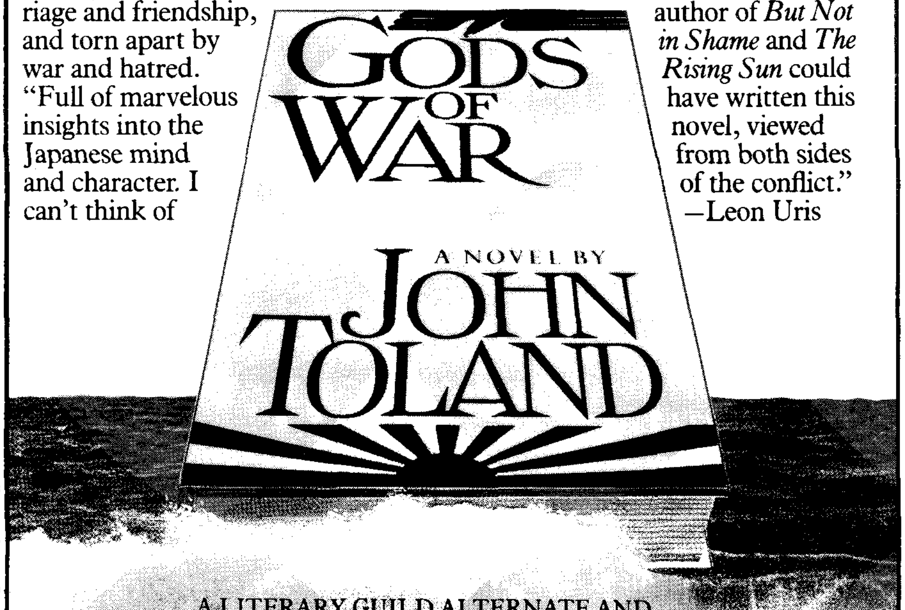
"There was an election," he said, referring to last November's American election. "The composition of both houses of Congress has improved from Israel's point of view. People who voted for AWACS"—the sale of reconnaissance aircraft to Saudi Arabia—"are no longer there. Others who are still there are aware of what happened to these others. That was a litmus test."

The State Department is determined that the sale will go forward. If it does, it is expected to create pressure from Israel for still more military assistance, which, in turn, will cause the Arabs to seek more arms, whether from the United States or Western Europe or, in the case of Jordan, from the Soviet Union as well.

The comment that each of the play-

IN HIS UNPRECEDENTED NOVEL OF WORLD WAR II IN THE PACIFIC, A GREAT HISTORIAN TAKES SIDES. BOTH OF THEM.

Only Pulitzer Prize-winner John Toland could have written this towering, deeply compassionate novel of two families—one American, the other Japanese—bound by marriage and friendship, and torn apart by war and hatred. "Full of marvelous insights into the Japanese mind and character. I can't think of a better book for readers who want to see WWII in the Pacific from a new dramatic perspective." —Thomas Fleming, author of *The Officers' Wives*. "Only the author of *But Not in Shame* and *The Rising Sun* could have written this novel, viewed from both sides of the conflict." —Leon Uris



A LITERARY GUILD ALTERNATE AND
A MAIN SELECTION OF THE MILITARY BOOK CLUB
DOUBLEDAY

The Orient Expressed

Mohonk Institute's Art, Culture and Heritage of the Orient Program (April 14-19) reveals to all your senses the mysteries of the East: calligraphy, kite-making, tai chi, cuisine and more. Your experience will give you a new understanding of the exotic world of China and Japan. It's a further expression of the many delights of Mohonk. Call for brochure, reservations.

Mohonk
MOUNTAIN HOUSE
Lake Mohonk, New Paltz, N.Y. 12561 (212) 233-2244, (914) 255-1000

EUROPE BY CAR
ONE ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK, NY 10020
Phone: (212) 581-3040
9000 SUNSET BLVD., LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90069
Phone: (213) 272-0424
SAVINGS ON CAR RENTAL • PURCHASE

Debrett
Winchester, England
Let the world's leading family historians research your ancestry.
For free information write to:
Debrett Ancestry Research Ltd.,
Dept. N8, Accomac, VA 23301, U.S.A.

Villas in Europe.
- from cottages to castles.
- from Crete to the Cotswolds!
- from $250-$6000 weekly rentals.

Over 20,000 inspected properties throughout the nicest parts of Europe, Mexico and the Caribbean.

Villas International
213 East 38 St. NYC 10016
212 685-4340•800 221-2260

ers has some higher priority than the peace process misses, I think, the deeper reality: the unwillingness, thus far, of any of them to make a serious move unless one of the others moves first. Everyone has been waiting for everyone else. The agreement Hussein worked out with Arafat, however flawed, just may become a break with that pattern, especially if Mubarak's busy diplomacy imparts some momentum to the moderates' cause. The temptation is always to treat any so-called peace initiative in the Middle East with heavy skepticism. But the tinder in the region—already the world's driest—is becoming drier. And, just as the prospect of hanging concentrates the mind, the despair of Arab moderates is pushing them hard to make something happen—to create the gleam of hope.

—JOHN NEWHOUSE

•

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*Roger Scruton in the Times Literary Supplement*]

Hegel's philosophy is like a beautiful oasis around a treacherous pool of nonsense, and nowhere beneath the foliage is the ground really firm. The analytical commentator, stepping from the desert lands of logic on to this slimy surface, may immediately recoil, and thereafter do no more than touch it gingerly at the perimeter with the tip of an outstretched toe. Alternatively, he may step out boldly. Unable, however, to swing through the trees like Bradley and McTaggart (last survivors of a race of long-armed hominids), he then begins to skid ominously towards the slough of meaninglessness around which Hegel's philosophy grows, and from which it seems to take such inexplicable vitality.

As yet no analytical philosopher has been able to find a path of *terra firma* through this jungle. Charles Taylor, in the fullest and most impressive of recent commentaries (*Hegel*, 1975), succeeds in smashing his way through the Hegelian system only by constantly throwing himself forward into the swamp, and resolutely ignoring the steady change in his own appearance. The Charles Taylor who emerges from this experience is not the Charles Taylor who embarked on it. In particular, it cannot be said that his attachment to analytical philosophy has survived. Having failed to step on *terra firma* he rejects the normal use of his feet, reaching his destination instead by a process of creative stumbling, following a path which no observer can trace. What every analytical philosopher was looking for—the safe map of the Hegelian territory—is still not available, and, while Taylor's reports of the wondrous flora surprise and tantalize his readers, his staring eyes and mud-bespattered features give little confidence that we could ever arrive—were we to enter the swamp behind him—at the same destination.

I.B. SINGER, HAROLD BRODKEY: *The Author's Workshop* in beautiful keepsake editions. Only by mail from the Jewish Publication Society.

The Jewish Publication Society, which has been publishing significant Jewish books in English since 1888—scholarship, classics, history and literature—launches an important new editorial venture—*The Author's Workshop* series. Now, world-acclaimed authors will be writing in a specifically Jewish context to a specifically Jewish audience—and to others interested in Jewish life.

Each book in *The Author's Workshop* will concentrate on imaginative writing and works in progress, and will include manuscripts never before published in book form. The inaugural titles are Isaac Bashevis Singer's **Gifts**, a collection of six new unpublished stories and an exclusive essay about the author's desire to become a writer; and **Women and Angels*** by Harold Brodkey, stories of major rank in American literature with an autobiographical introduction. These slipcased volumes as well as the many to follow are beautifully designed hardcover limited editions printed by letterpress on high-quality paper—truly collectors' items.

Each of these two handsome books is available now for $25 and entitles you, as a charter subscriber, to purchase other titles in this unique limited edition *Author's Workshop* series as well as other exclusive JPS books—only from JPS, only by mail.

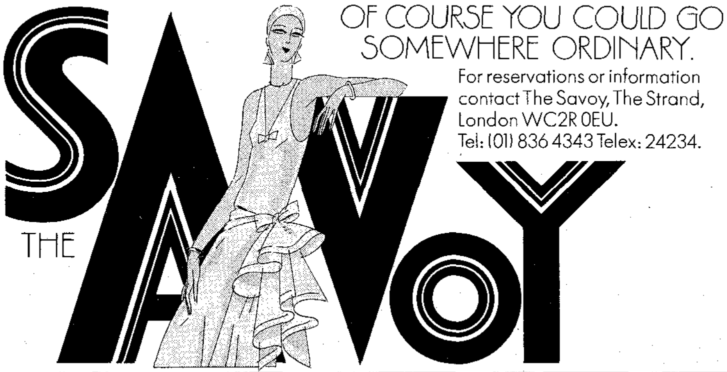
To order I.B. Singer's **Gifts** or Harold Brodkey's **Women and Angels,** or both, simply fill out the coupon below, enclose a check or money order in the proper amount, and mail to the Jewish Publication Society. Remember, these editions are *limited*, so act now to own these important literary legacies to read and pass down to future generations—send coupon today!

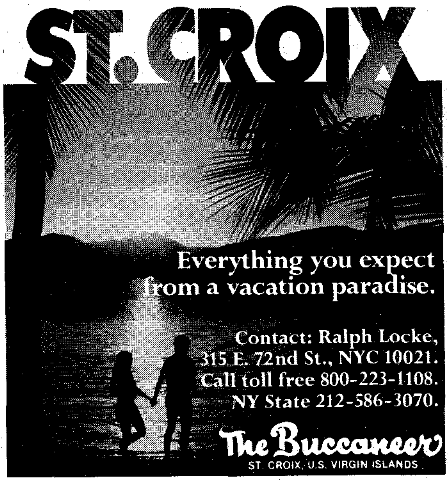
Jewish Publication Society
Philadelphia/New York/Jerusalem

Jewish Publication Society
1930 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa 19103

I enclose $_______. Please send the following:
___ **Singer**/Gifts, $25 $_____
___ **Brodkey**/Women and Angels, $25 $_____
Name________________
Street________________
City________________
State/Zip________________
NY We pay all postage and handling.

*Most of these stories originally appeared in *The New Yorker*.


THE SAVOY
OF COURSE YOU COULD GO SOMEWHERE ORDINARY.
For reservations or information contact The Savoy, The Strand, London WC2R 0EU.
Tel: (01) 836 4343 Telex: 24234.
LONDON
Member of The Leading Hotels of the World


ST. CROIX
Everything you expect from a vacation paradise.
Contact: Ralph Locke,
315 E. 72nd St., NYC 10021.
Call toll free 800-223-1108.
NY State 212-586-3070.
The Buccaneer
ST. CROIX, U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS

Rhode Island School of Design
Summer Travel Programs

During June, July, and August

England, France, Italy, the Netherlands, Belgium, and Spain

For a FREE brochure, call (401) 331-3511, ext. 282 or write RISD, Continuing Education, Dept NY, 2 College Street, Providence, RI 02903

BOOKS

Youth

JAPAN is the setting, ingenuous the tone, and slow the pace of Brad Leithauser's novel "Equal Distance" (Knopf; $17.95), a tender portrait of a young man who has more in common with David Copperfield and the Hardy boys than readers of today have been conditioned to expect. As a first novel is apt to do, "Equal Distance" offers an account of the relationship between the leading character and his parents (whom he speaks of as Mom and Dad), a record of romantic pleasure and pain, and questions about free will, justice, and love. Danny Ott is twenty-three, a middle-class Midwesterner on leave for a year from Harvard Law School, officially to assist a Japanese scholar with research in international law. Sidetracked somewhat by sex and social life from that plan and from resolutions to study Japanese and German, he engages in informal research in the bars and restaurants of Kyoto, along the streets of the city, and on excursions into the countryside. Upright and sincere, he applies himself diligently to the task of living. As with the above-mentioned heroes, manhood is the object. Danny, however, more philosophical than the Hardys, financially more secure than Copperfield, and having no villains to contend with, is able and more than willing to think it over:

> Oh, the whole notion of manhood was an interesting issue; he had adeptly managed, as demanded of him, to refer to the girls in his classes as *women*, and even to think of them as such, but the guys remained *guys*, not men.

Modern and traditional problems—parental divorce, venereal disease, self-doubt—beset Danny in the course of the novel, but not unduly. The adventure in "Equal Distance" is essentially mental—"a quixotic run against time and change," to make use of a phrase of the author's.

Leithauser has written a book of poems called "Hundreds of Fireflies" (1982), and poetic leanings are apparent in the fine-tuning of the opening sentence of "Equal Distance":

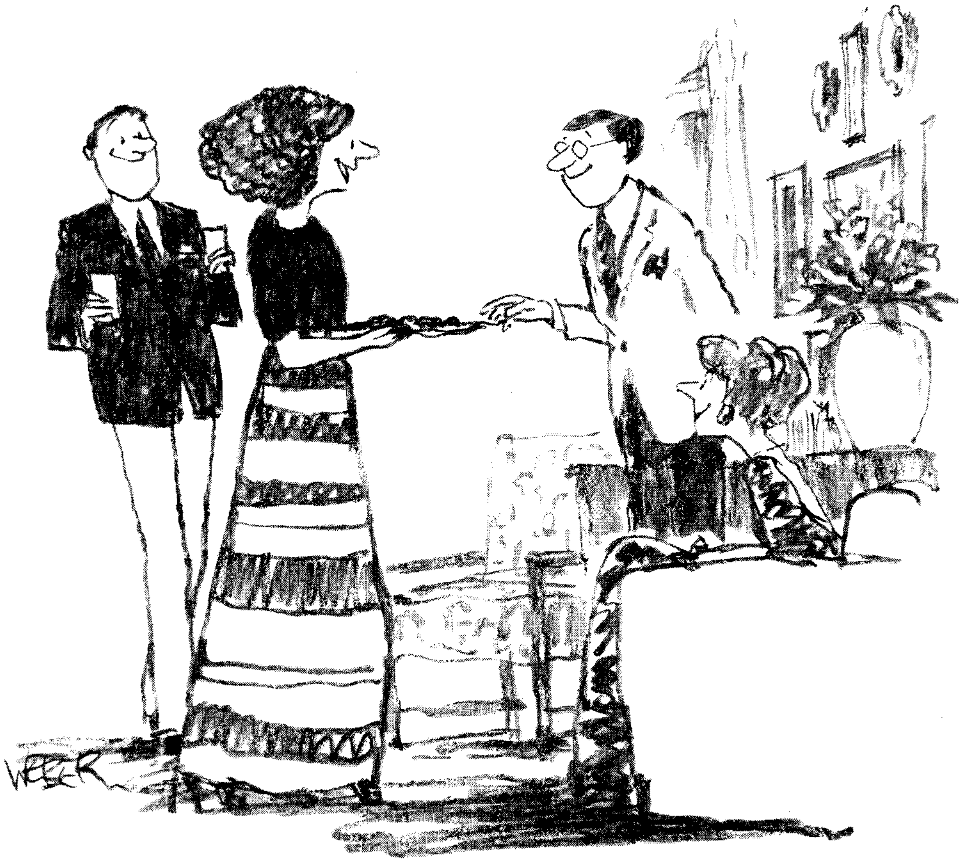
> He'd been dozing, sleep touching him so lightly that had it not left, like a fingerprint upon a pane of glass, the filmy residue of a dream, he would scarcely have realized he'd slept at all.

And in the personification (same paragraph) of the Pacific Ocean, "which under its glazed crust seemed to stir and ripple with its own indwelling dream." Biographical similarities between Leithauser and his hero, which include Michigan origins, Harvard legal studies, and sojourns in Japan, stop short of published poetry. But poetic effect is the main aim of the book—Danny's desire to translate his experiences into just the right words. Occasionally, this constant impulse to turn a phrase is presented as a calculated process:

> *Drawn by the sound of what seemed to be gunfire,* Danny composed as he stood watching the balls being slammed into the bellying nets, *I found a place where Japanese men practice their baseball swings after work . . .*

More often it is spontaneous. In an early scene, showing Danny interpreting an English phrase, Leithauser notes "the pursuit of accuracy guiding him," and later refers to his "assimilating eyes." Hiking in the Kyoto hills, Danny sees a sunlit web as "scratches on a cleaned pane of glass which alone inform the eye of the existence of an interjacent medium," and sunlight on ferns as "a fluid simulacrum of a waterfall." He hears the city's "diminished din become the heartening susurration and pebbly clatter of a river," and feels "an old desire, a yearning to hold in his hands a sort of comprehensive map of lovelinesses (Mother Nature's very own) which would guarantee he missed not a single gemmed toadstool." At another point in the book, Leithauser makes it clear that he believes, on Danny's behalf, that comprehensiveness is a necessary condition for accuracy, which explains the way his prose burgeons and blooms with even the slightest inspiration. It is possible to argue against that belief, in favor of calculated selectivity, but there is much to be said for a writer's effort to be precise, not to mention the chance to get acquainted with words like "luculent," "humic," "indurate," "incendiarized," "imparadised," and "apical."

Precision has its drawbacks, however. There is a disparity, characteristically youthful, between the ambitious language Danny comes up with to handle scenery or concepts and the



"Guess what. Andy and I have decided to split up, and we're terribly excited about it!"

awkward style in which he grapples with personal relationships:

> Harsh as it was to admit, one of the boons of living in Japan was its sheer physical distance from Dad, with all his expectations and demands, a distance enhanced because Dad himself never wrote but channeled all messages through Mom's ameliorative hand.

And he is no more successful than the majority of stylists at verbalizing sex:

> He nuzzled his face against hers, the hair at her temples scratching delectably at the eczematous patch on his left cheekbone. His shoulders were still trembling as, with her own fingers, she guided the key part of him—sheathed in reptilian plastic skin—across the thudding threshold of her body.

Impressions of Japan, which might be the novel's main attraction, are scattered and superficial, except for an episode in Tokyo, where Danny and his mother undergo the strenuous hospitality of the Tanizakis, a prosperous couple, whose politeness can be seen as verifying rather than exploiting a stereotype. Despite the advantage of knowing a little Japanese, so that he can approach at least closer than he otherwise could, Danny's encounters with people are wary, overshadowed by a strange defensiveness that keeps him from learning much about them. "You seem to have a knack for getting people to confide in you," he says to an American friend. "I'm a good listener," the friend says. The fact is that Danny is more at ease with scenery and with his own inner life. The sight of a black woman dancing on a pedestal at Refinement: Premier Disco makes him curious about her:

> It was an endless frustration for Danny, this hunger he had for the life stories of people he would never meet (a desire akin to that craving for a map of every rarity in the woods) . . .

But there is little sign of that social hunger in the book, especially where the Japanese are concerned. After eight months or so in Japan, he speaks with exasperation of "this impenetrable country."

Leithauser has devoted himself so wholeheartedly to the cultivation of his leading man that there are no characters in the remaining population of the novel nearly as solid. The oblique, or third-person, soliloquy—"Danny senses that things would be going much better for Dad if"—is a difficult form to sustain for the length of a novel. In this case, the incorporation of dialogue and shifts of scene aren't enough to invigorate over three hundred pages of ruminative prose. "Equal Distance" is arranged in four parts that are like phases of a long lyric poem rather than acts in a developing drama. The inwardness and anticlimax are obviously deliberate, serving accuracy and maybe expressing the author's own way of looking at things. *Is it likely that Leithauser is thinking over the possibility of a more elliptical novel proceeding from a riper point of view? Or pondering the advantages, à la "David Copperfield," of an excess of plot and a strong supporting cast?*

—SUSAN LARDNER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

WE CAN'T ALL BE HEROES, YOU KNOW, by Linda Anderson (Ticknor & Fields; $14.95). "Oh, I'm not overly fond of London," a housewife in a pub says. "You're not safe on the streets." A moment before, she was discussing the funeral of a child killed in a cross fire. A moment later, the men in the pub, standing spread-eagled along one wall, will be frisked by soldiers. The pub is in Belfast, where "Catholic" and "Protestant" are words "spat out like curses," where English soldiers study mug shots of children, where children collect milk bottles for their elders to convert into bombs, and where a mother who has just been frisked carries her baby as "respectfully as a box of gelignite"—a city blinded by hatred, numbed by vengeance, and deaf, like that woman in the pub, to irony. This angry, grim first novel features an English soldier and an Irish Catholic couple, all three made reckless by fear and frustration, but not reckless enough to be heroic. Linda Anderson, a native of Belfast, now lives in London.

TALES OF A LONG NIGHT, by Alfred Döblin, translated from the German by Robert and Rita Kimber (Fromm; $18.95 cloth, $12.95 paper). The translators of this long and trying novel, written shortly after the Second World War, have unpacked the portmanteau words. To the reader remains the task of unpacking the tales that compose the bulk of the plot: tales that show off the author's grasp of major myths about war and love. The central character is a young Englishman who lost a leg in the war and is asking himself and anyone willing to listen painful questions that threaten his own and everyone

It's the ORIGINAL COMPLETE EDITION! Not a reprint!

Herald Tribune
Lindbergh Lands Safely in Paris at 5:21 P.M.
3,800-Mile Flight in 33½ Hours Thrills World

Give him the actual newspaper issued on the day he was born.

Give a unique gift that shows ***what else*** happened on a loved one's birthday or any momentous date. *Not just front pages* or *reproductions*, but the *actual and* ***COMPLETE**** *editions* of U.S. newspapers printed in 1880-1974. Rare & valuable, historic newspapers are a "must" for **birthdays, anniversaries—any gift-giving occasion.** All authentic and well preserved. Comes in protective showcase, with a certificate of authenticity & care instructions. New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Boston, St. Louis, New Orleans and other cities. $29.50 + 2.50 UPS handling or $5.00 priority delivery. To order or for **FREE CATALOG** of dates & titles:

CALL TOLL FREE
1•800•526•7843 ext 328
IN NEW JERSEY: 1•201•381•2332 ext 328
ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED

TO ORDER BY MAIL: Send your check for $29⁵⁰ + 2⁵⁰ UPS handling, month, date, year, plus 1st & 2nd choice of newspaper title to:

Historic Newspaper Archives, Inc.
Dept. #B31 1582 Hart Street Rahway NJ 07065 201-381-2332

Name ____________
Address ____________
City ________ State ________ Zip ________
Month ________ Date ________ Year ________
1st choice ________ 2nd choice ________

*Weekend editions news sections only. Historical dates priced higher.

MUSTIQUE ISLAND CAN BE YOURS TO PLAY ON

Come, rekindle yourself. A 1400 acre Caribbean island resort with just 44 rooms and villas. Nine quiet beaches and winding, bumpy roads. Riding, tennis. Sailing. Seclusion.

Mustique Island
The Grenadines, West Indies

Call Your Travel Agent or Resorts Management, Inc. (800) 225-4255 · In New York (212) 696-4566

France . . .

. . . The Quiet Way

Join waterway experts John Liley and Graham Beasant for an unforgettable week of cruising the canals of Burgundy aboard the luxury barges 'Secunda' and 'Luciole.' Gourmet cuisine, fine wines, personal service. $1250.00 pp/dbl from Paris. For a free color brochure contact McGregor Tours, 33 Lewis St., Greenwich, CT 06830. (203) 661-4551. Toll Free (800) 243-5330.

A Sophisticated Restaurant and Elegant Country Inn.

OLD LYME INN

Old Lyme, Connecticut
203 434 2600

else's peace of mind. His family hits upon an unusual sort of therapy: a series of teas at which they tailor theories about war and love to fit tales drawn from Celtic and Greek myths, the Bible, and Shakespeare, and also from their own half-secret, unhappy pasts. After an exhaustive discussion of "King Lear," the young man asks his uncle to retell "Hamlet;" instead, the tragedy is worked into various asides and soliloquies, and is chief among the many literary precedents for the family's eventual dissolution, which—for the reader, at least—takes too long to be cathartic. A two-volume edition of Alfred Döblin's trilogy "November 1918" was published here in 1983. "Tales of a Long Night" was his last work.

GENERAL

William Hastie: Grace Under Pressure, by Gilbert Ware (Oxford; $25). This biography of Judge Hastie (1904-76) closes in 1950, after his appointment to the United States Court of Appeals, Third Circuit—the highest judicial post an American black had then achieved. Judge Hastie had studied at Amherst and at Harvard Law School, where the honors he attained demonstrated his first-class abilities. As a lawyer, he offered successful challenges to unequal pay for black teachers in the South's segregated schools, to segregation in interstate carriers, and to the white political primary. He worked in national civil-rights organizations and with local civil-rights groups on such issues as restrictive housing covenants in and around Washington, D.C., where he lived. His career included private practice, service as an assistant solicitor in the Interior Department, the deanship of Howard University's law school, terms as a judge in—and later as governor of—the Virgin Islands, and a Second World War stint as a civilian aide to the Secretary of War. Mr. Ware shows us Judge Hastie's intelligence and dedication, but he shows us as well the almost unimaginable abuse of black citizens by white Americans in Hastie's working years. Judge Hastie's unfailing poise and professionalism seem superhuman in the face of the abominations he fought.

The Art of Autobiography in 19th and 20th Century England, by A. O. J. Cockshut (Yale; $20). This brief, charming survey delineates the peculiar literary problem of autobiography—the need for the writer to find a stylistic equivalent of himself—and demonstrates an appreciation of a wide range of autobiographers: from the courtesan Harriette Wilson and the writer J. R. Ackerley to Cardinal Newman and Bertrand Russell. Mr. Cockshut notes a persistent pattern in nineteenth-century autobiography "of parents laying down rules, and the children thirsting for visions." The pattern continues in the work of many of his autobiographers, who wrote of a life of search, of a quest for meaning, and often of religious conversion. Mr. Cockshut is careful not to do violence to his autobiographers' individuality, but he does find several similarities in the process of religious conversion as reported by very dissimilar people; on this subject, his refined literary judgment seems to have discovered new psychological truth.

Miguel Covarrubias Caricatures, by Beverly J. Cox and Denna Jones Anderson (Smithsonian; $24.95 cloth, $12.50 paper). A compilation of satirical drawings made mostly in the nineteen-twenties and thirties for New York magazines (including *The New Yorker*) by a prodigiously talented artist who came here from Mexico at the age of eighteen and had immediate success. Covarrubias was a master of the amiable art of caricature—at singling out and graphically exaggerating peculiarities of appearance and expression. Among his subjects were Theodore Dreiser, Mayor Walker, Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, Texas Guinan, Ernest Hemingway, and various Barrymores. There are eighty-four drawings in this collection, many of them in color.

J. S. Bach: Life, Times, Influence, edited by Barbara Schwendowius and Wolfgang Dömling (Yale; $35). A well-illustrated collection of monographs that bring us up to date on Bach scholarship. Nine expert contributors immerse us in Bach's world, which physically was limited to a small part of Germany. We are reminded that the politics of Bach's age mattered less to him, as a church musician, than its changing patterns of piety. We learn how the musicians of the Bach family helped one another and how the music of the greatest Bach has reached us. (It was not, as myth has long had it,

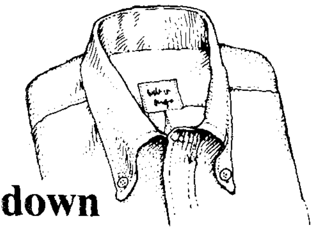
Experience the splendor and unimaginable wealth of royal India

The perfect companion to *The Jewel in the Crown* and *Passage to India*, here is the saga of the royalty who governed India for centuries—their fabulous wealth, their love of pomp and reckless extravagance, their concubines and bejeweled dancing girls, customs and deeply rooted superstitions. LIVES OF THE INDIAN PRINCES is a unique look at a romantic, wondrous, and vanished life.

LIVES OF THE INDIAN PRINCES
by CHARLES ALLEN
author of *Plain Tales from the Raj*
& Sharada Dwivedi

350 color and black-and-white photos, paintings, and drawings. $24.95, now at your bookstore, or send check or money order to Crown Publishers, Inc., One Park Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10016. Please add $1.45 postage and handling charge. N.Y. and N.J. residents, add sales tax.

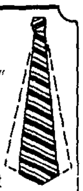
CROWN PUBLISHERS Inc



The Baggy Buttondown

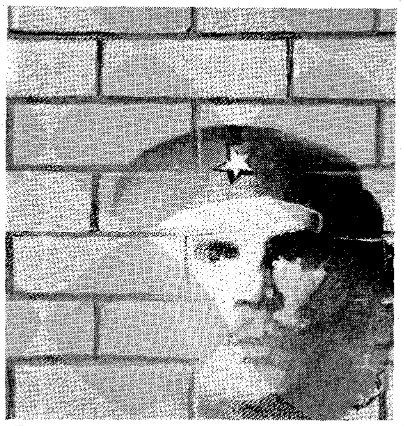
Difficult to find, impossible to match . . . Generously cut for comfort and traditional good looks, our "B.B." oxford cloth shirt features the authentic buttondown polo collar with a soft, full roll. Fashioned from long staple pima cotton, yarn dyed to produce its extraordinary richness of color, the uniquely woven cloth has a feel and long wearing quality that cannot be duplicated. The look is recognizable immediately . . . the shirts will last forever. Available in white, blue or pink. Men's 14½–17½, sleeves 32–36. **$27.50 ppd. Two for $50 ppd. 100% satisfaction guaranteed.**

Quantity ________ Size ________ Color ________
☐ Chk ☐ MC/VISA ☐ AMEX
card #________________ exp. ________________
Name ________________________________
Address______________________________
________________________ Zip __________
H.W.W. Ltd. 239 Causeway St. -#4X, Boston, MA 02114 (617) 523-0312



NECKTIES NARROWED
SAVE MONEY • CONVENIENT
We tailor your ties to the fashionable 3″ width or your preference.
$5.98/TIE–4 TIE MINIMUM. 6 FOR $35.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
Send for FREE shipper & full list of tie services or mail direct. Include payment with ties. Check or Visa-M/C no. & expiration date.
TIEMASTER TAILORS
Dept. 4 • P.O.Box 45 • Excelsior, MN 55331
612-474-1917

W.F.B., Jr.



As they might put it in 'Talk of the Town'...

Mr. Buckley was in his study playing with his puppy, a King Charles Spaniel, when asked about his new Blackford Oakes novel about the Cuban Missile Crisis. What gave him the idea?

"As a matter of fact, an article in *The New Yorker*, by Richard Goodwin, back in 1968. Great stuff! There they all are, the economics ministers meeting in Montevideo, weeks after the Bay of Pigs. Everyone wants an encounter between Douglas Dillon, JFK's Treasury Secretary, and Che Guevara. But they avoid each other.

"Then late Saturday night, a diplomat giving Goodwin a ride says suddenly: 'Say, how about stopping at a bachelor party?' Goodwin says sure. Forty-five minutes later, at midnight, they open the door and there is —Che.

"Big scene. Che says, 'I want to thank you for trying to invade Cuba. That has resulted in uniting Cubans behind Castro.'

"Goodwin answers: 'My pleasure. You can repay the favor by trying to invade Guantanamo.'

"In twenty-four hours, Goodwin is at the White House. 'The Cubans,' he says to JFK, 'are ready to deal...'

"I took the story from there."

We asked Mr. Buckley if he thought it entertaining. After closing his eyes a minute he said, "It is probably the most entertaining suspense novel you will ever read." And is it funny? "Sometimes I had difficulty going on, it was so funny."

We said thanks, and he said no problem, any time, and went back to his puppy, the other King in the room.

L.L. Day
Editor-at-Large

DOUBLEDAY publishes William F. Buckley, Jr. His *See You Later Alligator* is available at all Doubleday Book Shops and other fine booksellers.

suddenly rediscovered in the nineteenth century; several musical publics, including keyboard players, churchgoers, and composers, had always known and performed his work.) Other essays describe the instruments of Bach's time, the places in which he played or conducted, and the changing styles of Bach performance over the centuries.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

MEXICO SET, by Len Deighton (Knopf; $16.95). A sequel to "Berlin Game," that model of muddied waters which ended with the painful discovery by the British agent Bernard Samson that his beloved and aristocratic wife, Fiona, was a longtime K.G.B. operative. It opens and closes in Mexico City, with interludes in London and Berlin, and has to do with a plan to "enroll" an important Russian spy. This is tricky enough, but it becomes even trickier when Samson begins to suspect that although it was he who exposed Fiona, there are those who think he, too, is a Soviet agent. Mr. Deighton's sense of pace is as strong as ever, and so is his sense of place (we learn, among other things, that in Mexico an air-conditioner is called a "politician": "It makes a lot of noise but doesn't work very well"). And he retains his jaunty descriptive style: "He pinched the knot of his tie between finger and thumb and shook it as if trying to remove a small striped animal that had him by the throat." A selection of the Literary Guild.

•

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

[*From the London Times*]

The Treasury, after 775 years, has settled a debt for death and damage caused by Oxford people in 1209.

The Government has been paying £3.08 a year compensation to Oxford University after people in the city hanged the students for helping a student to murder his mistress. Now the university has accepted a one-off payment of £33.08 in settlement.

•

The restaurant will serve fried plaice, fried monk fish, crab claws, frogs legs and shrimp Creole. Decor will be nautical, with lobster pots and fish nets "intentionally tacky," according to Payton. TV sets in the bar will show outtakes from the great sea movies. Background music will include sounds of gulls, whales mating and other sea sounds.—*Restaurant Business.*

Sounds perfect, Payton.

No Better Resort Under the Florida Sun

You'll love the tradition, perfect service and relaxed atmosphere of Ponte Vedra Inn & Club. Miles of gorgeous beach, 36 great holes of golf, and 15 all-weather tennis courts.

Enjoy your stay in our Golf Cottage accommodations overlooking the famous island ninth hole or our oceanfront rooms along the beach.

For reservations or information see your Travel Agent or call toll free **800-874-3558.** In Florida call 800-432-3498 or local 904-285-6911.

Ponte Vedra Inn & Club
Where excellence endures
Ponte Vedra Beach, Florida 32082

Handcrafted Collectables and Incredible Edibles.

14" PEAR BEAR ORIGINAL
Handcrafted toy for Adults.
Order #843 **$36.50** + $4.95 p&h

ORDER TOLL FREE 1-800-547-0227 with credit card 24 hours a day. Or send for **FREE CATALOG.**

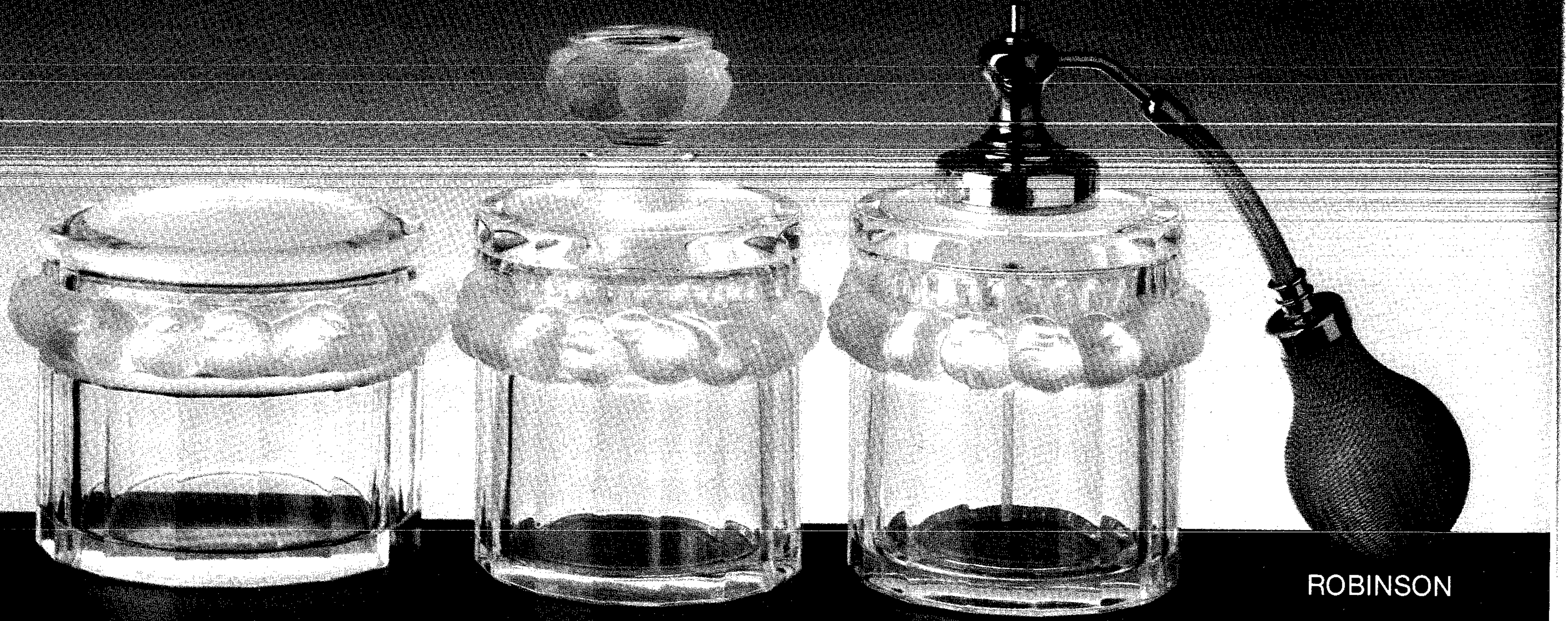
PINNACLE ORCHARDS
441 S. Fir • Dept. NU • Medford, OR 97501

Rare Books of Irish Interest
HELEN HARTE BOOKSELLER
2249 Glendon Ave. • Los Angeles • CA 90064
(213) 474-0181 • By Appointment
"Irish Book Collecting" — Bi-Monthly Newsletter and Periodic Catalogues • Subscription Rate: $20 per year
Visa, MasterCard and Checks accepted.

Salmon River
Middle Fork
Snake River

IDAHO ADVENTURES
BOX 834-NY
SALMON, IDAHO 83467
PHONE (208) 756-2986

CRISTAL LALIQUE®



ROBINSON

BLOOMINGDALE'S
New York

NEIMAN-MARCUS
Dallas

ROBINSON'S
Beverly Hills

For descriptive brochure and name of nearest dealer, send one dollar to Lalique, Dep't N.Y.R. 225 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBR
Big Sandy, Texas

WHY WAIT FOR
HER BIRTHDAY?

WHY WAIT FOR
HIS BIRTHDAY?

WHY WAIT FOR
FATHER'S DAY?

WHY WAIT FOR
YOUR NEW APARTMENT?

WHY WAIT FOR
SATURDAY NIGHT?

WHY WAIT FOR
YOUR PROMOTION?

WHY WAIT FOR
YOUR NEXT RAISE?

WHY WAIT FOR
THE HOLIDAYS?

WHY WAIT FOR
TOMORROW?

DRAMBUIE
LIQUEUR
THE ISLE OF SKYE LIQUEUR
Prince Charles Edward's Liqueur
TRADE MARK
DRAMBUIE
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
A LINK WITH THE '45
This Ancient and delicate Liqueur was prepared in Skye when the Recipe was first brought to Scotland in 1745. 750ml 80° Proof

DRAMBUIE OVER ICE TONIGHT.

80 PROOF LIQUEUR IMPORTED BY W.A. TAYLOR & CO., MIAMI, FLORIDA 1981